LORD OF THE MYSTERIES

by Cuttlefish That Loves Diving

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LORD OF THE MYSTERIES

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- BOOK 9 -

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CHAPTER 801
PLEA

After a brief moment of stupefaction, Emlyn couldn't help but look around. He suspected that The World was lurking around him, as though he was one of the nearby believers.

After all, he had never mentioned the Mental Terror Candle at the Tarot Club. Bishop Utravsky seldom had conflicts with others, so he almost never used any mystical items. If it wasn't because Emlyn had been planted with a psychological cue to frequently head to the Harvest Church and received the heads-up from Sherlock Moriarty, he wouldn't have asked the bishop and learned of the existence of the Mental Terror Candle.

At that instant, everyone looked like The World to Emlyn. Be it the plump middle-aged man, the granny with a gray headscarf, or the fashionable beauty, he felt that all of them looked like they had something similar to The World.

No, I must figure it out. He's actually so aware of my surroundings… I haven't mentioned certain things even while in front of Mr. Fool… Emlyn was left in utter shock as he stood up and walked to the clergymen's break room at the back. In a quiet and empty environment, he replied, "Honorable Mr. Fool, I wish to directly communicate with The World."

In less than ten seconds, Emlyn saw a dark red glow surge forward like a tidal wave and devour him.

Then, he found himself back above the gray fog. He was inside the majestic palace and was seated at his seat.

And at the other end of the mottled table was the blurry-figure of The World who was waiting for him.

Compared to before, Emlyn had changed tremendously. He wasn't in a rush to speak to The World, and he instead bowed to Mr. Fool, who was leisurely watching at the other end of the table, before looking at his target.

"How did you know that I can get the Mental Terror Candle?"

Under Klein's control, The World said with a hoarse laugh, "We might have met before."

He didn't speak further and only mentioned the key point. As for whether Emlyn could figure out the situation, that wasn't his problem.

Of course, Klein believed that Emlyn lacked the ability to connect The World to Sherlock Moriarty since he lacked the necessary clues.

Emlyn frowned bit by bit as he had a few targets of suspicion, but he wasn't able to determine who was The World.

"Believe me. I have no ill intentions towards the members of the Tarot Club," The World added when he saw Emlyn in a state of prolonged silence.

Heh, there will be a day when I'll find you! Emlyn silently muttered to himself as he asked, "What are you going to do with the Mental Terror Candle? I need to have a substantial reason to borrow such a mystical item."

Klein controlled his urge to rub his temples as he made The World turn solemn and say, "To treat my psychological problems."

Treat… psychological problems… Emlyn couldn't help but shrink his body back before straightening it again.

Looking back at The World, his eyes clearly indicated that The World really was a dangerous lunatic.

…The Mental Terror Candle does have such effects, Emlyn thought for a moment and said, "I can only borrow it for half a day. There wouldn't be any problems, right?"

Klein held back the horror and pleas that were running through his mind as he controlled The World to answer, "No problem."

If the Mental Terror Candle was effective, Klein could finish the problem in fifteen minutes. If it wasn't of any use, it would be the same even if he possessed it for days or months. Therefore, the rental duration wasn't critical. He didn't mind such restrictions at all.

Emlyn did a count and said, "The rental fee will cost 300 pounds, as well as five pages of Beyonder powers in Leymano's Travels."

He decided to outsource half of the debt he had.

Five pages… How many pages did this fellow use… As Klein lampooned, he made The World reply, "That wouldn't be an issue."

After closing the deal, Emlyn immediately returned to the real world and walked into the Harvest Church's break room for the clergymen.

Casting his gaze to the side of the altar and waiting for Bishop Utravsky to finish talking to the believers, Emlyn suddenly fell into a dilemma.

Although he sounded confident in front of The World, he had never tried borrowing similar items from the bishop. He had no idea what kind of attitude the bishop would have.

As his gaze darted around, Emlyn subconsciously surveyed the tiny prayer hall.

I've helped Father rescue many commoners who were infected by the plague, and have been teaching those who wish to learn about herbs. I've made the faith of Mother Earth spread quite significantly in this borough.

What's wrong with borrowing the Mental Terror Candle for half a day? Emlyn raised his chin and walked to Bishop Utravsky, who he needed to look up at, and cleared his throat.

"I have a friend that has a psychological problem. I wish to borrow the Mental Terror Candle."

He didn't directly mention his contributions, because his pride didn't permit him to do so.

Utravsky looked down at the priest-robed Emlyn and smiled warmly.

"Okay."

…That's it? Emlyn was stunned, finding it unbelievable that the bishop would agree so easily.

He didn't immediately accept it as he couldn't help but ask, "Aren't you afraid that I'll lose the candle?"

Utravsky replied with a smile, "Everyone and every item has its end. They will all return to the earth, buried deep within the soil and sprout, grow, and bloom, one incarnation after another.

"That is the fate of all entities. If the Mental Terror Candle is lost, it just means that my connection with it has come to an end. I will need to patiently await the arrangements that fate and Mother have for me."

Whether the Mental Terror Candle is lost depends on fate, but whether I end up being killed by you is also fate? Emlyn lampooned without asking further. He received the strange candle from the half-giant bishop.

Following that, he used the excuse of needing to treat his friend to leave the Harvest Church. He randomly found an inn and set up the sacrificial ritual.

…

Above the gray fog, Klein once again received the Mental Terror Candle.

More than half of the mystical item was burnt, and its surface was covered with what looked like human skin. There were a few warts that protruded out.

The candle's wick was very short and was entirely black in color. It was covered in thin densely packed scale-like patterns.

Klein didn't delay, for he didn't wish to give his alternate personality a chance to grow. He wanted to resolve the problem completely while it was still weak; otherwise, what awaited him was the irreversible fate of losing control. Furthermore, the mysterious space above the gray fog would completely screen the negative effects of the combat between the two personalities.

Phew… Klein slowly exhaled as he extended his hand to summon the Sea God Scepter.

At that moment, he didn't do any divination because he couldn't be sure who "me" referred to. The outcome would naturally be meaningless.

Pa!

Klein snapped his fingers and lit the Mental Terror Candle.

Above the pitch-black wick, a flame with light-blue spirituality silently glowed, illuminating the palace that looked like a giant's residence.

Unknowingly, the environment changed as a cupboard, desk, bunk bed, and gas meter appeared in Klein's eyes. The crimson moonlight shone in from outside the windows, covering every item with a crimson veil layer.

This was the apartment where the Morettis had lived in!

This was the place where Klein Moretti had shot himself to death!

At that moment, a figure was sitting at the bottom bunk, looking at the Sea God Scepter-wielding Klein with a warped expression.

He had traits like black hair, brown eyes, thin built, average-looking features, a rather deep outline, and a scholarly air to him. He was another "Klein."

This "Klein" revealed a furious expression as he said, "You occupied my body, and now you wish for my soul to be obliterated?

"I should be Klein Moretti! You despicable, shameless transmigrator. You parasite!"

He appeared to have just grown in strength, and he wasn't able to use the objects in the external world.

Klein didn't reply as he walked over with a heavy expression.

The expression of "Klein" slowly changed as fear occupied his eyes.

His body scrunched up as he pleaded with a slight tremble, "Let me go. Let me go.

"You snatched my brother, my sister, and my life from me. Isn't that enough?

"I'll remain quietly in your body, helping you analyze problems and giving you suggestions. I'll definitely not wrestle control with you over the body.

"Let me go. Let me go…”

Klein remained silent as he raised his Sea God Scepter-wielding right hand.

The "Klein" was already awash with tears as he yelled angrily and fearfully, "I only wanted to remind you!

"If I wasn't trying to remind you, why would I have exposed myself!?

"Let me go. Let me go… I have no ill intentions!"

Klein silently looked at him and made the blue gems on the tip of the Sea God Scepter light up one after another.

Lightning bolts instantly appeared as they twisted and entangled "Klein," like a storm.

Amidst shrill cries, the figure rapidly dissipated as a bolt of lightning wiped all traces of it.

As expected of myself… To know the soft spots in my heart and which are the most effective ways to plea… However, I've already come to know who I am. I'm Zhou Mingrui who has fused with Klein's memories and emotions. If I were to let you go, it would be equivalent to splitting the two up, admitting that they are opposing parties. That way, I'll immediately lose control once I return to the real world… Klein lowered the scepter and closed his eyes as he sighed silently.

Then, he ultimately maintained his lucidity as he left the mind world.

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CHAPTER 802
FOLLOW-UP SOLUTIONS

When Klein opened his eyes again, the threats and pleas in his mind had vanished. The light-blue flame before his eyes continued burning on that pitch-black wick.

He seriously inspected the state of his Spirit Body and confirmed that the signs of chaos were gone. His aura's colors had turned pure and were no longer spotted.

It's finally resolved… Klein heaved a sigh of relief and lowered the Sea God Scepter. With a snap of his fingers, he extinguished the Mental Terror Candle.

He didn't immediately return to the real world. He sat quietly above the gray fog as he used the silent palace to calm the remnant negative emotions that his inner heart couldn't vent.

After this matter, Klein gained a deeper understanding that the path of a Beyonder was a path that constantly fought with madness. All Beyonders would be pushed to the brink of losing control, or they would have psychological problems if they weren't careful due to internal reasons or external stimuli. And once the symptoms appeared, not resolving them in time might leave them in a situation that would be abnormally difficult to resolve.

The split personality that was created was a result of internal and external factors… The cause is a result of me being a transmigrator. Yet, I fused with Klein Moretti's memory fragments and received parts of his emotions. I was naturally inclined to having a dissociation. Together with me trying to steal

the Antigonus family's notebook recently, it's akin to me walking along the boundary of an abyss to act as Dwayne Dantès. The stress is immense, so after being agitated and mentally corrupted by the Keeper's near loss of control, the problem erupted… As Klein raised his hand to rub his temples, he vanished from above the gray fog.

Just as he returned to his body, Klein felt his mind and spirit were a lot more relaxed. It felt like a dusty window had been carefully wiped clean, and the additional Faceless potion he had consumed was fully digested.

The alternate personality that appeared is really a result of all the past psychological problems. I was able to resolve the problem with the Mental Terror Candle, which is equivalent to receiving a complete and effective Psychoanalysis. I wouldn't have any latent risks in this aspect in the short term. However, I need to be constantly taking notes and frequently regulating myself. I mustn't be careless… Klein walked out of the washroom, came to the balcony, and looked at the distant mountains and nearby vegetation. He was in quite good condition.

He could clearly sense that his self-recognition and self-acknowledgment had deepened. The constant sense of disidentification had greatly weakened as a result.

I never expected my victory over my split personality would bring such benefits… If it wasn't because the generation of another split personality would result in one that's stronger and harder to deal with, I would've wished to split a few personalities, killing "myself" several times… Klein shook his head with a scoff as he gave a self-deprecating laugh.

To be frank, just one instance of a split personality was rather dangerous and unresolvable for anyone else. Since he was aware of where to acquire the Mental Terror Candle, the essence of the problem, and his experience in resolving it in the past, he was able to eliminate the latent risks and not allow his split personality to strengthen itself. Otherwise, the best outcome would be the state in which Bishop Utravsky was in, and the worst outcome would be a gradual loss of control until it became an inevitability.

Furthermore, I still have a Psychiatrist as backup… Klein chuckled as he strolled back to his room and sat in a reclining chair.

He recalled what he had encountered during the day, and from there, he obtained the points that he needed to take note of in the future.

If a Mid-Sequence Beyonder of the Sleepless pathway loses control, they will be able to directly cause mental corruption by pulling others into a dream. I need to be wary of that in the future…

Before becoming a High-Sequence Beyonder, the Rampagers of most pathways aren't capable of doing this. Often, they will mutate into monsters and use the corresponding Beyonder powers to control or attack their targets. It's difficult for them to transmit their corruption.

Apart from the Mid-Sequence Beyonders from the Sleepless pathway, the Spectator pathway should be capable of doing so as well… When faced with similar enemies, not rushing to wipe them out would really result in a situation where you have no way of defending yourself… Also, although I'm aware of the Keepers' conditions and have figured out their relationship with the core seal, the corresponding problems have arisen. If I were to disguise myself and infiltrate inside, how should I create the performance of being eroded by the core seal and not have my disguise be seen through… Klein carefully contemplated for a moment and was completely out of ideas. All he could do was stand up, walk to his desk, and draw a picture comprising of symbols that implied secrecy and mystery prying.

He was summoning Arrodes.

The full-body mirror in the master bedroom suddenly undulated with invisible waves as silver light appeared, forming Loenese text:

"Exalted Great Master, your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, is constantly at your service.

"My actions from before had caused a certain damage to your image. I-I'm very appalled and ashamed. Will you accept my apology?"

You actually know to admit your faults… Klein scoffed and said, "Don't make the same mistake again in the future."

"Alright!" The full-body mirror presented new words. "How may I be of service?"

"There's something." Klein deliberated and said, "The Keepers of the Church of Evernight are contaminated by the core seal's power behind Chanis Gate. They are in different conditions from the typical Beyonder. Is there any way to perfect a disguise?"

The silver words changed and outlined new text:

"Great Master, there's only one method—to sacrifice your marionette and allow it to receive the contamination of the core seal. It will gradually change and become identical to the Keepers. Then, you can hold it in your body to fool the core seal."

That actually works… It's an idea… However, a marionette that's made from a Sequence 5 Wraith can't be bought with money… I really need to pay an extremely high price to obtain the High-Sequence potion formulas and ingredients… Klein thought and said, "Then, how do I get the marionette to receive the core seal's contamination?"

Typically speaking, a Wraith marionette might be detected by the seal before being forcefully purified and dispelled just as it approached Chanis Gate, or even just appear in the prayer hall.

The full-body mirror's waves stirred again as it accentuated a figure.

The figure wore an old-fashioned veiled hat. She was tall with long, chestnut hair. She was none other than Queen Mystic, Bernadette.

"Great Master, you can seek her help," Arrodes explained with a sentence made from silver words.

Her? Queen Mystic isn't from the Evernight pathway. How can she provide any help? Or does she have a Sealed Artifact that corresponds to the High Sequences of the Evernight pathway, making it similar to the core seal behind Chanis Gate? Thankfully, Admiral of Stars needs a drop of blood from a Mythical Creature. When the time comes, apart from providing an item that can satisfy Will Auceptin, there's still a middleman fee for me… This will be the middleman fee! Klein thought as he nodded and said, "Very good, you may return."

"Yes, Exalted Great Master. Your humble servant, Arrodes, awaits your next summoning." As a silver line of text appeared, Arrodes outlined a palm with a handkerchief in hand as it shook it.

The corners of Klein's mouth twitched as he looked at it, momentarily unsure how to respond.

…

West Borough, within the Odora family's villa.

Emlyn White wore a faint smile as he randomly found a single-seater to sit in the activity room.

Diagonally across him, another Sanguine Baron, Rus Báthory, was holding a wine cup filled with blood. He was observing him with narrowed eyes, without concealing his disgust and hatred. Rus Báthory had not only been injured during the hunt for the first Primordial Moon believer, but he also had Emlyn steal away his spoils of war.

Such an act from you will only please me… Emlyn chuckled inwardly as he turned his head to look at Cosmi Odora who had just entered. He waited for the Baron to declare the results and reward him.

Cosmi forced himself to ignore Emlyn's gaze as he walked to the fireplace and said to all the Sanguine present, "I'm gathering all of you today because the final victor has emerged for the hunting competition."

Who is it? The Sanguines looked around as they exchanged looks, guessing at who could've clinched victory.

Most of their gazes landed on Rus Báthory, with no one believing that it could be Emlyn White. Only Rus Báthory had a hunch as he looked in surprise at the darn fellow.

Cosmi secretly sighed and said, "Emlyn White has already hunted three targets, automatically clinching victory."

"What?" a young Sanguine blurted out in disbelief.

The Sanguine was a race with fewer members than humans. In Backlund, they were all part of a smaller community; therefore, they weren't unfamiliar with each other.

Everyone knew what kind of Sanguine Emlyn was!

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CHAPTER 803
NAME RECTIFICATION

Amongst all the Sanguine present, even if Emlyn wasn't the oddest, he was definitely among the top ten.

As a member of a race born with a long lifespan, having one or more hobbies to kill time was common. Emlyn wasn't the only one who liked dolls, but that wasn't the problem. Aside from purchasing new dolls and matching them with new clothes, or obtaining blood from hospitals to drink, he almost never left his home. Nor did he enjoy interacting with his fellow kinsmen. Unless he desired relatively fresh blood, needed to obtain some historical knowledge, or exchange for certain ingredients, he never participated in any of the corresponding gatherings.

Such a lifestyle was nearly identical to the aging, high-ranking Sanguine who had no choice but to lie in specially-made coffins to barely maintain their existence. It looked nothing like that of a fellow who had recently matured. As a result, Emlyn became a topic of idle conversation at many Sanguine gatherings.

In the years before, people only mentioned it in passing, jeering at him in private, just like the normal gossip about different freaks in Backlund. When they heard that Emlyn walked into the Harvest Church because he got lost and ended up being captured and locked up underground by the Mother Earth's bishop, his reputation slid into the irreversible state of being the brunt of the jokes, as well as being a disgrace to the Sanguine.

Yet, this disgraceful fellow had hunted three consecutive Primordial Moon believers!

Those were artificial vampires!

Could it be that he had employed the help of the Church of Mother Earth's clergymen? Or did he hire some especially powerful bounty hunters? Thoughts flashed through the minds of the Sanguine as they speculated over how Emlyn had clinched victory.

At this moment, Cosmi coughed lightly and said, "Emlyn has already found the corresponding characteristic legacy and become a Baron."

Baron… When the members of the Sanguine looked at Emlyn again, there weren't any looks of doubt and puzzlement. Instead, their eyes were filled with shock, astonishment, and surprise.

For the first time in his life, Emlyn was being stared at by his kinsmen in such a manner. He suddenly felt ethereal as his mind was filled with joy. This made him wish to proudly tip his chin and say, "All of you should be addressing me as Lord."

This satisfaction is identical to me buying a doll I've been saving up and craving for… Emlyn sighed silently as he held back his tongue. He wore a faint smile as he slowly surveyed the area. Then, while buttoning his coat, he got up and walked to Cosmi Odora's side.

After the other Sanguine snapped back to their senses as they looked at the two Barons with mixed looks, Cosmi finally said, "The champion of the hunting competition will enter the final list of Viscount candidates and obtain free help for the ritual.

"In addition, he will also receive a ring created by the Ancestor."

As he spoke, Cosmi took out a silver jewelry box engraved with complicated patterns. Snapping it open, he showed it to all the Sanguine present.

It was a translucent ring that seemed to be made of light-red amber. It had a blood-red gem embedded in it. It was the size of a fingernail and it emitted a faint glow.

"It's called Lilith's Ring. It allows the wearer to be even more charming and always be in the optimal state of being under the full moon." Cosmi gave a rough introduction. "It can also make the surroundings be under the effect of a full-moon; hence, the corresponding Beyonder powers will be greatly enhanced. At the same time, it can also project a door that leads deep into the spirit world."

Cosmi paused and added, "This door is the Door of Summoning. It can let creatures deep in the spirit world use it to arrive in the real world. However, it can only be used once in a fixed amount of time.

"When spirit world creatures pass through their door, it's equivalent to signing a corresponding contract with the wearer. They will serve the wearer for a specific amount of time, possibly around five minutes. If the service period needs to be maintained for even longer, the wearer needs to personally communicate with the spirit world creature to re-sign a contract that's of a longer duration.

"Under normal circumstances, the strength of the summoned spirit world creature will be equivalent or slightly stronger than the wearer, but there's the possibility of them being much weaker or much stronger. There was once a Viscount who relied on this ring to summon a demigod-level spirit world creature.

"The stronger a spirit world creature's strength, the more they can resist the agreement in the Door of Summoning contract itself and harm the wearer. If you encounter such a situation, you must decisively dispel the projection and end the summoning.

"Its negative effects is Blood Thirsting Disease. You will need to drink at least one blood vial of human blood every hour to relieve it. Otherwise,

your blood will boil and evaporate. In less than fifteen minutes, it can cause the death of a Baron."

I'm not against that. I do yearn to drink blood more frequently, but the problem is that I'm unable to obtain that much blood… Emlyn held back his joy and agitation as he considered how he could resolve the negative effects.

At this moment, Cosmi turned to glance at him.

"The additional blood will be provided by the race."

Then the problem turns into the modification of a bottle so as to carry around that much blood… Emlyn scanned the other Sanguine who wore looks of envy and jealousy as he asked, "If I don't wear it, will I get the Blood Thirsting Disease?"

"No." Cosmi firmly shook his head.

Emlyn stared at Lilith's Ring and asked again, "If I were to wear it for 59 minutes and take it off, will I get the Blood Thirsting Disease?"

Cosmi's facial muscles twitched as he said, "When you wear the ring, you will be inflicted with the Blood Thirsting Disease. You have to drink one vial of human blood to have it subside for an hour. During this process, if you were to take it off and put it on again, the Blood Thirsting Disease will be activated again. Regardless of whether it's been an hour or not, you'll have to drink blood again. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

"Of course, this isn't a complicated problem," Emlyn said with a tsk.

Cosmi retracted his gaze and looked at the other Sanguine.

"I'll be giving this ring to the champion of this hunting competition, Emlyn White.

"Congratulations, Emlyn." He turned and extended his right hand towards Emlyn to shake his hand.

Then, he handed over the blood-colored Lilith's Ring to Emlyn.

"Thank you." Emlyn smiled in a reserved manner.

Cosmi stopped looking at him as he said to the other Sanguine, "There are two targets left. They are your prey, and there will still be a reward for them."

…

At 10 p.m. above the gray fog.

Klein received Leymano's Travels which Emlyn had sacrificed, and he learned of the usage of the so-called Lilith's Ring.

The other aspects aren't noteworthy, but the thing to pay attention to is the Door of Summoning which leads deep into the spirit world… Perhaps there will come a day when the one passing through that door is an ancient goddess, Lilith… Of course, many conditions need to be met… As Klein made a bold hypothesis, he flipped open Leymano's Travels and checked the Beyonder powers which Emlyn had used and replenished.

He used up all of the Lightning Strikes. Traveling is gone as well… This fellow really doesn't feel the pinch when using the powers of others…

He added a Wings of Darkness. It can help the user receive an enhancement in speed and the ability of brief flight, as well as it transforming into a colony of illusory blood-sucking bats to attack the enemy…

One is Full Moon. It can make a certain region appear to be in the state of a full moon. One's spirituality would be rejuvenated and the aspect of death would grow stronger… This is recorded from Lilith's Ring…

One is Claw of Corrosion. It can cause one's fingernails to grow another segment with mysterious symbols and patterns. They would be sharp enough to slice through steel. It would also come with potent corrosive abilities, making it the nemesis of defensive methods like scales and skin…

One is Animal Sense. It can communicate with animals and control them while also sharing their senses… If used well, this has wondrous effects… Heh, I've never seen Emlyn use it before. What a waste…

One is Abyss Shackles. It's a spell belonging to the darkness domain. It can make the darkness or shadows condense into a chain that controls or restrains the enemy…

There's no Door of Summoning… That's right. It should be very difficult to record. With Emlyn's personality, he would've given up after a few failures… As Klein flipped through Leymano's Travels, he used divination and his mysticism knowledge to interpret the new Beyonder powers.

Retracting his gaze, he summoned the Sea God Scepter over, added a few pages of Lightning Strike. This was in line with his fear of lacking firepower.

Then, Klein used the Sun Brooch to record Holy Light Summoning and Holy Water Creation, allowing Leymano's Travels's Beyonder powers to become more varied.

After doing all of this, he closed the notebook and picked up the Mental Terror Candle.

After settling the split personality in the afternoon, he didn't immediately return the mystical item. Instead, he had the idea that since it belonged to the Spectator domain, it was possible that it could help him explore the sea of collective subconscious inside Groselle's Travels. Therefore, he planned on delaying it for half a day before returning it to Emlyn.

To his surprise, he found from his research that the Mental Terror Candle didn't have any effects of placating the mind or eliminating negative emotions. All it could do was let one enter the depths of a target's mind, and from there, one could plant a cue or resolve a problem.

Phew… Klein heaved a sigh of relief. Through the bestowment ritual, he returned the Mental Terror Candle and Leymano's Travels to Emlyn and Fors respectively.

Returning to the real world, he had a comfortable bath, and he read some papers and magazines before heading to bed.

Amidst his reverie, Klein suddenly woke up, aware that someone had entered his dream.

He saw the scene before him change as the sky was dark and deep. They were adorned with resplendent diamonds that left him awed and serene.

A distance away, a singing voice sounded. The ethereal and common voice reached straight into his heart.

Meanwhile, the clouds moved as the crimson moon half-revealed itself, scattering down its mild glow.

All of this made Klein feel as though he had arrived in the Evernight Goddess's divine kingdom. In the dream, he felt relaxed and comfortable.

This is… Klein suddenly realized the situation he was in.

This was the arrival of a Beyonder from the Church of the Evernight. This Beyonder was using the dream to placate the tycoon, Dwayne Dantès, so as to heal the mental scars he suffered in the afternoon.

What you are doing only disturbs my sleep! Klein silently sighed helplessly.

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CHAPTER 804
ARCHAEOLOGICAL TEAM

As he sighed, Klein indulged himself by relaxing like an ordinary person enjoying a rare instance of serenity and comfort in his dream.

After about fifteen minutes, he finally waited to the point when the Church's Beyonder that was sent to placate him had left.

Finally… I can sleep in peace… Klein planned on opening his eyes out of habit before falling asleep again, but he realized that once he wasn't on high alert and on guard, the remnant sense of tranquility in his dream would allow him to directly fall into a deep slumber.

That night, the quality of his sleep was extremely good, and he only managed to wake up at daybreak. Outside, the sun had just peeked out over the horizon, while the moon remained shining in the sky, and there was a slight howl from the winds.

Klein lazily dazed in bed for nearly ten minutes before picking up the golden pocket watch by his bedside table and snapping it open.

It's not even half-past six… Should I roll over and continue sleeping, or should I wake up? Klein observed his physical condition and found his mind clear and brimming with energy. He didn't have any hint of feeling lethargic, so he decided to get out of bed to wash up before walking to his balcony to take a look at the orange vista.

In this season, due to the wind, Backlund didn't have thick smog. Together with the environmental measures put into place over the past few months, the skies were often blue and the air fresh. The gardeners were already busy

in the garden, and the parlor maid and handymen were heading to the market. Other than them, the surroundings were calm and peaceful. This invigorated Klein as he temporarily forgot all his troubles. He felt that the world belonged to him at that moment.

With a faint smile, he silently enjoyed the scenery. In the next fifteen minutes, servants would walk out from the surrounding houses in pairs or threes. They were either holding baskets or leading horses. The entire borough seemed to come to life as the sunlight grew brighter.

This is what life should be like… Klein silently sighed as he had the sudden urge to take a stroll. He turned around and left the balcony and walked to the door.

Outside the master bedroom, Richardson was already waiting outside. It was impossible to guess what time he had woken up.

This was the most difficult thing about a valet. He needed to sleep later than his employer but also wake up earlier than him.

"There's another hour before breakfast. Sir, if you wish for it to be brought forward, the kitchen will be ready within fifteen minutes." Richardson didn't ask Dwayne Dantès why he had suddenly woken up so early.

Klein chortled and said, "There's no need to bring it forward. I plan on taking a stroll first."

"Very well, sir." Richardson entered the bedroom, and based on his employer's suggestion, he chose a coat and helped him wear it.

Finally, Klein wore a silk top hat and held a gold inlaid cane before walking down to the first floor. Leaving the residence, he strolled down the street that was lined with Intis parasol trees and black street lamps until he reached the other end.

Along the way, each residence's garden emanated a faint fragrance as the green leaves of the trees created a sense of tranquility from high above. Pedestrians were in pairs or threes in what seemed like a sparse street. The occasional carriage that drove by would break the silence before quickly leaving.

Klein enjoyed the morning, taking in the pleasantness of waking up early. He felt that the negative emotions from yesterday were evaporating bit by bit and vanishing.

Hmm, Beyonders need to learn how to create conditions for themselves to regulate their moods… By taking this stroll, the bishops at Saint Samuel Cathedral will likely know that Dwayne Dantès has completely recovered. They won't disturb my sleep in the middle of the night… As Klein's thoughts wandered, his gaze swept past 39 Böklund Street.

It was Member of Parliament Macht's residence.

Its external perimeter was in the form of sharp iron rods, allowing passersby to appreciate the beauty of the garden within through the gaps.

While moving his gaze away, Klein saw a familiar figure. It was Hazel with her long black-green hair and dark brown eyes. This beautiful and proud lady was strolling through the garden's trails with her maid, looking around from time to time.

She woke up early as well? Her quality of sleep is excellent because she doesn't need to head down the sewers in the middle of the night? Klein lampooned and retracted his gaze as he continued proceeding forward.

Glancing at Richardson who was silently following behind him, Klein suddenly thought of the news reports, magazine articles, and novels he had recently read about the Southern Continent.

He consciously kept up with the content of that region because that would flesh out his persona as Dwayne Dantès. After all, a lot of what he knew

about the Southern Continent stemmed from the pirates, adventurers, and the Fog Sea's Strongest Hunter, Anderson. He had no idea if they were exaggerated or fabricated.

The information I've read recently and in the past were about people who struck it rich in the Southern Continent before returning or had just decided to stay there. Heh, this makes Backlund residents believe that there's gold everywhere in the Southern Continent, and that there are opportunities to strike it rich. Even common wood and sap can be used for many things, allowing one to exchange for plenty of pounds. That's why the kingdom frequently goes to war with countries like Feysac and Intis to vie for the colonial lands… If not for the commoners' inability to save up for the ferry tickets or dare to smuggle themselves there, I'm sure a large number of people would swarm it… As Klein's thoughts whirred, he casually asked his valet, "What's your impression of the Southern Continent?"

He remembered that Richardson was born in a manor over there. He had only been brought to Backlund when he was an adult.

Richardson paused for a few seconds and said, "Sir, I actually do not know much about the Southern Continent because I was spending most of my time in the manor. I had few opportunities to head out."

"Just tell me of your impressions—your true impressions. You don't have to hold back. I just want to have a general understanding. As you know, they all believe me to be an expert of the Southern Continent, but in fact, my experiences are only limited to a few places and merchants," Klein said with a chuckle.

Richardson nodded and bowed his head as he looked at his toes that were walking forward.

"My impression of the Southern Continent is:

"Hunger, exhaustion, pain, as well as pining for the world after death…”

Hunger, exhaustion, pain… Klein repeated those three words as he walked into Böklund Street without making any further inquiry.

…

East Chester County, in a building beside Stoen University.

Audrey was looking at the collections obtained by the Relic Search and Preservation Foundation.

She had originally planned on coming on Tuesday afternoon, but Associate Professor Michele Deuth had participated in an academic conference in Backlund; therefore only returning today. As a result, she had no choice but to change her plans.

"This pair of boots was discovered by a farmer in a mountainous ruins in Stoen. Its shape and traits match the societal trends of the Fourth Epoch," Michele introduced the item inside the glass cabinet to the beautiful aristocrat.

Audrey looked over with interest and discovered that the ends of the boots were curled like a clown's.

The heights of the curled parts weren't uniform. One was three centimeters, and the other was five centimeters. They didn't look like a pair.

The Fourth Epoch's asymmetrical style… I wonder what level it is for three on the left and five on the right… Audrey retracted her gaze and followed Associate Professor Michele to the next exhibit.

At the end of the tour, Michele pointed at the glass case diagonally ahead of them and said, "This coat of arms was delivered a few days ago. It involves the very ancient worship of dragons."

Dragons… Audrey strode forward in a reserved manner and saw a grayish-white dragon with its wings spread out engraved on the coat of arms.

"Where does it come from?" Audrey asked just as she did before.

Michele answered, "It's from a village named Hartlarkh. This Loenese word doesn't have an archetype in ancient Feysac. Apparently, it was written like how it's read."

Hartlarkh… That's the village which I previously visited that had the folk tradition of worshiping dragons. In the sea of collective subconscious of the people there, there's a mind dragon in it… The Twenty Year War notebook which I previously obtained from Associate Professor Michele was from a local knight named Lindelira. He was suspected to have something to do with that mind dragon… Audrey nodded in thought as she deliberated over her words, wishing to ask about the person who had found the coat of arms.

At that moment, Associate Professor Michele's expression turned abnormally heavy.

"Accompanying the discovery of this coat of arms was a tragedy."

"A tragedy?" Audrey didn't hide her surprise.

Associate Professor Michele sighed and said, "An archaeological team entered the village to study the folk tradition of worshiping dragons, but that night, one of the members went mad. And this mental illness was apparently contagious. The entire archaeological team later went mad, killing themselves or each other. In the end, none of them survived.

"This coat of arms was found among their remains. It was first taken away by the police, and after confirming that it's without problems, only then did they donate it to us."

An archaeological team entered the village, and the members went mad one after another… Audrey's eyes dilated as she inwardly repeated Associate Professor Michele's words.

Suddenly, an idea came to mind.

Psychology Alchemists!

The members of the archaeological team were members of the Psychology Alchemists!

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CHAPTER 805
MEETING UP

Inside the building of the Relic Search and Preservation Foundation, Audrey, whose thoughts were undergoing an upheaval, blinked. She took note of her body language and expressions as she drew a crimson moon on her chest in a half-genuine manner. She said with a sigh, "What a tragedy. I hope that their spirits can rest in peace."

The reason she had guessed that the archaeological team had comprised of members of the Psychology Alchemists was that she had previously received a mission to help the organization obtain a notebook related to the Twenty Year War from Associate Professor Michele. And this notebook belonged to the knight from Hartlarkh Village, Lindelira.

Back then, Audrey had made a request to Mr. Fool and relied on magic mirror divination to determine the origins of the notebook. She discovered that it was deeply connected to the village that worshiped dragons. As she knew ahead of time that there was a mind dragon hiding within the sea of collective subconscious, she ultimately chose to hand over the notebook to the Psychology Alchemists in consideration of her lacking Sequence and strength.

That also meant that the Psychology Alchemists had quite a significant chance of locking onto Hartlarkh Village through the notebook before heading over to find their target.

Another factor that Audrey used in her judgment was the strange mental illness that the archaeological team suffered. It had spread like a plague, causing the people to go mad in batches.

In the real world, there was a probability that mental illnesses were hereditary, but it was almost impossible to be contagious. But in the mysterious world, in the world of the mind and consciousness, chaos and madness could be spread to others through spirit channeling, dreams, and the subconscious!

And hidden in Hartlarkh Village was a mind dragon that had lived for years!

The Psychology Alchemists had found Hartlarkh Village through the notebook, and the threatened mind dragon used this ingenious method to spread mental corruption? "He" might've achieved this through the sea of collective subconscious… The Beyonder world sure is dangerous. This small team must've been formed by a selection of Beyonders, but they ended their lives in such a simple and ridiculous manner… As Audrey thought about it, she was glad that she had made a sufficiently rational decision. She hadn't willfully used the knight's notebook to explore Hartlarkh Village. Otherwise, there would probably have been an addition name to the list of members who went mad.

Thanks to Mr. Fool. Thanks to the other members of the Tarot Club. Thanks to Qilangos who previously infiltrated in disguise. They allowed me to still recognize the hidden dangers despite my lack of actual experience in the domain of mysticism. It made me sufficiently cautious… Audrey silently thought in gratitude.

At that moment, her recalling her performance when she first joined the Tarot Club had made her wish to bury her head in her pillows to roar at herself:

Audrey, you were that naive and immature back then!

Thankfully, you met Mr. Fool. If it were any other secret existence, you would've long gone mad or turned into a monster!

Mr. Fool is such a nice man! No, such a nice orthodox god!

By the side, Associate Professor Michele noticed that Audrey had been silent. He said with a heavy nod, "Yes, it truly is a tragedy that strikes one with fear.

"I only wish that the government has already handled the matter and prevented the contagious mental illness from becoming a plague."

Don't worry, unless that mind dragon loses control and plans to challenge the three Churches, there won't be any more victims of that mental illness… Audrey replied silently.

From her point of view, the official Beyonders had already taken on the case. After all, a contagious mental illness was definitely going to be under the purview of the official Beyonders.

Therefore, the dragon coat of arms in the glass case must've been determined to be fine before being donated to the foundation. The police department didn't have such authority!

While Audrey felt pity for the archaeological team who were suspected to be Psychology Alchemists members, as though she had experienced the tragedy for herself, she was curious if the mind dragon remained in the vicinity of Hartlarkh Village.

To hide in the sea of collective subconscious with one's actual body would probably make it difficult to be discovered… However, the three Churches have a long history. In the Fourth Epoch or even earlier, they must've had bouts with mind dragons, so perhaps they have the corresponding records about it… Besides, the Psychology Alchemists is in control of the Spectator pathway and has the existence of High-Sequence Beyonders. Their comprehension of the sea of collective subconscious can't be much weaker than the mind dragon's. After suffering a terrible failure due to the lack of information, they will definitely send a very powerful team… Hmm, although that mind dragon was stronger than what the Psychology Alchemists expected, it probably wouldn't stay there to be discovered. It should've left… Audrey made an inference based on what she knew.

She didn't have any thoughts of visiting Hartlarkh Village to figure out the truth, because she long knew that the present her lacked the strength to deal with the mind dragon.

Her only intentions were to mention the matter at the next Tarot Club, and see if the other members could provide any feedback or any valuable knowledge. For example, it might be that the mind dragon had entered the sea of collective subconscious because of the local worship of dragons, or it could be that the mind dragon's inhabitation of the sea of collective subconscious caused the villagers to dream of it; thus, being subconsciously influenced and having the tradition of worshiping the dragon.

…

On Friday afternoon, Klein received the invitation list for the ball tomorrow. He began to seriously memorize the topics he needed to discuss with different guests.

When meeting Member of Parliament Macht, I need to make remarks about the recent good air in Backlund, and make a few jokes about the Loen Kingdom Imperial Science Institute… As Klein memorized each line, he suddenly heard stacked illusory pleas.

A man… Based on how long it's been, it's most likely Mr. Hanged Man… In thought, Klein put down the piece of paper in his hand and gulped down a mouthful of black tea before leaving the half-open room with the big balcony to head for the master bedroom's bathroom.

He took four steps counterclockwise and went above the gray fog, and he discovered that it was indeed The Hanged Man.

This man had requested the honorable Fool to inform The World that he had arrived at the capital of the Rorsted Archipelago, City of Generosity, Bayam. He could head for the primitive island in two days after he replenished his supplies.

He wanted The World to begin preparations so that they could meet in time. He also indicated that if he lacked the means to head for the primitive, he could arrange for The World to secretly board the Blue Avenger.

Board the Blue Avenger and bring a bunch of sailors from the Church of Storms to the vicinity of the primitive island? How long can the Sanguine's anesthetic gas you bought from Emlyn last? Will there be enough time to explore? Klein thought for a moment and conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow, making him pray devoutly, “…There's no need to go through that much trouble.

"You should have freedom of movement in Bayam. Meet at the cemetery outside the city at midnight today.

"Before that, replenish your stores."

…

Bayam, in an inn.

Alger frowned slightly after hearing The World Gehrman Sparrow's words.

He did have freedom of movement in the City of Generosity. This was because the sailors were eager to head to places like the Red Theater. They were definitely not returning tonight, and after waking up in the day, it was almost certain that they would head to a casino to gamble to let themselves loose. It was to vent the repression and misery that resulted from drifting out at sea for extended periods of time.

That also meant that even if Alger disappeared for a night and a day, no one would discover it.

…Is The World implying that we use this interval? That is indeed better than using the Sanguine's anesthetic gas. I've already used it twice, so who knows if someone is already suspicious about it and is waiting for his theory to be validated… But without a ship, how do we head for the

primitive island… Oh, Leymano's Travels? Miss Magician did mention that it has the Beyonder power of Teleportation. However, there's only one page, making it impossible for a return trip… Alger relied on his strong ability to connect matters to vaguely guess at Gehrman Sparrow's intent, but he believed that the necessary conditions were lacking.

With these doubts in mind, he found his contact with the Resistance and replenished his Storm charms that were made with tin.

When it was eleven at night, Alger secretly left his inn and headed out of the city under the shadows.

He wasn't worried that the sailors would discover his disappearance because he too had physical needs. It was possible that he was sleeping in a lady's bed in the Red Theater and was unwilling to return. And there were many such brothels in Bayam, with many prostitutes in existence. It was impossible to say that there was something wrong with him because he wasn't at the Red Theater.

Once he left Bayam, Alger walked on a narrow road where horse carriages couldn't pass as he headed for the mountainside of the mountain range beside the sea.

Suddenly, his gaze froze as he noticed something.

Under the crimson moonlight's illumination, the mountain that originally existed had vanished!

And the area underneath, such as the piled stones, vegetation, and terrain, changed almost completely!

This… Alger had come from the Resistance's private harbor earlier. He hadn't managed to pay close attention to the mountain; hence, he only noticed the abnormality at that moment!

The mountain collapsed? It actually collapsed? Right, it was previously mentioned in the papers that Bayam encountered a shallow earthquake, with its might being focused in the mountain range outside the city… Also, the Church's deacon said that Gehrman Sparrow nearly destroyed Bayam, and that matter had demigods involved… Both of them occurred during the same period… Could it be caused by Gehrman Sparrow? He instigated a demigod-level battle, and he managed to successfully escape while killing Admiral of Blood? Alger's pupils dilated as his footsteps slowed down to a halt.

He suddenly understood why the Church of Storms had placed great importance on Gehrman Sparrow, and why he had a bounty worth as much as fifty thousand pounds!

In the undamaged cemetery up ahead, a cold wind blew across it and towards Alger in the silent night. It made him tremble involuntarily.

At that moment, Alger's heart stirred as he turned his head to look right.

Underneath a giant tree, a figure quickly outlined itself in the shade.

This figure had his hand on his top hat while he slowly looked up, revealing a thin face and cut features. The emotionless dark brown eyes were none other than Gehrman Sparrow's.

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CHAPTER 806
ENTERING THE ISLAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

He did teleport over… How extravagant… Alger tensed up before relaxing; however, he did not let his guard down at all.

Upon meeting Gehrman Sparrow again, he discovered that there wasn't much of a change to him. However, his every action had the indescribable air of a powerhouse, and the profundity he exuded left him apprehensive.

As expected of the crazy adventurer who can instigate a battle of demigod proportions while escaping unscathed… The slight bit of smugness of having become a Sequence 5 vanished from Alger.

He slowly walked over with lantern in hand. When he saw Gehrman Sparrow, he deliberately probed, "The traces you left behind might not vanish for the next few centuries or even millennia."

He was trying to confirm if the mountain's collapse had anything to do with Gehrman Sparrow.

Klein shot a glance at the modified terrain as he released his grip on his top hat and smiled in a gentlemanly manner.

"The one who contributed the most in causing this damage was Sea King."

Man, he actually triggered a demigod battle that could've destroyed Bayam, causing Sea King to directly attack… Yet, despite such circumstances, he survived and left with Admiral of Blood. It's completely unimaginable and unbelievable! Alger began to suspect if Gehrman Sparrow had a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact on him—an item at the demigod level!

He didn't express his shock and surprise, nor did he dare to probe further. Instead, he asked, "Do you plan on heading to that primitive island now?"

"Of course," Klein answered calmly.

It was late at night, a period when Dwayne Dantès was asleep. No one would disturb him, but he had to show himself once it was daytime.

Of course, to prevent any unexpected circumstances, Klein had summoned Arrodes to monitor the mirror illusion and provide a response.

It's thanks to the Church of Evernight for having ended its dream treatment of Mr. Tycoon; otherwise, I would definitely have to delay the operation… Klein couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

Alger observed himself and discovered that he wasn't able to obtain any mystical item in such a short span of time. He then took out an iron-black ring that protruded out like a thorn and wore it on his left thumb.

Bearing with the excruciating headache, he nodded slightly.

"I hope for a pleasant partnership."

Then, he saw Gehrman Sparrow walk over with a stoic expression, reach out his hand, and grab his shoulder.

At that instant, Alger's first reaction was that Gehrman Sparrow was attacking him. He instinctively wanted to turn to the side to dodge his attack, only to recall his previous guess. Amidst his racing thoughts, he

withheld his subconscious reaction and allowed the crazy adventurer to place his palm on his left shoulder.

Right on the heels of that, he noticed Gehrman Sparrow's left hand turn transparent as though it was bearing the shadows of the spirit world. Then, the blacks before his eyes grew darker, and the crimson moon turned brighter. All kinds of colors seemed to layer upon one another.

Countless nearly formless figures receded "backwards" as Alger tore through the spirit world with Gehrman Sparrow's help.

Creeping Hunger… Teleport… So that's how it is… Just as he had such a thought surface in his mind, he saw his body plummet as the saturated colors around him receded. Everything had returned to normal.

Beach… reefs… trees… This is a deserted island… Alger surveyed the area and was just about to speak when the colors around him saturated as the layered phenomenon happened once again.

This time, when he left the spirit world, he was in midair with undulating waves beneath him.

Although Alger had never worked with Gehrman Sparrow in actual combat before, the experienced him immediately created a spiraling wind and allowed them to float. It was a tacit display of teamwork.

Hence, the Teleportation triggered successfully once again as Alger's and Gehrman Sparrow's figures rapidly phased away.

When the surroundings were restored again, the two had arrived at the periphery of a gigantic island. There was a heavy mist in midair that the crimson moonlight was unable to fully penetrate. This not only failed to disperse the darkness in the forest and mountain, but it also added an eerie charm to it.

"We're here," Alger said as he looked around.

Klein wore an indifferent expression, but in fact, he was cautiously observing his surroundings. He found the place extremely quiet. There weren't any birds tweeting, wolves howling, or bugs chirping. It exuded a deathly silence.

As though guessing his feelings, Alger raised the lantern and illuminated the shrubs ahead where there was a natural trail made up of beast-type footprints. He said, "If you come in the day, it will be quite a lively sight. You will even see birds that only exists in myths fly in the forest.

"But at night, the 'power' that rules this place will change. Many Beyonder creatures will hide as they await daybreak."

Mr. Hanged Man has come here more than once. At the very least, he has the experience of a day and night here… Klein silently nodded without speaking further.

Alger thought for two seconds and pointed ahead.

"If we follow this trail and enter the dark forest all the way to the end, we will arrive at that ancient ruins of unknown age.

"On the way, we can hunt the Beyonder creatures that we encounter and are able to deal with. If it's killed independently, the corresponding ingredients will belong to the killer. Those we jointly killed will be held in your custody. When we leave this place, we can take turns to choose. We will determine the owner based on our contribution, to decide who has the priority to choose, as well as the number of priority choices."

Instead of being in a rush to take action, he first made clear the route and the plan to split the loot. It was to prevent any conflict that would result from the exploration.

To let me have custody of the loot we receive from a joint kill… Mr. Hanged Man is being very sincere… Klein raised his right hand and pressed down his half top hat and chuckled.

"No problem."

Alger heaved a sigh of relief and continued, "Our main goal is to explore that ancient ruins. The spoils we obtain along the way are supplementary. Once we finish the exploration, it's best we leave immediately without heading to the other zones or taking other paths.

"As for anything in the future, it's up to you to decide when and where you would like to explore."

Alger emphasized this matter because he was afraid of Gehrman Sparrow's greed. After all, Beyonders were not perpetual machines. There was bound to be a point when they were exhausted. After a round of explorations, they were bound to be close to their limits. If they were to force themselves to hunt Beyonder creatures in other zones, perhaps the identities of hunter and prey would switch. Even if the crazy adventurer was very powerful and unafraid of such danger, to be in a state of drained spirituality would trigger signs of losing control.

Do you think I'm not sharing the same thoughts as you? I'm the one worried that you'd be the one who's overly greedy, rashly proceeding deeper just to obtain more… Klein smiled and said, "I'm a polite person."

Polite? Alger was a little puzzled by Gehrman Sparrow's choice of words.

The corners of Klein's mouth curled as his expression turned darker in the darkness.

"When visiting someone's place for the first time, overstaying would be impolite."

…This fellow's train of thought and logical behavior is completely different from that of a normal person's… As expected of a crazy adventurer… Alger was first taken aback before he raised the lantern and took a step forward in the dim red shadows.

"Let's set off."

Klein allowed his hands to naturally droop down as he walked beside Alger like he was on a hike.

The two quickly entered the dark forest that had nearly zero moonlight shining in. They saw that the trees were thick and tall with luxuriant leaves. Even the smallest trees were thicker than the span of a person's arm.

And the trait they all had in common was that the bark appeared scaly. They were densely packed together as though they would come to life or squirm at any moment.

It's like a mutated drago tree. A snake-scaled tree? Klein retracted his gaze and noticed the weeds at his feet that didn't seem problematic.

None of them spoke as they maintained a state of abnormal silence. They didn't wish to say anything to eliminate the awkwardness just because it was too quiet.

As they walked, the duo saw the distribution of trees ahead turn sparser thanks to the lantern's light.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

A dull knocking sound echoed through the area. As Alger and Gehrman approached, it became clearer and more obvious.

When the duo entered the sparse area, the lantern's light finally revealed hunched or prostrate figures.

Amongst these figures were humans, baboons, goats, and tigers. They were either holding rocks or using their claws and teeth to constantly burnish the stacked trees and rocks as though they were building a palace.

Without the obstruction from the luxuriant leaves, the crimson moonlight that penetrated the heavy mist cloaked these figures, dyeing them with a faint blood-red layer.

There are humans? Klein's eyes focused as he immediately spread his left fingers. Alger slowed down, preparing his vocal chords to be activated at any moment.

Suddenly, the figures seemed to sense something as they stopped their actions in unison before uniformly turning around to look at the two outsiders.

They either had pale faces, withered skin, or festering bodies. None of them looked alive.

Corpses… A Beyonder creature is driving these corpses to build a palace for it? Klein cast his gaze past them and saw a dark cave that led deep into the ground. The surroundings were covered in weeds as white feathers stained with yellow oil scattered among them.

Feathers… Corpses… These instantly reminded Klein of the products of the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death Project, as well as the infectious aura that made him grow feathers.

This zone's sovereign won't be weak… He calmly made a judgment.

At that moment, Alger, who had carefully observed for a while, hesitated for two seconds before suggesting, "I've never seen such a situation before. I'm not sure of the level of the Beyonder creature. Why don't we circle around it and choose a target which we have more confidence in?"

His instincts told him that something extremely dangerous was hiding in the dark underground cave.

I was waiting for you to say that! Maintaining his persona as Gehrman Sparrow, Klein heaved a sigh of relief as he chuckled.

"Will this be impolite?"

Just as he said that, the land quaked as though a creature beneath them was rolling over in its bed!

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CHAPTER 807
MEDIOCRE LUCK

Sensing the land quake, Alger's heart tightened as he glanced at Gehrman Sparrow, using his actions to replace his words.

The sound of wind howled beside him, allowing him to run more easily and quickly to the side.

The reason why Alger had done so was because he was worried that Gehrman Sparrow would suddenly go mad and decide to hunt the terrifying creature inside the dark underground cave. If that were to happen, even if they ultimately clinched a victory, it would've been extremely disadvantageous for the subsequent explorations.

As an experienced Sailor, he knew that decisive action spurred companions who remained indecisive into subconsciously following his actions.

Upon seeing this, Klein heaved a sigh of relief as he gave up the discussion about politeness. He widened his stride and ran behind The Hanged Man.

Following that, he sensed a strong wind blow at his feet, thrusting him forward. This significantly reduced his need to overcome gravity, allowing him to obtain additional mobility that instantly doubled his speed!

Amidst the rustling sounds, Klein and Alger ran out of the sparse woods and circled around the flank of the eerie darkness.

At this moment, their heartbeats suddenly slowed. It was as though they hadn't been engaging in intense exercise and were instead in a state of reverie that resulted from the tanning of the afternoon sun.

Klein immediately felt his body turn cold as an inexplicable and baffling sense of gloom arose as they tried invading his body.

Meanwhile, he saw the light from Alger's lantern be swallowed inch by inch by a gigantic black shadow. A corresponding scene naturally surfaced in his mind.

In the depths of the dark underground cave, a thick, humongous serpent snaked out. It had dark green scales with exaggerated eyes that seemed to burn with fire.

In between its scales were white feather covered in yellow oily stains. Along its back was a pair of thick wings that could be spread.

While slithering and flying, this giant serpent raised its body high, coiling itself around a thick tree and extending its pitch-black tongue. It stared intently at the two figures that had barged into the surrounding area.

Around it, the trees were rapidly withering along with the weeds. Countless corpses burrowed out of the soil as invisible shadows surged to its side.

Feathered serpent!

It was a feathered serpent!

In the Southern Continent, it was a symbol of holiness. It was the emblem of the descendants of Death, the Eggers family!

Klein and Alger didn't pause as they held back the coldness of their bodies and their slowing heartbeats. Under the intense winds, they charged into the depths of the dark forest, pulling a distance away from the sparse trees.

Badump! Badump! Badump! The duo's heartbeats gradually returned to normal as the coldness of their bodies were dispersed by the heat generated from the intense exercise.

Klein's spiritual intuition told him that the danger had passed. Hence, he slowed down his pace and turned to glance back. He said calmly while facing the depth of the darkness, "A demigod-level feathered serpent."

"Demigod-level…" Alger similarly slowed down as the blood vessel in his forehead pulsed.

He paused for two seconds and exhaled lightly.

"Don't worry about it. The Beyonder creatures here are very territorial. Unless they wish to hunt, they will not enter other zones, especially when it's near the mountain. That feathered serpent wouldn't chase after us."

Klein nodded and said, "The Beyonder creatures here are very strong."

Alger retracted his gaze and replied with a shake of his head.

"No, there are also many weak ones.

"I've been here at night before, but I've only discovered the traces left behind by Beyonder creatures at the demigod level without encountering them. I actually encountered one this time.

"Such matters are mainly about luck. The chances of this happening again isn't too high."

As a Seafarer, being able to calculate was a necessary ability.

Are you looking down on me, the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck? Klein gave a self-deprecating laugh as he said with a deadpan expression, "Absolute judgments often result in the opposite results."

When translated into Earth speak, it was: Don't raise death flags!

In fact, if it wasn't a feathered serpent at the demigod level, and instead was something at Sequence 5, Klein would be happy to bully it. After all, with

Azik's copper whistle in hand, the Beyonder creatures in the Death domain would lose at least half their combat strength.

As for encountering a Beyonder creature at the demigod level, he wasn't too alarmed. This was because The Hanged Man had previously mentioned it, and he had made the corresponding preparations. He had the Fate Siphon charm, three pages of demigod-level Beyonder powers in Leymano's Travels, and the ability to Travel. Although it wasn't necessarily the case that he could resist a demigod, it was enough to help him create opportunities to escape.

As long as I do not encounter angels… Klein silently added inwardly.

After hearing Gehrman Sparrow, Alger was somewhat puzzled. This was because the crazy adventurer was clearly informing him to be more careful and cautious.

A cold and crazy fellow? That's right. If he's just crazy, he wouldn't have lived to this day… Alger looked up at the sky as he tried hard to look past the mist and distinguish the blurry stars.

After two minutes, he retracted his gaze and pointed in a direction.

"We'll head in that direction."

Klein had long drawn his iron-black Death Knell. He allowed the muzzle to naturally point downward as he silently followed alongside Alger. He wore a cold and composed expression that had no signs of anxiety.

After traversing the extremely dim forest for some time, Alger suddenly stopped. As he looked to his left, he said in a deep voice, "If we head forward more, there will be an Illusory Chime Tree. I hope to handle it by myself."

"The second Beyonder creature we encounter will be handled by you. I won't involve myself in the hunt."

Unless you can't handle it alone… Alger swallowed the second half of his sentence.

He wasn't like the Hunters who were often seen at sea, people who often couldn't hold their tongues as they habitually said things that infuriated others.

The main Beyonder ingredient which Miss Justice needs… Mr. Hanged Man has quite a bit of adventuring experience under his belt. He knows that being frank at times is more useful than concealing matters, and that negotiating is more effective than scheming… Klein maintained Gehrman Sparrow's persona as he nodded with a hint of gentlemanliness amidst his coldness.

"Okay.

"If you can't deal with it, it's best you shout for help; otherwise, I'll treat it as your persistence."

The style of a crazy adventurer appears to be different from hunters, but in certain aspects, they are surprisingly similar… Alger silently drew a breath as he continued forward with his lantern.

As they walked, they heard weak chiming sounds, and they immediately felt as though they were home, their bodies and mind at ease.

Klein acutely sensed that his wariness was melting away in an irreversible manner. No matter how much he emphasized it to himself, he was unable to tense up.

At that instant, he even had the urge to head for the source of the chimes, believing that there was something extremely dear and familiar to him located over there.

As they were quite a distance away, the chiming was sporadic. Klein was barely able to hold himself back as he turned to look at Mr. Hanged Man.

Alger no longer looked as staid as before. The eyes of his rugged face were slightly red. It was unknown if he had recalled something that caused him to plunge into some emotional state.

I wonder what Mr. Hanged Man looks like when he's crying… It must be quite terrifying… Klein couldn't help but muse.

At this moment, Alger said softly with a hoarse voice, "Leave it to me."

Just as he said that, he put down the lantern and slightly turned the sinister ring on his left thumb. He made the protruded thorn that looked like it was stained with old bloodstains turn brighter.

This was his mystical item, Whip of Mind. Its side effects was to place the wearer in a state of a constant headache, one so bad that the wearer would yearn to slam their head into a wall.

However, at that moment, the excruciating headache made Alger maintain his basic lucidity amidst the chimes without being truly hypnotized.

At times, a side effect might actually provide benefits to the wearer… As Alger remained poignant, he took out a wooden box from his pocket and snapped it open.

Inside it was a gray rat!

Mr. Hanged Man wishes to use the rat as bait, so as to attract the Illusory Chime Tree's attention before taking the opportunity to attack it? Not bad. He made adequate preparations. He already had a detailed plan ahead of time… As an experienced adventurer, Klein instantly guessed The Hanged Man's thought processes.

Alger held up the rat and shook it when his expression suddenly turned odd.

The gray rat was no longer moving. It wasn't breathing and was cold. It wasn't able to take on the responsibility of being bait!

Back when they encountered the demigod-level feathered serpent, although Alger was in the periphery of the entity's focus and had escaped quickly without being overly affected, the gray rat he carried with him was only an ordinary animal. It didn't have a strong constitution and vitality, so it perished from the effects of the feathered serpent.

It's dead… It's dead… Mr. Hanged Man now understands a principle—plans often can't keep up with change… His luck is mediocre… Upon seeing this scene, Klein couldn't help but twitch the corners of his mouth. He wanted to laugh, but he didn't make a sound, afraid that it would destroy his persona.

Such situations were rare to the experienced and meticulous Hanged Man.

Alger quickly reined in his emotions as he proceeded forward with the dead gray rat. Klein bent down and reached out for the lantern as he unhurriedly followed behind him.

The chimes grew clearer as it made them more and more silent, with the urge to run towards it becoming greater.

After taking another few steps forward, Klein finally saw that strange tree.

Above its brownish-green trunk were thin cracks. Deep inside each crack was a darkness that looked as though different eyes were growing inside them.

The branches that extended outwards had chime-like metal-gray objects hanging from them. They were swaying automatically, letting out melodious sounds. And on the branch closest to the trunk, there was a fist-sized, colorless, translucent fruit.

Alger stared in that direction as he pressed at his throat before saying to Gehrman Sparrow with a heavy voice, "It's best you cover your ears and converge your spirituality."

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CHAPTER 808
AWFUL SINGING

Upon hearing The Hanged Man, Klein's heart skipped a beat. He had an ominous premonition as he ignored his persona, put down the lantern, and took out two slips of paper. He then crumpled them into a ball and stuffed them into his ears.

Seeing Gehrman Sparrow do it without any questions, Alger heaved a sigh of relief. He reflected on how nice it was to work with an experienced fellow. Even though he was an adventurer known to be crazy, he was someone who followed reasonable instructions. He knew what and what not to do.

Just as he was about to throw the dead rat which still retained some of its warmth at the Illusory Chime Tree to divert its attention, he suddenly saw the shrubs shake as a yellow-skinned, black-striped tiger appeared.

Amidst the melodic chimes, the tiger walked towards the strange tree normally, but its eyes were glazed over. It felt indescribably creepy.

When Alger saw this, he lowered his arm and abandoned his attempt of throwing the dead rat. Resisting the headache, he calmly watched as the tiger walked closer to the tree due to the growing influence of the melody.

It crouched down, raised its right claw, and bared its claws, slicing itself at the neck.

Despite the oozing blood, the tiger seemed to have lost all sense of pain. It continued digging in deeper, engorging the wound before it began to skin itself, revealing a "naked" body covered in mangled flesh and blood.

The chimes gradually weakened as the branch suddenly came alive. It extended downwards, stabbing into the tiger's sorry, unprotected body.

Alger, who was already prepared, immediately drew his dagger, opened his mouth, and sang hoarsely, "Break, break, break;

"On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!

"Break, break, break;

"At the foot of thy crags, O Sea[1]!"

His voice had bold overtones, but it was completely out of tune. It was at complete odds with the comprehension of both humans and creatures. It was a jarring boom that had a metallic sound to it. It was filled with the power that left one frustrated and disgusted.

Meanwhile, the Illusory Chime Tree's branches trembled as they retracted like they were huddling together. Following that a melodious chime lessened the terrifying noise to a small extent.

At Alger's side, although Klein had used paper balls to stuff his ears and had converged his spirituality, he immediately felt his forehead's blood vessels throb. He instantly had the urge to kill the singer and destroy everything before him.

Furthermore, his mind had the feeling of being ripped apart. His muscles and vessels were squirming as a result.

Others charge people money to sing, but Mr. Hanged Man's singing charges you with death! Klein lampooned as he resisted the irascibility in his heart.

"Break! Break! Break!"

Every word Alger said burst out like waves striking reefs. Bolts of silver lightning descended in turns, as though in euphoric praise.

As silver flashes lit up one after another, they smote down at the Illusory Chime Tree's surface, causing it to tremble incessantly. Its branches shook in a numb and random manner, making it difficult for it to produce the melodic hypnotic music.

Alger took this opportunity as he threw the dead rat and thrust the dagger in his hand forward.

With a howling wind, invisible blades swooshed over, slicing at the branch at the top and nearest to the Illusory Chime Tree's trunk.

Kacha!

The colorless, palm-sized, translucent fruit fell as it was swept up by a gust of wind and flew into Alger's palm. The tree bark which was covered with eye-like cracks froze as the remaining branches drooped down, having lost their ability to move.

Indeed, as long as you gather the correct intel ahead of time, Beyonder vegetation at the same level is a lot easier to deal with than animals due to its lacking intelligence… Alger took out a golden container he had prepared, and he put away the Illusory Chime Tree's fruit.

Then, he turned around to look at Gehrman Sparrow.

"Let's continue…”

He suddenly stopped speaking as the word "forward" vanished from his vocal chords.

At that instant, he saw Gehrman Sparrow's cold expression looking somewhat warped. The whites around his brown irises were slightly red, as though he would unleash an attack upon him at any moment.

Alger felt tense as he slowly drew a gasp and completed his sentence.

"Let's continue forward."

"Let's go," Gehrman Sparrow replied softly. He first circled around the withered Illusory Chime Tree and walked deep into the dark forest.

He didn't get any bark, branches, or materials that were rich in spirituality, because they were bound to encounter many Beyonder creatures later. Furthermore, he didn't have any so-called storage artifacts. Naturally, he left whatever space he had for worthwhile spoils.

Besides, having too many things on him would only weigh him down and prevent him from fully displaying the agility of a Clown.

Unfortunately, those are materials without any vitality or blood, making it impossible to enter Groselle's Travels… I can let my marionette bring them in, but that will be very troublesome and detrimental to the subsequent exploration… As Klein sighed, he calmed his mind, extricating himself from the remnant effects of The Hanged Man's singing.

This was the most jarring and terrible singing that he had heard in both his lives!

If The Hanged Man continued for another one or two minutes, he couldn't guarantee that he could stop himself from beating him up.

Using just paper balls to stuff my ears and converging my spirituality can only weaken the effects. There's no way to really block it out… Even a deaf person can hear it. This includes an "exchange" at the spirituality level… This is probably the most indefensible attack from an Ocean Songster. Furthermore, there's no way of dodging it once it happens. There's only Lightning Strike which can be dodged ahead of time. This is a rather powerful Sequence 5 as well… However, why does Mr. Hanged Man's singing feel completely different from Elvish Songster Siatas… As Klein summarized and analyzed his experience, he was somewhat puzzled.

At this moment, the lantern-holding Alger, who was walking beside him, couldn't help but consider a question:

Even Gehrman Sparrow can't stand my singing. How should I act as an Ocean Songster…

In that silent environment, the two quickly proceeded forward amidst thick trees that appeared to be covered in snakeskin as they approached the ancient ruins.

With a Seafarer beside him, Klein saved himself the trouble of using Dowsing Rod Seeking. He focused on watching out for any sudden attacks.

The dark and silent environment resembled a horror story. As the two proceeded forward for an unknown amount of time, they discovered that the trees were beginning to systematically become sparse.

This was completely different from the situation back when they met the demigod-level feathered serpent. The trees there had abruptly become sparse, while what they were encountering now was a progressive change. It made them have the misconception that they were about to leave the dark forest.

"After passing through this zone, we will arrive at the periphery of the ancient ruins." Alger broke the silence.

He paused and then added seemingly casually, "Based on my experience, it becomes more dangerous as we approach it. The signs of a demigod creature I found last time was around here. However, oddly, the periphery of the ancient ruins doesn't have any signs of Beyonder creatures. However, I have no idea about deep inside it."

This is probably because there's an even more terrifying existence inside the ancient ruins. That zone is its territory, so other creatures do not dare to approach… Klein mumbled inwardly.

He had a sense for the danger level of this expedition. He had previously performed the corresponding divination above the gray fog, and the revelation he received was that it had its ups and downs, as well as its problems. However, leaving safely wasn't much of a problem.

After The Hanged Man said that, Klein chuckled.

"You likely know what my guess is."

He didn't say anything further as he entered the zone with sparse vegetation.

Alger silently walked beside him, increasingly convinced about his judgment of Gehrman Sparrow: He was calm and crazy!

After proceeding dozens of meters forward, they suddenly saw a pair of ghostly-blue eyes situated at where the lantern's glow could reach.

It was a black baboon crouched on a branch. Its fur was naturally curled, and its head grew black crystals. These crystals grew upwards in a random manner, forming a strange crown.

Upon seeing the black baboon, Klein and Alger simultaneously had the urge to bow their heads to not look directly at it. They felt as though it was the ruler of the nearby region, their sovereign.

Sovereign… Alger relied on the excruciating headache which the Whip of Mind brought him in order to escape its influence as he hurriedly took a step to the left in an attempt to avoid any direct clashes. He left the unknown Beyonder creature to Gehrman Sparrow.

They had agreed to it prior.

However, despite walking to the left, he ended up walking forward. His legs also hobbled as though he suddenly needed crutches.

Subconsciously, Alger drew his dagger, causing sharp wind blades to swish towards the curly-haired baboon.

At that moment, the baboon grinned.

The wind blades suddenly changed direction in midair, moving in every direction at random to perfectly avoid hitting the target.

Upon seeing this scene, Klein gave up his plans on approaching through ordinary methods. His left glove instantly turned transparent as he turned invisible.

Alger stopped his actions that resulted from his stress when he saw Gehrman Sparrow in his top hat appear behind the black curly-haired baboon. The distance between them was less than five meters.

Right on the heels of that, the black curly-haired baboon's body abruptly stiffened as though it lost control of most of its body. It even tried hard to raise its palm, trying hard to dig at its eyes in an attempt to distort something.

And at this moment, Gehrman Sparrow had already made use of this delay to raise the iron-black revolver in his right hand, aiming the dark barrel at its head.

Then, without any emotion, the crazy adventurer pulled the trigger.

[1] Excerpt from Alfred Tennyson's 'Break, Break, Break.'

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CHAPTER 809
THE DANGER AMIDST THE DARKNESS

Bang!

The loud gunshot reverberated in the sparse and open region as they extended outwards. If it was an ordinary island with an ordinary forest at night, it would've alarmed the birds and beasts, sending them scattering away. But here, everything remained quiet, so quiet that it didn't seem like any living creatures existed.

As for that black curly-haired baboon, its head had burst open, splattering blood and brain matter everywhere like it was raining.

The black crystal at its head shattered as well, with not a single piece remaining intact.

Klein bent his arm and slowly retracted Death Knell which was still spewing out smoke. He watched as the mutated curly-haired baboon's stocky body, one more that was muscular than a human's, collapse to the group.

By approaching with Traveling, forcefully controlling with Wraith, and seizing the opportunity to deal a lethal strike with Death Knell, it was an instant kill!

Klein wasn't doing this to flaunt his strength, but via his observations, he believed that the mutated curly-haired baboon had unique powers. If he didn't quickly finish it off while it didn't understand anything about him,

there was a very high chance that the situation would be reversed, making the battle rather tricky. Besides, on such a dangerous primitive island, it was imperative he avoided situations from escalating, for no one knew what things could be lured by an intense battle.

Therefore, after Klein possessed the mutated curly-haired baboon with a Wraith, he gave up on the more reliable and more unnoticeable method of controlling Spirit Body Threads, because it took longer. Instead, he chose to cock the gun and use Death Knell to finish it off while it was stiff and slow as a result of the Wraith's influence.

The effects were identical to his expectations. The possible accidents that could happen midway were as he imagined. With the help of Distortion and Chaos, the mutated curly-haired baboon did possess the ability to extricate itself from the unfavorable situation of the Wraith's possession, and it would allow the bullet's trajectory to violate the laws of physics and avoid its body.

Unfortunately, its efforts had come to an abrupt stop before it could change any effects. Klein had seized that brief moment of sluggishness to decisively deliver the lethal strike.

If he had switched to controlling Spirit Body Threads, the outcome might've been very different.

It's worth it to suffer a weakness for this… Furthermore, there's a higher chance of me being needed to use Death Knell later. Compared to realizing what I'm afraid of in a more dangerous environment, it's better to know the problem ahead of time and avoid similar situations. That's the better option… Klein allowed his revolver to point downward as he walked to the side of the mutated curly-haired baboon.

At this moment, under the Wraith's control, the Beyonder characteristic of the Beyonder creature rapidly appeared.

Alger held up the lantern as he watched this scene from a distance away. It took him nearly a minute to snap back to his senses. Frozen in his mind was ultimately the scene of the flare from Gehrman Sparrow's muzzle and the bursting head of the curly-haired baboon.

The Chaos they encountered in the beginning had made him understand that the Beyonder creature they had encountered was at a Sequence higher than that of the Illusory Chime Tree. It was a relatively difficult creature to deal with, one that required sufficient caution during combat. Furthermore, there wasn't any guarantee of victory. Yet, Gehrman Sparrow had finished the battle in three seconds. The speed at which it happened was as though he was engaging in target practice.

Being a Sequence 5 Beyonder as well, the difference was unbelievable!

Combining a short-distance teleportation ability and a strange power that can control an enemy for a certain amount of time, along with that astoundingly potent revolver, the effects are unimaginable terrifying… If I were to encounter it for the first time, I would definitely be killed instantly. And even if I'm prepared, it wouldn't be easy to resist it. The best solution is to use my singing to affect my surroundings indiscriminately. It will prevent Gehrman Sparrow from successfully completing a Teleport… As expected of a crazy adventurer with a bounty of 50,000 pounds. Even without Mr. Fool's help, just him alone isn't weaker than Admiral Hell. It's possible that he's even stronger… While sighing poignantly, Alger reined in his thoughts as he considered how he could deal with the situation if he were in the curly-haired baboon's shoes.

Compared to the descriptions from others and his own guesses, witnessing it himself was more convincing and shocking!

Inside the corpse of the curly-haired baboon where the shattered black crystal was, a faint blob of light quickly appeared and converged together, turning into a translucent, pitch-black fist that was tightly clenched.

Indifferently to their thoughts, the fist produced a feeling of strength and sinisterness. The palm's lines, luster, and fingernails seemed to follow ordinary principles, but they were filled with an abnormal charm. It seemed to hide large amounts of madness and chaos.

Sequence 5 Mentor of Confusion from the Black Emperor pathway? I wonder what weakness I received. I hope it's not too odd… Hmm, I can use Death Knell as much as I want in the next six hours… As Klein muttered, he bent down to pick up the Beyonder characteristic and stored it in a prepared metal container.

In fact, he could attempt to Graze the curly-haired baboon and see if he could obtain the corresponding Beyonder powers of a Mentor of Confusion so as to swap away his glove's Baron of Corruption. But ultimately, he gave up on that idea since he wasn't sure what the Beyonder creature had done that made it deserve such torture.

His encounter had been an encounter on a battlefield. Ensuring his enemy's death was nothing out of the ordinary, but Grazing was an extremely excruciating pain that left a soul yearning for liberation. Klein had his own principles and stubbornness. He didn't easily violate them, and he often cautiously chose his targets.

Of course, to him, creatures of lower intelligence were not the same as humans. Even if he attempted to Graze it, it wasn't crossing the line. However, many of his past experiences told him that persisting to keep to his principles and not relax the requirements for himself was not only a moral question but was something to prevent himself from losing himself. He couldn't keep pushing the envelope just because he thought it was nothing. As the trivialities accumulated, it would eventually result in a terrible mistake.

In this crazy and chaotic mysterious world, actions aren't for others to see, but for myself. A person can fool humans and even deities, but they can't fool themselves. Uh, I wonder if High-Sequence Beyonders from the Spectator pathway can fool themselves… As Klein's thoughts raced, he took

out Groselle's Travels that he hid near his chest, intending to smear the curly-haired baboon's blood over its cover.

At that moment, his heart tensed up as the hair along his neck stood up.

This was an intense premonition of danger!

And in this premonition, no scene had surfaced in Klein's mind!

Not good! Klein instantly found his heart wrapped in layers of shadows as everything before his eyes seemed to be covered in a layer of dark glass.

Without the luxury of time to consider what was happening, the glove on his left palm turned transparent once again.

His figure turned invisible before he appeared beside Alger, reaching out to grab his shoulder.

At that instant, Alger also sensed the abnormality. His heart contracted and expanded like the source of a storm as his blood surged through his veins and arteries like a tidal wave.

Meanwhile, he saw Gehrman Sparrow's right hand which was grabbing his shoulder. From the finger nails, it was turning gray and turning dull, bit by bit, just like any stone that could be found anywhere in the dark forest. And his feet, knees, and muscles were turning stiff as though they no longer belonged to him.

The two figures quickly turned transparent as they vanished from their location and entered a saturated and clearly overlapped spirit world as they quickly traversed it in the direction of the ancient ruins.

Suddenly, the red, green, black, and other stacked colors before Klein's eyes uniformly darkened as they produced fine patterns that resembled raven black hair.

Raven black hair!

A chill rose up from their soles as Klein didn't hesitate to leave the spirit world with The Hanged Man and return to the real world where they landed in an area mixed with rubble and weed. Not far away was a mostly collapsed building.

Through the corner of his eye, The Hanged Man had already turned grayish-white from the waist down, as though he had turned into a stone sculpture!

Pa!

Klein snapped his fingers, igniting the grass tens of meters away in preparation to leap over.

At that moment, he suddenly felt his heart palpitate as his body began to tremble involuntarily.

The appearance of the soaring flames was terrifying to him!

The weakness Death Knell gave him this time: fear of fire!

Seeing the dark "glass" thicken before his eyes, Klein felt a howling wind sweep him up from below before he could overcome the fear, causing him and Alger to fly up, passing through the invisible border and entering the vicinity of the ancient ruins.

Bang!

The duo fell to the ground simultaneously, producing the sound of crashing rocks.

The thick shadow over their hearts vanished as the danger that hid in the darkness receded like the tide.

Phew… Klein heaved a sigh of relief as he saw the grayish-white color that had spread to his elbow turn faint and recede. He felt his physical condition was rapidly recovering after he left that zone.

His back was covered in perspiration that soaked his shirt.

And what left him most horrified was that he didn't know what monster had attacked him or what powers were used!

Did Death Knell's gunshot alarm some monster in the vicinity, or is it the existence that rules over this forest at night? Thankfully, it doesn't dare to enter the vicinity of the ancient ruins… This isn't necessarily good. This means that deep in the ancient ruins is something that makes it fearful… I should be prepared to retreat at any moment… Klein stretched his hands and slowly stood up.

At this moment, Alger escaped from that grayish-white layer as he turned his head to glance over.

"That zone was petrifying us."

That zone… Petrification… Klein nodded in thought as he walked towards the mostly collapsed building that was strewn with weeds and covered in vines. He then replied in a deep tone, "The problem now lies ahead."

Alger didn't speak further as he sped up his pace, steadily walking by his side.

After approaching, Klein looked at the building. His gaze swept the spires and stone columns, as well as the damaged walls that remained standing.

He stopped and asked seemingly casually, "What kind of building do you think this ruin was in the past?"

Alger remained silent for a few seconds before saying, "Cathedral.

"A cathedral."

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CHAPTER 810
WHOSE CATHEDRAL

A cathedral… We came to the same judgment… Klein looked at the ruin ahead of him as he silently muttered to himself.

At that moment, the tiny amount of crimson moonlight that penetrated the mist had scattered onto the collapsed building. Compared to before, it was a lot richer in color, almost approaching the color of blood.

Klein maintained Gehrman Sparrow's trademark cold attitude as he said in an unperturbed manner, "Where did you previously explore?"

As he spoke, Klein glanced at the lantern in The Hanged Man's hand which remained unshattered despite all the ordeals. He subconsciously tensed up his muscles and skin when he saw the glow from the flame.

Although the flame was ultimately contained by thick glass and metal frame, it still left him a little afraid.

Alger didn't notice the minute changes in Gehrman Sparrow as he raised his dagger-wielding right hand and pointed at the grandest building amidst the ruin.

"There."

All that was left of the building was its main structure. It was impossible to know what it originally looked like. The only things that could only be determined were that it had thick walls with narrow windows, and the building's scale and its magnificence. Furthermore, it once had a spire and clock tower. It had a spartan facade and an ancient architecture.

"This is an architectural style from the early Fourth Epoch. There are records of these in the Church of Storms's canon. It's said that in that period, the various Churches used such styles to build their cathedrals in a widespread fashion." Alger had a deep impression on the ruin. Over the years, he had flipped through many books and had acquired quite a bit of the background. "Its greatest trait is the temple found above and the catacombs found below. Life and death were both unified here. However, I cannot confirm that the ancient cathedral's interior is as I described, as I've never ventured deep into it."

This might be an architectural style left behind from the Third Epoch… Klein made a guess as he walked straight to the opening of the ancient cathedral ruin's abnormally huge door. By keeping the lantern behind him, enjoying only the light emitted from it, he didn't need to suffer from his fear of fire.

The duo quickly moved up the grayish-white stairs that were ridiculously high, and they arrived at the door's opening. Inside, they saw remnants of stone columns and arches that extended upwards towards the center.

Klein wasn't in a rush to enter. He reached his left hand into his pocket and took out a gold coin as he allowed it to weave between his finger while seemingly muttering something.

Suddenly, he flipped the gold coin and opened his palm to await its descent while saying to The Hanged Man, "How did you determine that deep in this cathedral is something of value that is not less than that of the Cards of Blasphemy?"

After he said that, he looked at the gold coin that had fallen into his palm before putting it away.

Alger pointed inside and said, "I've said before that my strength was inferior to Qilangos, and I didn't go as deep as he did. I had no idea what he saw, other than the judgment that there was something extremely precious

and important inside from his remarks. Furthermore, it was something that only a true Sequence 5 could obtain.

"However, the murals near the entrance and the marks on the ground might be able to explain something."

Klein nodded and walked through the dark door's opening that the crimson moonlight was unable to illuminate. The black trench coat he wore fluttered gently behind him as Alger held up a lantern and clenched his dagger while following behind.

Passing through the opening, Klein used the crimson moonlight that shone in from the opening at the dome to see the hall of considerable depth up ahead. A few of the ancient stone columns supporting it had already snapped.

At the end wasn't an altar, nor were there any staircases that led upwards. It was completely dark and difficult to tell the details. It appeared as though it led underground.

It isn't a temple above and a catacomb beneath… The temple is underground in the catacombs? It's impossible to determine that. We'll know only by venturing down… Klein subconsciously glanced around and discovered side doors along the two sides, but the regions they led to had already completely collapsed with no usable path.

The murals near the entrance and the marks on the ground… he recalled what The Hanged Man had just said, and he took two diagonal steps before releasing the invisible Wraith Senor. With his night vision, he began observing the remaining murals.

The mural's background was of a towering and magnificent mountain. At its peak was a gigantic cross that was covered in a lustrous glow.

In front of the cross were grand and abnormal figures that were clustered around. They were angels with two wings, four wings, or six wings.

This… Klein did a cursory glance and felt a strong sense of familiarity.

He had seen a similar mural before, back in Blasphemer Amon's mausoleum!

When he focused again, Klein quickly noticed the difference. There weren't the two infants that represented Amon and Adam, nor were there any twelve-winged angels. The grand figure in front of the cross held its arms to its chest as it held an ancient, spartan slate.

The slate was drawn in an extremely indistinct manner; yet, it felt both ancient and young, holy and sinister. It was in extreme contradiction.

Slate… Klein's pupils dilated slightly as a specific term flashed in his mind:

Blasphemy Slate!

This is likely that ancient sun god, the Lord that created everything which the City of Silver worships… Indeed, the Blasphemy Slate is closely related to "Him"…I wonder if this is the first Blasphemy Slate or the second… Klein roughly guessed at the cathedral's worshiped entity, and he also began to believe that the depths of the ruin hid items that were very valuable and important.

He withdrew Senor's gaze and allowed the marionette to turn to face the ground.

Apart from the slates being covered in cracks and some odd marks remaining, they were dark red in color, smaller than a human's forehead. They overlapped with one another at times as they extended all the way to the ends of the hall.

At that instant, a scene naturally appeared in Klein's mind.

Devout believers were prostrated on the ground as they proceeded forward, slamming their foreheads heavily onto the ground after covering a certain

distance, leaving blood oozing out.

Noticing Gehrman Sparrow look around without any scrutiny, Alger probed, "The ancient sun god?"

At that moment, he felt the baffling sensation of a cold wind blowing from Gehrman Sparrow's side. He suspected that hidden around them were shadows or wraiths.

Recalling the strange restraints the mutated curly-haired baboon was under, Alger made a vague theory that he didn't voice out.

Upon hearing The Hanged Man's question, Klein had wanted to chuckle and reply, "you can also call 'Him' the Lord that created everything, the omnipotent and omniscient God," but he felt that such a tone and choice of words was closer to that of The Fool and not Gehrman Sparrow. Hence, he held himself back and nodded slightly.

"It's not hard to tell."

Alger silently heaved a sigh of relief as he held a sense of anticipation for the item buried deep underneath the cathedral.

The two simultaneously decided to walk towards the end of the hall.

When they approached it, Klein finally saw the staircase that led downwards.

"An underground area?" he asked succinctly.

Alger shook his head.

"I can't be sure. I've never gone down.

"Although Qilangos had attempted to venture in, he returned in less than ten minutes with his aura becoming relatively weak."

Klein nodded thoughtfully and said in passing, "You seem to be very familiar with him."

If it were said by anyone else, Alger would've pretended to have not heard it or answer directly. But deep in his heart, The World Gehrman Sparrow was Mr. Fool's Blessed. His question could possibly represent the intentions of that existence, so he needed to view them seriously.

After deliberating for a few seconds, Alger said in a deep voice, "We were fellow-townsmen, and we were servants at the same cathedral.

"The priest there was an easily irritated person who enjoyed punishing the servants. Qilangos couldn't bear it and escaped secretly to become a pirate."

So there was such a past… Mr. Hanged Man is also a man with a story… Klein didn't probe deeper as he headed down the staircase in the extremely silent cathedral ruins.

Although his footsteps were extremely light, they still sounded obvious in such an environment as they echoed.

Soon, the two of them came to the end of the staircase and saw the opening of an arched door.

On both sides of the opening were two shadows that stood there silently in an immutable fashion.

Klein and Alger halted at the same time as they looked at the two shadows, only to discover that they were two stone statues.

They were both men with their surface being grayish-white. One of them wore full-body armor that resembled a barrel, and the other work a jacket that looked more contemporary. Their expressions were writhing in pain as their eyes protruded as though they were glaring at something.

Upon seeing this scene, Klein realized something as he recalled the encounter outside.

He and Alger had also shown signs of petrification, and it was thankful that they extricated themselves of the effects, or they might have really become statues!

This… Don't tell me they're humans who met with the same situation… If we had been petrified, would we be "moved" down here, standing guard at this door opening for centuries or even millennia? The source of that petrifying power isn't afraid of these ruins? Klein felt explicable horror as his scalp tingled.

He controlled his emotions and turned his head to look at The Hanged Man. He discovered that the pupils of the boorish man at sea had similarly dilated and was clutching the dagger tightly.

Mr. Hanged Man has come to the same conclusion without me needing to speak further… Klein pointed at the door opening and said, "There might be even more stone statues inside."

Alger nodded as he said worriedly and jokingly, "Let's hope we don't see ourselves."

If we're convinced that we have escaped the effects of petrification, only to see our statues in this underground area, that would be quite the horror story… Klein thought for two seconds and said to The Hanged Man, "Do you have night vision?"

His true meaning was that the light of the lantern was especially eye-catching in the dark catacombs and that it might easily cause unwanted developments. Therefore, it was best to extinguish the flame if he had night vision.

And he believed that Mr. Hanged Man was able to read in between the lines.

Alger replied frankly, "Yes."

As a Beyonder of the Sailor pathway who could dive, it was a given that he had night vision.

Klein glanced at him without a word, but his meaning was obvious.

Then why are you still using a lantern?

Alger seriously replied, "Firstly, it's to misdirect the enemy into instinctively believing that I don't have night vision because of my use of a lantern. When they destroy my lantern and try hard to create a dark environment, I'll give them a pleasant surprise."

How sinister… Klein was momentarily at a loss for words.

Alger continued, "Secondly, it's to avoid situations similar to the City of Silver. There might be extreme danger lurking within complete darkness."

Makes sense… Klein didn't insist that Alger extinguish the lantern as he first stepped past the two stone statues. Under their pain-frozen gazes, he stepped into the entrance that led underground.

As he didn't know what the petrified statues represented, nor did he know if they were completely dead, Klein didn't attempt to shatter them to obtain their Beyonder characteristics and mystical items.

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CHAPTER 811
THE PICTURE IN THE CATACOMBS

After passing through the door opening and going underground, there wasn't a sliver of natural light in front of Klein and Alger. The ceiling was intact, preventing any crimson moonlight from seeping in after penetrating the mist.

Alger raised the lantern in his hand, lighting up the area up ahead with a limited dim yellow glow.

Klein took a glance and discovered at least six stone statues of both sexes. They were entirely grayish-white in color, and even their clothes looked like they were engraved.

These stone statues included elves, giants, and humans that had an ancient dress sense. Apart from their frozen expressions of pain and despair, there wasn't anything similar.

Klein felt a chill down his back when he saw their eyeballs watching him without moving, having made the connection that they were once alive. He felt that darkness ruled the depths of this passageway, as though a terrifying monster had widened its mouth as it lay in wait for the two to walk into its belly.

Reining in their stirring emotions, Klein and Alger remained silent as they passed through the grayish-white statues with warped expression, and they proceeded forward.

After walking for more than ten seconds, Klein didn't need to use Senor's night vision to see the damaged and dark murals thanks to the lantern.

There were a few murals that were relatively intact, allowing them to recognize what was being depicted. They were no doubt focused on the cross that glowed and the grand figure that stood before it.

This blurry and solemn figure either faced cities that had been flooded, stepped upon fractured lands, or looked up at the starry sky where it locked eyes with the pairs of evil and maniacal eyes.

When the apocalypse happens, the ancient sun god will rescue the world? This is somewhat similar to the murals that Little Sun and the others found in the True Creator's temple… Or perhaps it's just plagiarism from both sides, with no one giving up on working towards this goal. After all, it's to emphasize that "They" were once the messiah and a deity worthy of one's faith… Klein quickly swept his gaze across the wall as he slowly entered the depths of the passageway.

Alger was also observing the damaged murals when he suddenly suppressed his voice and said, "I suspect that the True—Fallen Creator's description of 'Himself' has references to some of the content here."

Indeed, everyone has the same views… Klein lowered Death Knell and chuckled.

"I won't be surprised if we see matters related to the True Creator up ahead."

"That might be a particular connection between 'Him' and the Creator that the City of Silver believes in." Alger agreed with Gehrman Sparrow's judgment.

The duo continued ahead as they tried hard to soften their steps. However, there were still some echoes that reverberated in that extremely silent environment.

At this moment, Klein's spiritual perception was triggered. He immediately took two steps forward and put himself in front of Alger, blocking out most of the lantern's light.

Less than two seconds later, he heard a dull sound emitting from afar.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The ground shook gently as the sounds became clearer. Then, Klein saw a figure nearly four meters tall walk out.

It was also grayish-white in color, with armor plating patterns engraved on its body. Its head had goat horns and a mouth that resembled a hound's. Its half-opened mouth revealing snarling fangs.

And what attracted attention the most were its pair of eyes which burned red and the six pairs of white-membraned wings.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The monster held an eight-meter-long stone trident as it slowly entered a passageway. It shook the land with every step as its great weight was spread out.

Although Klein hadn't seen it before, he instantly recognized what it was.

It was a six-winged gargoyle!

Its core crystal was one of the main ingredients of a Marionettist, and the Beyonder powers it possessed were extremely special and indefensible!

Based on its external build and from what it's made of, it definitely has extremely potent combat strength while not being afraid of most damage… All it needs to cause terrifying damage is to storm over and perform a downward smash with its stone trident… Klein relaxed his left hand and wasn't in a rush to react.

He and Alger remained on the spot, one using his body, and the other using his clothes to conceal the lantern's light.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The six-winged gargoyle didn't look towards the duo, and it instead passed through the passageway, its footsteps slowly distancing themselves from them.

Indeed, it's not very perceptive… It's no wonder Qilangos was able to venture deep down and return safely… Klein proceeded forward again when the footsteps were undetectable as he went past the crossroads.

In fact, with his current strength and gear, and his understanding of his target, killing a six-winged gargoyle wasn't something too dangerous. Furthermore, The Hanged Man could provide him with help. The reason why he gave up attacking it was because he had no idea how many six-winged gargoyles there were in the catacombs. Once a battle ensued, any large commotion could result in them swarming over. When that happened, they could only escape using Traveling. In addition, if they were to stir the existence in the ruins that even nearby Beyonder creatures were afraid of, the problem would only worsen.

Curbing one's greed was a premise for a risky exploration.

Alger was also rather pleased at the crazy adventurer's calm and rational actions. His suspicion was that Gehrman Sparrow was under the orders of Mr. Fool; thus, resisting his urge to attack the six-winged gargoyle.

The calmer he appears, the crazier he will be when he encounters his true target… As this thought flashed in Alger's mind, he followed Gehrman Sparrow straight down the crossroads.

The murals on both sides remained damaged, and they were still describing the greatness and holiness of the ancient sun god.

Finally, Klein and Alger arrived at the ends of the passageway. Here, there was an eight-meter-tall stone double door. It depicted various symbols of death, sleep, end, new birth, and beginnings.

"A tomb?" Klein turned to say to Alger.

Alger nodded and said, "It might also be a temple."

Clearly, he was also wondering if it was both a temple and tomb.

The grayish-white stone door before the duo wasn't shut completely. It was cracked open with a tiny gap that allowed a child passage. Alger glanced at the floor and walked over. Putting the lantern down and securing his dagger, he pressed his hands onto one side of the door.

He slowly drew a breath as he bent his knees, his arm muscles swelling suddenly.

Silently, the gap widened significantly.

Klein pricked up his brows when he saw this scene, feeling somewhat astonished because The Hanged Man's pushing of the door didn't produce any sound at all.

He didn't doubt an Ocean Songster's strength, but he didn't believe that it could prevent the stone door from making contact with the ground.

As he moved his gaze down, Klein saw a pool of slightly sticky liquid gathered under the door.

He quietly produced a lubricant effect… Mr. Hanged Man is very meticulous… Is this the power of a Seafarer or an Ocean Songster? Hmm, he probably also used the powers of a Wind-blessed to control an air cushion; thus, resulting in this door silently opening… Klein roughly figured out the reason.

Although he approached the stone door, he wasn't eager to enter it. Through the widened gap, he observed the scene inside.

Reflected in the eyes of the Wraith was the corner of the room where there was a row of grayish-white stone coffins.

It is indeed a catacomb… As for whether it's also a temple, it's an unknown for now… As Klein thought, he took out Leymano's Travels with his left hand. On it were Beyonder powers that were suitable to handle matters related to the Death domain.

Meanwhile, he used a silver dagger to quickly create a wall of spirituality and sealed the iron cigar case to prevent Azik's copper whistle from causing the dead to rise from their graves.

Alger also drew his dagger again and placed his left palm over it before sliding his palm outwards.

Amidst light crackling sounds, the dagger swirled with silver bolts of lightning that snaked outwards.

Having made their preparations, Klein, who was acting as the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, was first to pass through the door and into the tomb.

Of course, Wraith Senor had already acted as a scout by circling the tomb before he entered.

To a Marionettist, there was no need to take risks on many matters once they had a marionette!

The tomb's ceiling was soaked with water droplets, a clear indication of the humidity. The room was divided into two regions that each had twelve grayish-white stone coffins. In the middle was a circular region where there appeared to be a beautiful and complicate picture placed on the ground.

Klein didn't approach it as he stopped Alger. Then, he controlled Senor to appear as it quickly floated to a spot above the circular region.

Admiral of Blood… Alger's facial muscles twitched.

Although he had already guessed so, he couldn't stop his subconscious reactions when he saw it with his own eyes.

At this moment, Senor descended and was able to fully take in the scene in the central region.

The picture had dark, dull colors with the background being filled with blurry figures. In the foreground was a long table.

On the table was a figure with a resplendent cross glowing from it, and surrounding the figure were three people shrouded in shadows.

One was handsome and youthful, another solemn and bold, and the last looking wise with his white beard. The three pairs of eyes exuded an indescribable sense of evil, just like the actions of their owners.

One of them had ripped off the figure's arm, stuffing it into their mouths, and gnawing at it as blood was filling his mouth. Another held up a brain and sucked at its juices, while the last had dug out a beating heart, chewing at it in a ravenous manner.

In contrast to them, in the figure's chest was a long and wide crack. Sitting cross-legged in there was a dark and sinister infant who was masticating on the intestines that had fresh blood gushing down.

These four entities seemed to sense someone prying into their act as they looked up in unison, as though they were staring at any being that placed their eyes on the picture!

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CHAPTER 812
MYTH FROM ANOTHER PERSPECTIVE

Upon clearly seeing the picture through Senor's vision, Klein's heart raced so loudly that even he could hear it.

As a Seer who was good at interpreting revelations and symbolism, he felt his blood gush to his head, leaving his head swelling. It seemed to prevent him from engaging in thinking deeper into it.

Even so, there was an ethereal voice belonging to him that resounded in his mind. It was filled with alarm.

Th-that figure that's dismembered and eaten likely represents the ancient sun god, the Lord that created everything, the omnipotent and omniscient God which the City of Silver believes in!

And I-I've seen the three evil figures surrounding "Him" before!

In the underground ruin in Backlund, the place that sealed that terrifying evil spirit!

They existed in the form of a statue but didn't look as evil as the picture depicts them to be. Th-they each respectively represent:

The Eternal Blazing Sun, the Lord of Storms, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom!

Suddenly, Klein recalled the name he had once received, one that he had directly received when looking straight at the Eternal Blazing Sun:

White Angel!

No… no way… Could it be that the Eternal Blazing Sun was once an Angel by the ancient sun god's side? Little Sun once mentioned that they heard an ecclesiastic's penitence and prophesy of a matter in Afternoon Town. One of the sentences was "The Kings often came to the palace belonging to the dusk to conspire…" the Eternal Blazing Sun was originally named White Angel, which is also a King of Angels, one that betrayed that Creator?

And "He" and the Lord of Storms, the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, and the dark infant who I have no idea what it represents had benefited the most out of consuming the City of Silver's Creator… The bibles of the various Churches mention that the three most ancient deities were born from the Original Creator's spirit… In a sense, it's actually hinting at this dark history?

If my theories are correct, then the Lord of Storms and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom are likely the Kings of Angels that served the Creator, the ancient sun god, who the City of Silver worships. Perhaps, "They" should be addressed as Wind Angel and Wisdom Angel…

This way, all eight Kings of Angels are accounted for—Dark Angel, White Angel, Wind Angel, Wisdom Angel, Angel of Imagination, Angel of Time, Angel of Fate, and Red Angel… From what Little Sun heard, and from the subsequent developments of these Kings of Angels, it seems that apart from the two sons of god, Amon and Adam, the other Kings of Angels had betrayed the Creator… No way, this ancient sun god ended way too tragi… However, this picture might not be real. It might be sacrilege. It's still suspect…

I wonder who the dark infant sitting in the ancient sun god's abdomen represents… It feels like the True Creator is the greatest suspect… Klein

instantly thought of many matters as he felt the urge to leave and pretend that he hadn't seen the picture the deeper he pondered over the matter.

At that instant, he felt an irrepressible sense of fear, to the point of feeling that the Eternal Blazing Sun, the Lord of Storms, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom were casting their gaze down from the astral world in his imagination.

Who left this picture behind? Who could've known so many secrets and clearly be on the ancient sun god's side? One of the other Angels or Saints that have been constantly following the City of Silver Creator with enduring faith? Klein's back oozed with sweat as his body trembled slightly.

Although Alger's observational abilities were inferior to Miss Justice, he was an experienced Beyonder. In this environment that needed a high sense of vigilance and awareness, it wasn't difficult for him to notice that something odd had happened to Gehrman Sparrow.

"What happened?" he asked with a suppressed tone.

Klein suddenly snapped to his senses as he made Senor move his gaze away as he pointed at the circular region in the middle.

"You'll know just by looking at it."

A picture that can make Gehrman tremble? Will it make me lose control immediately? It's probably not a problem since he's not stopping me but suggesting that I take a look. However, I cannot eliminate the possibility that he has already lost his reasoning and is just acting normal… Many thoughts flashed through Alger's mind, but ultimately, he steadily walked towards the central region with his lantern in hand.

After about eight steps, he saw the gloomy picture.

In just three seconds, Alger's hands trembled with the dagger and lantern in his grip. It was as though he was suffering from some kind of mental

illness.

Thanks to The World Gehrman, he had once seen the six orthodox deities' anthropomorphic statues in the Tarot Club. He naturally recognized that the arm-eating, heart-ripping, and brain-guzzling figures were respectively the Lord of Storms, the Eternal Blazing Sun, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom!

In the past, he had committed a disloyal act to the Church whilst under Qilangos's coercion, he joined the Tarot Club and distanced himself from the Chasm of Storm, believed in Mr. Fool and wished to gain more strength and power, and he leaked the Church's intel and was unmotivated in certain matters. Even so, he ultimately believed himself to be a believer of the Lord of Storms, albeit someone who wasn't devout and passionate enough. But at that moment, he felt deep down in his heart that he had committed a grave sin of sacrilege. He nearly dug out his eyes in horror.

To not kill myself directly, it means that I really have become a false believer… Alger didn't dare take another look as he turned around and looked at Gehrman Sparrow. With a trembling voice, he asked, "Those three are Kings of Angels?"

"I can't give you confirmation. All I can say is that the Eternal Blazing Sun is intimately connected to the White Angel," Klein vaguely answered.

As expected… Alger immediately felt that the possibility that the Lord of Storms, the Eternal Blazing Sun, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom were once Kings of Angels.

As for Gehrman Sparrow not being able to confirm the situation, he wasn't too surprised. It wasn't odd since he was only a Blessed and not Mr. Fool.

Alger was just about to say something when he heard a sharp screech.

It was as though someone was using their fingernails to scratch the lid of a stone coffin!

No, it wasn't an analogy, and it was exactly what was happening!

Schwing! Rip! Sizzle!

Sharp, jarring sounds of scratching sounded from three stone coffins on both sides. Then, the heavy lids were either flung open or blasted open as three warped figures stood up.

One of them wore an ancient white robe that had nearly turned gray. Its face was riddled with pockmarks, and across its neck, forehead, and the back of its hands were deep eyes. Beside it was a figure with huge palms and thick fingers that looked as though they were made of wood. Slathered around its body was a layer of yellow-green pus as a mist of the same color emanated out of it, seemingly capable of eroding away the stone coffin.

Opposite the two was a figure in a tattered brown jacket with a triangular hat with a skull on it. Many parts of its skin had rotted away, revealing the bone beneath.

Under its clothes and pants, thick and slimy tentacles that had fish scales embedded inside had burrowed out as it released a domineering, savage, tyrannous, and terrifying aura. This even made Klein feel as though he was facing a High-Sequence Beyonder from the Storm pathway. However, its body didn't appear to reach that level.

The three deceased bodies that crawled out of the coffin cast their eyes in the direction of Gehrman Sparrow and Alger. One produced silver bolts of lightning that crackled. Another reflected the duo's figures in the countless eyes it had. The last one spread its yellow-green mist and created brown vines.

At the same time, they stormed over with loud and hurried footsteps as a six-winged gargoyle was rushing over.

Upon seeing this, Klein didn't panic. His Leymano's Travels-wielding left hand reached into his pocket, tore open the wall of spirituality, and used two

fingers to pick out Azik's copper whistle.

Right on the heels of that, he flicked his wrist and threw the copper whistle to the other side of the room. Without any surprises, he saw the three deceased bodies with terrifying auras turn around and rush towards it like trained hounds.

Upon seeing this scene, Alger's gaze froze before he made a decision. He threw his lantern and rushed for the door.

His experience told him that while Gehrman Sparrow could deal with the three terrifying deceased, he needed to hold back the six-winged gargoyle to prevent it from interfering with the crazy adventurer's battle.

Bang!

Just as Alger arrived at the door, he saw the double door crack. A six-winged gargoyle was charging in with an eight-meter-long trident.

He immediately drew a gasp as his eyes burned with rage. His muscles swelled, and under the aid of the wind, he charged forward and brandished the dagger that swirled with silver lightning.

Bang!

He dodged the stone trident that smashed downwards, and he cleaved at the gargoyle's abdomen with a dagger.

Instantly, sparks flew as rubble sprayed everywhere. Alger flew backwards as the gargoyle's charge was disrupted.

Bang! Alger heavily slammed into the ground. As he had created an air cushion in time, he didn't suffer any serious injuries.

And at this moment, the three deceased bodies had gathered together to vie for Azik's copper whistle.

Klein looked at them and calmly flipped Leymano's Travels to a charred-yellow page with complicated patterns and symbols.

This was a demigod-level power that he recently recorded—Lightning Storm!

Then, Klein slid one finger across the notebook page with his Death Knell-wielding hand.

At the same time, he looked at the three mutated deceased bodies who were vying for Azik's copper whistle. With a deep voice, he greeted them:

"Bye bye."

Amidst sizzling sounds, bolts of lightning burst forth, meshing together to form a hurricane, enveloping the region where Azik's copper whistle was, as well as the three deceased bodies.

The entire tomb was instantly lit up like it was daytime. Even Alger nearly failed to open his eyes. His body instinctively trembled as a result of the terrifying aura.

With the aid of the wind, he leaped up with the hurricane taking form in his eyes. He once again charged at the six-winged gargoyle that attempted to attack Gehrman Sparrow.

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CHAPTER 813
TYRANT

Aside from the Sailor pathway's Raging Blow, Alger knew that he didn't have any powers that were adequate against the six-winged gargoyle's strong body due to its immunity to lightning strikes.

Of course, directly creating a resonance with its hearing organs and Body of Heart and Mind through the use of his singing was the most effective method. If this encounter had been anywhere else, Alger definitely would've exploited the gargoyle's great weight and lack of agility to circle around it. Then, as he sang to affect it, he would attack the same spot with sharp wind blades, slowly grinding away at his enemy through the cumulative damage over time.

But now, he was in a catacomb, and due to the environment's limitations, any acts of directly avoiding it would only cause the gargoyle to turn its gaze to Gehrman Sparrow. It would then attack the crazy adventurer with its eight-meter-long trident, preventing him from seizing the opportunity to finish off the three deceased bodies. And most important of all, Alger suspected that his "singing" will have more adverse effects on Gehrman Sparrow than what the gargoyle was capable of.

Bang!

The stone trident crashed heavily into the ground, blasting open an exaggerated crater. It left the catacomb shaking as if an earthquake had happened. As for Alger, he didn't attempt to parry it. With the help of strong winds, he dodged to the right and soared up, agilely dodging the gargoyle's attack as he dashed for the monster's head.

At that moment, he saw the grayish-white eyes which burned with flames.

Alger's mind turned sluggish as his body instantly stiffened. He had the feeling of being petrified again, but his skin didn't show signs of spreading grayish-white colors.

Thanks to the inertia, he continued soaring upwards, but he wasn't able to brandish his dagger. He slammed straight into the gargoyle's head before loudly being repelled backward, his body aching in pain.

The heavy grayish-white trident reflected in his eyes again as his thoughts were sluggish, making it impossible for him to put up any effective resistance.

Suddenly, a hand grabbed him by the shoulder and pulled him to the side.

Bang!

Rubble flew as sparks were produced. The gargoyle's heavy trident had blasted open a huge crater again.

Alger's body trembled as his vision regained its clarity while his thoughts were rapidly restored back to normal.

He was like someone who woke up from an irresistible nightmare which he was helpless against as he regained control over his body.

Only then did he realize that Gehrman Sparrow had appeared by his side. There were still remnant flashes of lighting and sizzling sounds in the corner where the three deceased bodies were.

"Do not lock gazes with it. Attack its chest." As Klein pulled Alger away quickly in a bid to dodge the stone trident, he succinctly advised his companion.

Alger had personally experienced and witnessed many battles, so without further explanation from Gehrman Sparrow, he knew what the latter meant. He stopped receiving aid as he nimbly circled to the gargoyle's flank.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

He ran towards the gargoyle and waited for the stone trident to sweep over him, before soaring high up with the help of the strong gales to dodge the attack.

Whoosh!

Another hurricane pushed Alger towards the gargoyle's chest.

During this process, he closed his eyes, pulled back his right arm, and bulged his muscles.

Then, with his ability to judge distances as a Seafarer, he threw out his dagger-wielding right fist.

Howling wind blades and sizzling lightning were emitted along with his fist.

Bang!

Alger's right fist heavily struck the gargoyle's chest, producing an explosive effect. It caused the gargoyle stone to be covered in fine cracks as silver lightning snaked around. Following that, the cracks widened and depressed into a pit!

With a cracking sound, his dagger exploded, turning into countless fragments that scattered everywhere.

The strong recoil sent Alger flying back. In midair, he saw through the corner of his eye that the hatted Gehrman Sparrow had at some point in time circled to the front and cocked his revolver.

Right on the heels of that, the cold adventurer suddenly raised his hand and aimed the black barrel right at the gargoyle.

Bang!

Amidst a loud echo, a bullet tore through the pit in the gargoyle's chest and pierced it.

Following the explosive boom, the grayish-white stone monster convulsed a few times before the flames in its eyes were extinguished.

After a brief pause, it collapsed like a mountain, producing an exaggerated sound and earthquake-like shaking.

Death Knell had delivered a lethal blow!

And at this moment, Alger had just maintained his balance and found his footing thanks to the wind.

Klein didn't speak to him or search for the spoils of war. He immediately turned around and headed for the charred area where Azik's copper whistle sat silently.

Slippery tentacles covered in fish scales moved as the deceased body with nearly half its body gone had stood up. Bolts of lightning continued snaking around its body.

It was the domineering, savage, tyrannous deceased body that wore a tattered brown jacket with a triangular captain's hat. It was missing its left arm and right leg, as well as having half its head. Its body was covered in traces of charred and melted flesh.

But even so, it didn't sleep in peace. It was still attempting to fuse with the surrounding flesh and blood in order to obtain a stronger state.

One had to know that Klein had used Lightning Storm, which he had recorded from the Sea God Scepter. Even if the act of recording had reduced its might, it was definitely the Beyonder power at the demigod level. Just the fact that the other two deceased went silent without letting out a grunt was a testament of its might!

This awakened deceased body is problematic… Klein's heart stirred as he made Senor leap onto the smooth surface of Azik's copper whistle before attempting to reflect onto the deceased fish scale on its slippery tentacle.

At that moment, through the marionette, Klein sensed a tyrannical and high-level repulsive force. The Wraith was unable to possess it!

Senor was even repelled as it couldn't help but lose its invisibility.

Upon seeing this, Alger didn't question the situation. He raised his hands and created a spiraling wind around the deceased body, hoping to restrain its actions. However, the wind didn't sweep inwardly, as though it was afraid of something. It was forcefully dissipated as it rapidly vanished.

The only thing to be happy about was that the deceased body didn't immediately attack the duo. Instead, it jumped to the left, bent its back, and attempted to pick up Azik's copper whistle.

Klein immediately flicked his wrist and precisely flipped Leymano's Travels to the page with Abyss Shackles.

This was a Beyonder power which Emlyn had recorded, one belonging to a Sequence 7 Vampire.

As Klein swiped his Death Knell-wielding right hand onto the notebook, the shadows around the deceased body suddenly came to life and manifested chains that shackled it firmly to the ground.

Taking advantage of his opponent's brief pause, Klein raised his revolver in a deadpan manner.

Different colors—red, green, and white—immediately appeared in his vision.

Aiming at the white, Klein pulled the trigger.

Bang!

A pale golden beam shot into the head of the deceased body, causing it to rupture immediately into a spray of blood. At the same time, the Purifying Bullet also emitted a sun-like radiance that illuminated the target's body.

The deceased body melted like wax as it bent its waist and lost its balance, collapsing right beside Azik's copper whistle.

Monsters without any intelligence that only move on instinct are much easier to deal with than Beyonders of the same level… However, am I letting the copper whistle down? Ever since it was given to me, it has suffered explosions, the catharsis of lightning, and the purification of sunlight. Life sure isn't easy for it… Klein repented for a second before controlling Senor to pick up the ancient and exquisite copper whistle and stuffing it inside his body.

He didn't directly head over, afraid that a deceased body would awaken. Hence, he continued letting Senor to investigate the fellow who could resist the possession effect.

Klein suspected that the deceased had an item of a rather high level!

Soon, Senor in his non-Wraith form touched something and pulled it out.

It was a card!

On the face of the card was a man wearing a papal tiara with both hands held up. Before him were prostrated believers, and behind him was lightning, dark clouds, gales, and waves!

Klein was very familiar with the man because he had a portrait of this person in another set of attire.

It was Emperor Roselle!

And to the top left of the pontiff-dressed Roselle, there was a line of text formed from resplendent starlight: Sequence 0: Tyrant!

The Card of Blasphemy from the Storm pathway? The Tyrant card? Klein instantly recalled how the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom addressed the Lord of Storms: Tyrant!

Alger also saw the Card of Blasphemy as his gaze froze instantly. Flames of greed flared up in his eyes.

He took a deep breath and moved his gaze away as he looked to the side and said, "The battle was intense. Perhaps other entities deep inside this cathedral have been awoken by us. So, let's store away the things as quickly as possible and prepare to leave."

Mr. Hanged Man, do you think I'm not aware of that? There's no need for you to nag. What happened to our tacit teamwork from before? Heh, indeed. The Tyrant card has affected you. You can hardly calm down, and you have become talkative… As Klein got Wraith Senor to pick up the Card of Blasphemy and enter one of the deceased bodies to accelerate the production of the Beyonder characteristic, he coldly said, "You've already wasted five seconds."

Alger was taken aback. Without saying another word, he walked to the remains of the six-winged gargoyle and dug out the eyeball that glowed red. Then, he patiently waited for a moment and reached into its shattered back to extract a gargoyle translucent crystal.

Elsewhere, with the Wraith's help, the deceased body that was covered with yellow-green pus produced a blob of brown "soil." It had roots to it with hidden "blood vessels." It appeared rather strange.

Without wasting time to guess at the Sequence or pathway it belonged to, Klein got Senor to store it away before heading for the deceased body whose slippery tentacles were still twitching slightly, to accelerate the production of the Beyonder characteristic.

Seeing what looked like a jellyfish with azure-blue seawater in it take form, Klein and Alger suddenly heard a dragged out sound.

"Sigh…”

This sighing came from deep within the cathedral, bringing along with it an indescribable sense of ancientness.

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CHAPTER 814
DISAPPEARED

The long sigh that sounded from deep within the cathedral had left the back muscles of Klein and Alger tense as they were pumped with adrenaline.

Without any hesitation, Klein's left glove turned transparent as he vanished, appearing beside The Hanged Man.

As he reached out to grab his shoulder, Senor also picked up the jellyfish-like Beyonder characteristic and, with the help of mirror leap, returned back to the gold coin inside the iron cigar case.

Right on the heels of that, Klein's and Alger's bodies turned incorporeal and invisible, leaving the catacombs silent again.

The two of them were directly teleported into midair a distance away. Their figures came into existence amidst the shadows of the clouds and the crimson moonlight.

Subconsciously, Klein and Alger turned their heads in unison to look at the primitive island, wishing to know if any changes would happen to it.

When they heard that sigh, they had relied on their instincts and experience to immediately escape despite not sensing any actual danger. Now, they couldn't help but feel curious and puzzled.

In their vision, the thick mist that cloaked the primitive island had quickly dispersed. The moonlight shone straight down without anything obstructing it.

Amidst howling winds, Klein and Alger floated in midair as they saw the primitive island's present state through the sparse mist.

It had vanished.

This primitive island that had a demigod feathered serpent and all kinds of Beyonder creatures had vanished!

The region it was in had dark-blue seawater which was almost black was ebbing slightly. Nothing appeared out of the ordinary!

Alger couldn't help but reach his hand into his pocket where he touched the six-winged gargoyle's core crystal that had left his mind sluggish.

If not for his battle spoils still being in existence, he would've suspected if it was all a dream. He wondered if he and Gehrman Sparrow had somewhat gotten lost, that they hadn't found the real primitive island, and ended up completing the exploration in their dreams.

Klein had similar thoughts as well. He even felt as though he was hallucinating. After all, a giant island with so many powerful creatures that hid secrets from mythical times couldn't just vanish without a word. Even the seawater didn't show any corresponding signs of its existence.

Thankfully, I didn't hesitate at all and chose to immediately escape. Otherwise, Mr. Hanged Man and I might really vanish, never to be found again… Klein suddenly felt a deep sense of joy. He didn't dare stay any longer as he activated Traveling once again and vanished with Alger as they traversed the spirit world.

And the final scene of this body of water that froze in their eyes was of mist spreading once again with increasing density.

After another Teleportation, Klein and Alger returned to the deserted island. They stood on a reef and watched the waves strike the shore loudly.

Alger looked around and heaved a silent sigh of relief. He took out the core crystal of the six-winged gargoyle and said, "This is a shared spoil of war. You get to choose first."

After weighing the matter, he considered the six-winged gargoyle to be a monster that the duo had killed together. As for the three deceased bodies, they were solely Gehrman Sparrow's.

Klein didn't directly respond. He made Senor float beside him as he took out the Tyrant card, the brown soil Beyonder characteristic, and the jellyfish-like Beyonder characteristic. The latter was suspected to be that of an Ocean Songster's.

After doing all of this, he said, "One battle. I'll choose first. Thrice."

He meant that in the battle the duo faced, they had fought three deceased bodies and a six-winged gargoyle. He had contributed greatly in the entire battle, so the spoils of war received in the tomb belonged to the pool.

Of course, based on the contributions, Gehrman Sparrow had the right to choose first and choose three consecutive times.

Alger was taken aback as he gained a new understanding of the crazy adventurer. He then nodded.

"Okay."

Klein immediately reached his hand towards his marionette and calmly took the Tyrant card with Roselle's face on it.

"This counts as twice."

With the Card of Blasphemy, along with the Sea God Scepter, he could barely be considered a fake demigod when taking action in his Spirit Body state.

This was also very useful when acting as Sea God.

Of course, the greatest value the Tyrant card provided was the High-Sequence potion formulas of the Storm pathway, as well as the subtle ability to sense the ingredients needed after reaching Sequence 4.

And it was precisely because of this that Klein didn't wait till they returned to the City of Generosity, Bayam, to split the spoils of war. He was afraid that the Tyrant card would directly attract Sea King Jahn Kottman.

It's up to you to say how many times it counts… Alger didn't retort, nor did he plan on objecting to Gehrman Sparrow's claim. He watched as Gehrman reached for the jellyfish-like Beyonder characteristic which likely corresponded to Ocean Songster.

To Klein, it could be used to create a mystical item in the Storm domain; thus, replacing the Murloc Cufflink that had been taken away by Admiral Hell. It could also be bestowed to the Rorsted Archipelago's Resistance in the future to raise their survivability at sea. Of course, the condition was that they had greatly pleased Sea God.

Putting away the Tyrant card and the jellyfish-like Beyonder characteristic, Klein glanced at The Hanged Man, indicating that it was his turn to choose.

Alger deliberated and said, "Can I choose the Sequence 4 potion formula from that Card of Blasphemy?"

"No problem." Klein nodded without much of an expression. "I'll give it to you in the future."

Although the Tyrant card had been activated, using it was bound to cause quite a stir. Therefore, to be safe, Klein planned on heading above the gray fog to study it after he returned to Backlund.

"Alright." Even with Alger's stateliness, he couldn't help but smile.

After this adventure, once his digestion of the Ocean Songster was almost done, he could showcase his strength and take the path of being advanced by the Church. When the time came, drinking an additional potion wasn't a big problem. Even if he didn't give birth to a child, just time alone could allow him to resolve the matter completely. The key obstacle was that going from Sequence 5 to Sequence 4 was a qualitative transformation. It was a sublimation of life's natural order. Countless Ocean Songsters in the Church of Storms had worked hard for decades, but they had failed to obtain an opportunity. Alger didn't believe that he, as a mixed-blood, one who had promoted himself from a servant, would receive any special treatment. He felt that not being ostracized was already something to be happy about, a result of his ability to build social ties.

Furthermore, in the Church, the potion was directly given for the advancement to Sequence 4. There was no advanced understanding of the formula or its preparation. For Alger to gain an advantage in this intense competition, he had to have other ideas apart from being ranked within the top three in terms of contributions.

His present line of thought was to kill a famous pirate. From him, he could "obtain" the Cataclysmic Interrer's potion formula. Then, he could let the clues point towards the mutated deceased body in the primitive island. It was likely a powerful pirate who had once been active at sea before suddenly vanishing.

This way, the upper echelons of the Church of Storms would definitely suspect that this powerful missing pirate had obtained the Card of Blasphemy, and this undeniable reality could be verified via many different means.

Alger could use the advantage of already knowing the Cataclysmic Interrer's potion formula to obtain a chance to become a Sequence 4.

Of course, that's working on the premise that the Church doesn't have a Sealed Artifact that can directly wipe out any corresponding memories… If this method doesn't work, and there's no real way to advance, I can only

secretly gather the corresponding ingredients and prepare the required ritual for advancement. Once I become a Sequence 4, I'll immediately leave the Church and become a Pirate King… Alger reined in his thoughts and watched as Gehrman Sparrow took away the brown soil-like Beyonder characteristic.

Glancing at the remaining items, he put away the grayish-white translucent crystal and handed the six-winged gargoyle's eyeball to Gehrman Sparrow.

With him not lacking any powerful offensive means, and him being well-rounded when it came to the sea and land, it was rather useful for him if the Beyonder ingredient could be made into a mystical item.

Back in the tomb, if it wasn't because he was uncertain if Psychic Piercing could affect the gargoyle, and the battle situation didn't allow for any mistakes, he would've chosen to first use the Whip of Mind.

After splitting the spoils of war, putting them in different boxes, and sealing them with walls of spirituality, Klein stored away Senor. Reaching out his hand to grab The Hanged Man, their figures turned faint as they entered the spirit world.

After the Traveling was completed, the two appeared on a mountain beside the sea in the Bayam city outskirts. It was still close to the cemetery, and it was as though they had never left.

Alger didn't harp on the topic as he nodded at Gehrman Sparrow.

"If you need any mystical items created, I shall bear the corresponding costs.

"It's a pleasure working with you."

Wearing the transparent glove, Klein tersely answered before vanishing.

He left The Hanged Man behind, and he directly teleported himself to a secluded corner in Bayam City.

Next, I need to select a lucky pirate… Klein surveyed his area as he muttered silently and stretched his fingers before walking out into the street.

Of course, he didn't forget to change his appearance. He also smeared blood over Leymano's Travels. After all, there were bounty notices everywhere for Gehrman Sparrow, and Sea King Jahn Kottman remained in this city. If he were recognized or got lost, things would be nasty.

…

On the mountainside outside the city, Alger looked up at the dark night where there were the crimson moon and the countless stars. He slowly inhaled and exhaled, allowing the refreshing and saltiness of the seaside to cleanse his body.

The exploration he had just completed was the most dangerous adventure he had ever had. If not for the Teleportation from Gehrman Sparrow's Creeping Hunger, he doubted that they could escape alive.

However, as Mr. Fool's Blessed, The World should have other trump cards. For example, those demigod-level Beyonder powers in Leymano's Travels…

But in that case, we might not have successfully reached the tomb, with us encountering more trouble along the way…

Yes, that Card of Blasphemy of the Storm pathway is the target that made him restrain his madness… Was this was an instruction from Mr. Fool? "He" had already foreseen it! Perhaps, "He" even knows the existence that produced that sigh from deep within the cathedral!

Back then Qilangos might've seen the Tyrant card but had lacked the ability to obtain it. That must be why he said that… Alger's mind churned as he

slowly walked to the foot of the mountain.

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CHAPTER 815
AFTER-ACTION REVIEW

Backlund, 160 Böklund Street.

Gehrman Sparrow's figure suddenly appeared inside his bedroom as his black trench coat fluttered while his half top hat remained straight.

The Dwayne Dantès lying in bed immediately turned incorporeal, receding into a palm-sized mirror.

Probably no one came tonight. Arrodes didn't cause any trouble… Upon seeing the peace and quiet, Klein secretly heaved a sigh of relief as his body grew a lot taller and his sideburns turned gray. His blue eyes deepened as he transformed into Dwayne Dantès.

Meanwhile, watery waves stirred in the mirror as silver light gathered to outline words:

"Great Master, I didn't do anything today! No, I seriously acted as the sleeping Dwayne Dantès.

"In addition, I encountered something. Do you wish to know what it was?"

Ignoring Arrodes's desire to be praised in its first sentence, Klein felt his heart skip a beat. As he took off his hat and threw it on the reclining chair beside him, he said in a deep voice, "Tell me."

The words on the mirror disintegrated and squirmed into new text.

"A lady peeped into this house when she was walking past this street."

How does that matter? There are plenty of people who admire the surroundings when passing by every day… Klein was just about to say something when the aqueous light stirred on the mirror's surface, outlining a figure.

The person was dressed quite oddly in the eyes of normal people. She wore a spirit medium's black robe. Her eyeshadow and blush were blue. She looked beautiful, but she also had an uncanny appearance. She was none other than Daly Simone.

This lady had turned her head to look out as she passed by Unit 160 while on a carriage moving down Böklund Street. She had stared out for more than three seconds.

Man, she not only had an impression of Dwayne Dantès because of his eyes, but she has also grasped something about the situation? Klein frowned slightly and asked, "Anything else?"

"No!" As Arrodes presented the word, it sketched what symbolized a sworn oath.

Klein nodded and ignored the mirror's passion. He then sent it away.

After doing all of this, Klein took out a candle and set up a ritual. He summoned and responded to himself, bringing all the spoils of war and his clothes above the gray fog. He planned on separating Gehrman Sparrow's and Dwayne Dantès's clothes. He didn't wish to miss out on any details in the future.

Pa!

He snapped a finger and made the candlewick burn with a scarlet flame.

Flame.

Flame…

Klein's gaze froze as he quickly closed his eyes and turned around, his back facing the candle.

Then, he controlled Senor to approach the desk.

During this process, Senor's body trembled violently, but he ultimately reached out his right hand to extinguish the fire.

I'll sleep for the night and think about it tomorrow… No, I have the Tyrant card on me, and it has already been activated. Although there's the wall of spirituality to seal it, it might not be able to fully screen out the attraction force from those of the same pathway. It might only weaken its influence and take more time… Back when I was in Bayam, I came and went quickly, without daring to stay too long… Just as Klein calmed down, he thought of certain problems.

A few seconds later, he slowly took a deep breath, raised his hand, and snapped his fingers to light the candle.

Following that, he held back the horror in him as he controlled Senor to take another two candles to set up the sacrificial ritual. This way, it skipped the step of him responding to the summoning for the entrance to the real world via the flame.

After everything was done, Klein turned around with great difficulty as he "piously" lowered his head. Without looking into the candlelight, he seriously chanted the honorific name of The Fool.

Via sheer willpower, to the point of him bursting out in tears, he finally completed the ritual and sacrificed all the items, sending them above the gray fog.

Phew… Klein exhaled, taking four steps counterclockwise, he arrived at the silent mysterious space. Sitting in The Fool's seat, he first picked up the Tyrant card, and he triggered the content hidden within.

The Card of Blasphemy immediately became three-dimensional, like a palm-sized book.

As he flipped through the pages, each page had a Roselle Gustav. He was either playing the role of a sailor, or he was wearing a captain's hat and holding a sextant; otherwise, he was singing loudly with the sea as his background.

Klein was rendered speechless by this sight. He felt increasingly convinced that his fellow Earthling was way too narcissistic.

I'll be really impressed if the Demoness card also uses his image… As Klein lampooned, he read through the corresponding contents, analyzing the Sequence names, ingredients, and rituals of the Storm pathway.

"Sequence 9: Sailor… Sequence 8: Folk of Rage… Sequence 7: Seafarer… Sequence 6: Wind-blessed… Sequence 5: Ocean Songster… Sequence 4: Cataclysmic Interrer… Sequence 3: Sea King… Sequence 2: Calamity… Sequence 1: Thunder God… Sequence 0: Tyrant…

The ritual to become Tyrant, or in other words, the Lord of Storms, is very different from that of the Black Emperor. Firstly, it needs hundreds of thousands of followers to submit and believe in said person out of fear. Secondly, it is to challenge a true deity, in other words, another Sequence 0, and survive. Finally, in this atmosphere of fear and submission, consume the potion to complete the advancement.

This sucks. A Sequence 1 who hasn't experienced a qualitative change is to challenge a Sequence 0 true deity, doesn't that spell almost certain death?… Besides, what if there's no Sequence 0 during that era? Then, wouldn't one need to think of a way to nurture one, or to switch to a neighboring pathway… Of course, the ritual might not be necessary. With enough luck, there's still a chance of succeeding by directly drinking the potion. Sea God Kalvetua was such an example. It didn't even consume a potion but instead an unconcocted Beyonder characteristic…

The core of this ritual is the courage to challenge a deity, with massive feelings of fear and submission?

Hmm, Tyrant doesn't seem to come equipped with the Black Emperor's uniqueness of distorting rules, preventing "Him" from resurrecting from the dead and returning from the void. However, it seems to be able to transform into lightning or light for a short period of time, perhaps capable of creating a planet-level disaster… Emperor Roselle's focus is on the formula and ritual. His description of the Beyonder powers and deity authorities are very vague…

Klein casually summoned a piece of paper that wasn't conjured. Using a fountain pen, he recorded the Cataclysmic Interrer's potion formula and wrote a note in The World Gehrman Sparrow's style of speech.

"Avoid recalling the contents of that picture usually."

This was a warning for The Hanged Man. In the mysterious domain, matters that involved Sequence 0 required caution and carefulness. Care needed to be taken even if it violated common sense.

It didn't mean that seeing and discussing that picture on the primitive island meant that they were safe in the outside world. If they often recalled the matter, there might be a day when they were "lucky" enough to have lightning smite down at them, them suffering from an unresolvable conundrum that killed them with an aneurysm, or them dying from heatstroke from the sun's radiance.

The ritual of the Cataclysmic Interrer is extremely dangerous. It will trigger earthquakes and tsunamis, and the advancer needs to consume the potion in such an environment, holding out until it ends… Klein folded the piece of paper and placed it to the side while putting away the Tyrant card.

After using divination to confirm that the three Beyonder characteristics he obtained were separately the Black Emperor pathway's Sequence 5 Mentor of Confusion, Storm pathway's Sequence 5 Ocean Songster, and Planter

pathway's Sequence 5 Druid, Klein finally had the time to recall what had happened during his exploration as he considered the information it hid.

Eternal Blazing Sun is clearly of the Sun pathway, and that City of Silver Creator is also known as the ancient sun god. This can be determined from some of the Fourth Epoch history and the murals of the elves… According to the law of Sequence Beyonder Characteristics Conservation of having no Sequence 1 when there's a Sequence 0, the White Angel back then likely wasn't a King of Angels. But if "He" wasn't a King of Angels, "He" had no right to partake in the feast of the City of Silver Creator. This not only has external elements in play, but it also includes the problem of jumping directly from Sequence 2 to Sequence 0 which has a high chance of losing control!

Either Eternal Blazing Sun had switched pathways to become a god, or the City of Silver Creator's main authority wasn't the Sun. After he defeated the ancient gods, "He" had already allocated parts of his authority to the angels beside him, making "Them" become Kings of Angels. Therefore, the elves' murals and the name that eventually spread had only indicated that "He" once wielded authority over the Sun, and that it wasn't an authority he held the entire time.

There's also another possibility. The Creator, who took over the ancient gods' authorities, had the ability to allow a Sequence 2 of the same pathway to advance to Sequence 1…

Klein's train of thought quickly turned to who had built the cathedral and left behind the mural. Due to the messiness of the various situations, he conjured a piece of goatskin, and he summarized all the points by writing them down to seek out the connection.

"That primitive island was discovered by Qilangos and Mr. Hanged Man…

"Qilangos received a mission from the Twilight Hermit Order. To obtain a priceless item, he headed to Backlund to assassinate Duke Negan, and he ended up dying at Mr. Azik's hands…

"Qilangos told Mr. Hanged Man that deep inside the ruin was a precious item that was in no way worse than Roselle's tarot card, but it was something that could only be obtained at Sequence 5…

"He later obtained Creeping Hunger and became a pirate admiral, with a strength already equivalent to a Sequence 5…

"That Tyrant card remains deep inside the cathedral's catacombs…

"Qilangos didn't make any subsequent attempts? Or did his attempts fail?

"That cathedral was built by an existence who worships the ancient sun god. The mural depicts the dark history of the true deities before the Cataclysm, and is clearly on the ancient sun god's side…

"The Twilight Hermit Order is suspected to be established by the son of God, Adam, with the goal of resurrecting the ancient sun god, the City of Silver Creator…

"That primitive island suddenly disappeared as though it never existed…

"Adam is an Angel of Imagination… Amongst the Twilight Hermit Order's core members, there's at least one angel of the Spectator pathway, Hermes…

"The Twilight Hermit Order tends to select members of the Sailor, Reader, or Sun pathways. It has a high chance of possessing High-Sequence ingredients and items from the Storm domain… There might be angels from the Storm domain in it…"

Klein lowered his pen and looked at the content listed out as he slowly made a guess.

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CHAPTER 816 COMPLETING THE TRANSACTION

After listing down all the important points, Klein rapped the edge of the long mottled table and silently muttered, The one who sighed in the depths of the cathedral is a member of the Twilight Hermit Order?

Qilangos had caught the eye of the Twilight Hermit Order after he managed to venture deep inside? Later, he obtained an advancement and received Creeping Hunger, allowing him to become a Pirate Admiral?

If that's the case, it can be understood why he didn't go to the primitive island again to take away the Tyrant card after possessing the strength of a Sequence 5… It's yours only if it's given. You can't touch it if it's not given?

Of course, Qilangos might've established contact with that member of the Twilight Hermit Order during his second visit of the cathedral after possessing enough combat strength…

Regardless, that primitive island must have quite a connection with the Twilight Hermit Order.

The reason why we arrived at the tomb rather smoothly in the other zones and saw the picture of the Kings of Angels feasting on the Creator was because that Twilight Hermit Order member had the intention of letting us do so? They are happy to let that lost piece of history spread given the chance… However, their depiction of something from their own standpoints might not be the truth as well…

Later, that Twilight Hermit Order member probably sighed because he or she didn't expect us to quickly finish off the awakened deceased bodies and the six-winged gargoyle to obtain the Tyrant card?

With how things normally go, we should've been in danger, and "He" quells everything, talking to us from a distance, making us outer circle members of the Twilight Hermit Order?

Klein carefully used "He" to refer to the existence in the depths of the abandoned cathedral.

He even suspected that the person might be the former King of Angels, son of God, Adam!

Of course, he wasn't certain if the primitive island belonged to the Twilight Hermit Order. He believed that even divination wouldn't give him a certain answer, as there were too many possibilities. It also involved other hidden existences, and any information related to the spirit world would definitely be wiped away or hidden.

If it's really as I guessed, does that mean that I missed the chance of joining the Twilight Hermit Order? If I pass their test, then I might be able to take a glance at the second Blasphemy Slate and obtain the High-Sequence potion formulas of the Seer pathway… What a pity… However, Gehrman Sparrow has a mysterious origin with a secret existence backing him. This is known by the various factions at sea, and as the most ancient and secret organization, the Twilight Hermit Order will definitely be aware of the corresponding situation. The outcome for Gehrman Sparrow would probably be immediate execution and then having answers obtained via spirit channeling… Klein first found it a pity before feeling afraid.

As his thoughts whirred, he even thought of sending The Hanged Man to the primitive island again and seek out an opportunity to make him an outer circle member of the Twilight Hermit Order, so that he could slowly reach its core.

Sigh, but the problem is that the primitive island has vanished… Otherwise, Mr. Hanged Man really has a chance of being a triple, no—a quadruple spy… Klein snapped his fingers and made the paper in front of him disappear, throwing the night's exploration to the back of his mind.

However, he warned himself that he needed to pay attention to the appearances of any abnormalities in his daily life.

He was afraid that it wasn't that the hidden existence deep in the cathedral wasn't able to stop himself and The Hanged Man from escaping, but that "He" had a deeper motive.

If not for the gray fog and him having been "sterilized," Klein even suspected if there were any hidden marks left on him.

Glancing at the items on the table, Klein first flipped the Tyrant card over and placed it beside the Black Emperor card. Following that, he began considering how he would deal with the remaining spoils of war.

He already had plans for the Sequence 5 Druid Beyonder characteristic of the Planter pathway—sell it to Frank Lee via The Hermit Cattleya.

But the problem is whether I want to accelerate the destruction of this world… Klein gave a self-deprecating laugh as he fell into a dilemma.

Allowing a dangerous fellow like Frank Lee to advance to Sequence 5 meant that cows, fish, the sea, and Rose Bishops would be fearful. No one knew what this fellow, who was no better than a lunatic, would achieve in his experiments after obtaining greater powers. It was an unknown what sort of strange species he could create.

What if he plants himself and obtains a bunch of Franks. The world would truly be in danger if that happens… Klein silently exhaled and planned on letting Admiral of Stars vex over this problem.

After all, I'll just be selling the Druid Beyonder characteristic normally. Whether Ma'am Hermit wishes to buy it is up to her… Besides, it's only a Sequence 5. I believe Queen Mystic and the Moses Ascetic Order will support her and be able to ensure nothing goes wrong. Besides, the Church of Mother Earth has a bunch of Saints, Angels, and Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, as well as a true deity. There's nothing they can't handle… As Klein consoled himself, he placed his attention onto the Mentor of Confusion and Ocean Songster Beyonder characteristics.

His initial plan for the latter was to create a mystical item, but he wasn't sure if the Artisan that The Hanged Man knew had the ability to do so. As for the former, he planned on selling it.

Although it could also be made into an item, it overlapped with the Baron of Corruption inside the glove. Besides, Klein also began to realize that having too many mystical items wasn't necessarily a good thing. Particular negative effects were a pain when stacked. With Creeping Hunger and the rentable Leymano's Travels, he believed that it was best if he traveled light most of the time.

Under normal circumstances, Creeping Hunger matched with Death Knell, along with a few Purifying Bullets, it was enough to deal with most matters!

When in a sea or air battle, he could have an additional mystical item made from an Ocean Songster. In complicated situations, he could rent Leymano's Travels when given the opportunity. If there wasn't an opportunity, he could use Groselle's Travels for defense, and throw out the Fate Siphon charm.

And this wasn't considering his own Beyonder powers, Wraith marionette, or the hard-to-use Sea God Scepter!

In terms of fixed assets, I'm considered a true tycoon… Klein sighed as he made the Beyonder characteristics fly to the junk pile.

As for the eyeball of the six-winged gargoyle, this was a material rich in spirituality and had some hint of strangeness. It could be used in a ritual to create charms. Klein temporarily had no better use or requirements for it, so he had already thrown it into the junk pile.

After doing all of this, he disappeared from above the gray fog, and he returned to the real world.

…

On Saturday morning, Fors had originally planned on waking up naturally, but she ended up being awoken by The World's transmission via Mr. Fool.

He was returning Leymano's Travels to her!

Fors rubbed her eyes and planned on directly preparing the ritual, but when she saw her messy hair and puffy eyes, she decided to wash up first to make herself look human.

She had finally sold the two properties yesterday, selling them at a higher price than she had expected. Even after deducting the corresponding taxes, she had received 6,550 pounds.

To her chagrin, gold coins which were used in daily life may appear common, but when she attempted to collect them en masse, she failed to obtain much. After plenty of work, all she got was 600 gold coins.

Phew, I can finally repay the debt and complete the transaction. Fors combed her hair and began setting up the ritual.

Last night, to celebrate her first time accumulating such immense wealth, she secretly drank half a bottle of Lanti and a barrel of Southville beer. This resulted in her waking up in a terrible state.

During the ritual, and after some communication, Fors paid 5,200 pounds and 600 gold coins, closing the assassination commission and receiving an

Interrogator Beyonder characteristic.

This way, she still had 2,530 pounds in cash. As for the royalties from her two books, although they weren't much, they were relatively stable.

After a brief wait, Fors saw the Door of Sacrifice and Bestowment light up as two items flew out.

One of them was Leymano's Travels, and the other was a light-blue, translucent hexagonal prism. In it were streaking bolts of lightning.

Mr. World sure has many Beyonder characteristics on hand… Fors sighed silently and first thanked Mr. Fool before ending the ritual to accept the Interrogator's Beyonder characteristic.

Finally, she picked up Leymano's Travels and flipped through it to see what additional Beyonder powers there were.

As the pages flipped over, her gaze suddenly froze. This was because two of the charred yellow pages weren't empty. They were filled with mysterious and strange patterns and symbols.

These represented Beyonder powers at the demigod level!

A total of two pages!

"How extravagant…” Fors couldn't help herself as she muttered.

This was the first time she was seeing a demigod Beyonder power which she could freely use!

As a best-selling author who mainly wrote romance, her first reaction was that The World Gehrman Sparrow was chasing after her.

But thinking back to how they hadn't met before, and how the gentleman was a cold and powerful assassin, she quickly rejected such a guess. She

believed that The World Gehrman Sparrow was probably able to receive help from a demigod at any time, so he didn't mind such matters.

Phew, I should try not to use it. I'll let Mr. World use it when he rents it again… Fors exhaled with some fear, completely lacking the guts to take advantage of the terrifying assassin.

After composing herself, she used her crystal ball and identified all the new Beyonder powers. She felt that they were all relatively useful apart from Full Moon.

If I wish to commit suicide, this is quite a useful one… she muttered and closed Leymano's Travels. She planned on giving Xio the Interrogator's Beyonder characteristic when she returned in the evening.

…

At seven in the evening, Klein wore starched clothes as he waited at the foyer with Butler Walter and Valet Richardson to welcome the guests at his ball.

Soon, he saw a familiar face walk over.

Aaron Ceres!

This famous surgeon walked to the main door while helping his pregnant wife.

Pregnant lady… Klein's heart stirred as he walked over with a beaming smile.

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CHAPTER 817
GUESTS

As a polite gentleman, Klein obviously wouldn't stare at Aaron's wife. He looked at the famous surgeon and said, "Good evening, Aaron. How may I address your lovely companion?"

Aaron's cold demeanor hadn't changed, but it didn't stop him from handing over an intricately packed bottle of red wine and say with a polite smile, "My wife, Wilma Gladys, a middle school teacher."

"It appears you are about to become a father again. When's it due?" Klein received the present and asked.

The topic he had planned to cover when talking to Dr. Aaron had been about a few new surgery techniques in the papers, but he never expected him to bring his pregnant wife.

This was a pleasant surprise for him. This was because Ma'am Wilma Gladys was expecting the unborn Snake of Mercury, Will Auceptin.

Aaron subconsciously glanced at his wife's tummy and said with a smile, "Early July. If you don't mind, I wish to invite you to his birth party."

Just as he said that, the gentle and beautiful black-haired lady, Wilma, suddenly held her tummy and exclaimed in pain.

"What happened?" Aaron asked in concern.

"He kicked me, but he's calmed down," Wilma said with an eased expression.

She then looked at Dwayne Dantès and smiled.

"Because of my pregnancy, I've been home all the time and haven't been to such balls in a while. Feeling pent up at home, I got Aaron to bring me along. Although I can't dance, I'll be able to chat with the other ladies, and I'll even find some time to play some cards."

"Your presence honors me," Klein sincerely replied. "I will come for his birth party in early July."

He wasn't affected by the tiny accident, as he still remembered Dr. Aaron's invitation.

After exchanging a few words of pleasantries, Klein handed over the gift to his valet, Richardson, and got him to lead his two, no—three guests into the hall.

Without needing to wait too long, he received his second guest. It was Bishop Elektra, who was still wearing his black clergyman robe, and his female partner.

His partner was a lady in her early twenties who still had a little bit of baby fat to her cheeks. She looked at everything with a sense of wonder, and she was filled with energy. However, she had an additional hint of maturity to her due to her already having a child.

"Good evening, Your Excellency. My sleep has recently been excellent," Klein said, feigning ignorance of the Church of Evernight's secret efforts.

Elektra immediately tapped his chest four times in a clockwise fashion.

"This is a blessing of the Goddess."

He then introduced his female partner.

"She's my wife, Shona Johnson."

As he often visited Dwayne Dantès and had been to his residence several times, he didn't need to prepare any gifts for the ball. It would appear overly polite and too distant.

"Nice to meet you. You are a lot younger than I imagined," Klein greeted Shona half-politely and half-jokingly with a nod.

Meanwhile, he silently did the math.

It's said that the bishop got married two years ago. That means that his wife was only eighteen or nineteen… This age difference is quite huge… In a few years, I might have to introduce a particular chubby Apothecary to him…

Upon hearing Dwayne Dantès's joke, and recalling the conversation back when he visited him while the former was sick, Elektra immediately felt uneasy. He coughed gently and replied, "She's someone who likes a bustle. If she's free, she has no wish to miss any ball."

Klein didn't speak further because he saw Ma'am Mary alight from her carriage and was walking over.

After letting Bishop Elektra and his wife enter the hall, Klein smiled at Mary and said, "Ma'am, perhaps we will be fellow workers next week."

The lawyer and accounting team he hired had completed their investigations and had cleared the Coim Company's audit and said that it was very suitable for investing into. Furthermore, he had already reached a preliminary agreement with the gentleman who was selling the shares. Final confirmation of the sale of 3% shares for 12,800 pounds was to be made next week.

When Mary heard that, she chuckled and said, "I already treat you as a partner."

This seems to have a deeper meaning to it… Don't tell me that Dwayne Dantès has caught your fancy… Klein's heart stirred as he feigned ignorance and reached his hand out.

"I hope for a pleasant partnership."

After a shake of hands, he got Butler Walter to lead the lady in.

At this moment, more and more guests were arriving. Klein recalled the corresponding topics and warmly and humorously received them, receiving plenty of gifts as a result.

If not for my instinctive ability as a Faceless to remember a person's looks and characteristics, I wouldn't be able to tell who is who, much less find the correct topic to raise… It's no wonder that a butler's help is often needed at such times… As Klein was stirring in poignancy, he saw Member of Parliament Macht and his family arrive.

He smiled again and took a step forward.

"Good evening. Today's starry sky is especially beautiful."

Member of Parliament Macht smiled as he handed a bottle of black Rand from some unknown vineyard to him and said, "I've been in Backlund for nearly twenty years, but the number of starry skies I've seen combined cannot even compare to the number I've seen this year."

"I hope there will be more with time." Klein then said to Ma'am Riana, "I heard that the both of you have gotten a boarding school for Miss Hazel?"

Riana looked at her daughter who wore a cold expression despite maintaining a polite smile.

"Boarding school education is becoming increasingly popular. It's the same for females. And most importantly, perhaps Hazel will get to know more

friends. Unfortunately, she doesn't seem too happy about this arrangement, as she can't bear to leave us."

In Backlund, boarding schools that targeted females of high society had already grown in popularity. The education they provided might not be better than home tutors, but it created a social circle.

The school fees for such a boarding school like that was about 500 pounds a year.

She probably can't bear to part with the sewers here… Klein lampooned. After a short chat, he let Member of Parliament Macht and family into the hall.

When it was almost time, he didn't wait by the door and instead walked to the second floor. Standing behind the railing that faced the main door, he gestured for the musicians to pause the music.

Holding a cup of champagne, Klein surveyed the surroundings. With all the guests looking at him, he loudly said, "I'm very happy that all of you can grace this ball with your presence. First, I'd like to thank the Goddess, as well as you…

"I've prepared for everyone local music and food from Desi, and I hope you will like it…"

After a simple speech, Klein walked down the stairs to the first floor, in preparation to invite a lady to dance the opening dance.

Typically, a married host would definitely invite his own partner for the opening dance, while unmarried men or women would dance with a relative of the opposite sex, or invite someone they had their eye on, in an alternate form of a blind date. But Dwayne Dantès didn't have any family or any suitable target, so this matter appeared somewhat embarrassing.

However, he had an experienced butler. His butler had hired a socialite of high society, and although dancing the opening dance would result in some rumors, it wouldn't make others believe that they were dating.

Therefore, Klein looked at the lady named Oria without any guilt as he walked towards her.

This lady was a widow who had good relationships with several people in Backlund's high society. She enjoyed quite a status in this circle, but of course, she wasn't well-liked by the ladies. Anyone with a bit of standing looked down on her.

Regardless, Oria's female charms and her bearing was excellent. It was especially so with her figure that had alluring curves. If it wasn't because her looks were only above average, Klein would have suspected that she was a Demoness.

"Ma'am, may I have the pleasure of dancing with you?" Klein followed the teachings of his etiquette teacher, Wahana, and posed flawlessly.

Oria with her blonde hair bun smiled and reached out her hand.

"You are a gentleman that cannot be rejected."

…That sounds ambiguous… Her identity and the role she plays in social settings ensures that she can't act as demure as most ladies and madams… Klein held her hand, entered the dance floor, and began dancing under the tune of a village folk song.

The aristocrats all had land, manors, and castles in the villages, and they spent several months a year there; therefore, folk songs were one of the mainstream songs in high society social events.

"You dance really well. If Wahana hadn't mentioned it before, I wouldn't believe that you weren't able to dance before." Oria deliberately leaned in close. As they moved in step, her breathing could be heard.

As she was a stranger, Klein was a little uneasy by the close distance, but he couldn't push her away while under everyone's gaze, so all he could do was smile.

"I just didn't know how to dance such dances.

"In fact, I'm good at the kind of dances from Desi Bay and the Southern Continent where there's greater freedom."

"I also like those kinds of dances. They are full of strength and passion. It's danced for yourself and not for others." Oria found a topic as she gyrated her body, appearing extremely intimate with Dwayne Dantès.

Towards the end of the opening dance, she said with a suppressed chuckle, "If it wasn't for the rumors, I would even suspect that you don't fancy women because you're a little stiff.

"However, I no longer have any doubts."

As she spoke, she glanced down.

Klein was actually rather embarrassed. She was really good at using her body and words to create a suggestive atmosphere; however, Dwayne Dantès was an experienced man and couldn't admit defeat.

He smiled with a natural expression.

"Stiffness is a result of not being used to Backlund's social scene."

"I can teach you," Oria said with a chuckle.

At that moment, the tune came to an end as she took a step back and winked with a smile.

"You're really passionate."

The words were a double-entendre that left Klein nearly blushing. He even began to suspect if she was related to Demonesses.

He continued wearing a stoic expression as he bent his back into a bow, and he sent Oria back to her spot. Through the corner of his eye, he caught Wilma Gladys, who was pregnant with the Snake of Mercury, walking towards the long table to the side. Her target was apparently the first batch of ice-cream.

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CHAPTER 818
WARNING

Klein's gaze moved away from Wilma Gladys and looked to the pastries like carrot cake and cream puffs to the side, as well as the roasted poussin, stewed lamb, seared rib-eye, Desi roasted fish, and the other food nearby.

He gulped his saliva slightly and forced himself to retract his gaze as he prepared to invite Ma'am Mary for the second dance.

As the host, he couldn't skip any of the first three dances; therefore, all he could do was temporarily forget his hunger and the delicacies.

And at this moment, Wilma Gladys, whose pregnant state showed, walked to the spot where there was ice-cream. She reached out her hand before retracting it.

"You want some?" Dr. Aaron hadn't joined the first dance as he stayed by his pregnant wife's side.

Wilma Gladys sternly shook her head.

"No, I don't. I'm pregnant. It's not good to have ice-cream.

"However, the little fella in my tummy seems to want a little, just a little."

Dr. Aaron nodded indiscernibly and said, "Then have some. Leave the rest to me."

Wilma immediately revealed an irresistible smile.

"You spoil him too much!"

She didn't object to it as she watched her husband pick up a scoop of ice-cream that had been circled with ice.

After taking two bites, Wilma closed her eyes and suddenly shifted her gaze. She looked at a few ladies who hadn't participated in the first dance. They were chatting about something in hushed tones. They had smiles across their suggestive faces, often covering their mouths and laughing covertly.

What interesting matters are they talking about? Wilma's curiosity was instantly piqued, and after informing her husband, Aaron, she walked over.

However, the few ladies quickly dispersed as though they were awaiting the second dance.

Wilma was disappointed as she asked the young beautiful lady who remained standing there, "Do you know what they were discussing about?"

"I'm not interested in their topics," Hazel said as she glanced at the pregnant lady beside her.

She didn't fault her for being a little impolite because pregnant ladies often had some privileges.

Only then did Wilma notice that Hazel, with her long black-green hair, was holding a cup of champagne. She looked like she had no wish to be invited to a dance.

She has a sense of pride that stems from the bottom of her heart. Even when looking at baronet madams, she will only maintain the most basic courtesy… This is a delightful character, but the problem is that she's like that to everyone. She's overly cold and aloof… Perhaps, she's in the rebellious stage that Emperor Roselle had mentioned before? As a middle-school teacher, Wilma couldn't help but make comment inwardly. Then,

knowing better, she opened up a distance from Hazel and began looking for the ladies she was familiar with.

After completing three dances, Klein finally had a brief reprieve to stuff himself with more food and drink some thirst-quenching sweet ice tea. This was a Deis specialty that he specially got the kitchen to prepare.

Due to the influence of Death Knell, he had drank a little too much. After having a short conversation with Bishop Elektra, he had to apologize and take his leave to the washroom.

In fact, he could hold back for another three more dances. However, he felt that Snake of Fate Will Auceptin might have wanted to communicate with him, judging from his sudden appearance; therefore, he found a suitable place without anyone around.

Although "He" is an unborn fetus and came here passively, if "He" doesn't wish to meet me, "He" has a hundred ways to stop "His" mother from heading out… In short, it's worth giving it a try… Klein mumbled as he entered the washroom and locked the door.

Just as he was in a dilemma to deal with his burgeoning bladder or patiently wait another two minutes, his spiritual perception triggered as he looked at the mirror.

At some point in time, the mirror had produced a black pram that was covered in shadows that prevented him from seeing any details. The only thing he could discern was that there was a child wrapped in silver silk inside.

The child used a clear voice and said, "Your fate deviated a little."

"What happened?" Klein tensed up immediately.

Will Auceptin in his infant form scoffed and said, "You should ask yourself!

"All I know is that you likely met an angel."

Klein immediately recalled his experiences on the primitive island and had a guess. After contemplating for a few seconds, he asked with a frown, "Can angels see my uniqueness?

"I've met Orange Light, and he said that only a few high-level creatures of the spirit world, as well as deities with certain unique authorities or Beyonder who represent fate can discover this point to a certain extent. Of course, close contact has to be made."

In the pram, Will Auceptin sucked at his thumb and laughed.

"Probably not, because you aren't dangerous.

"Besides, apart from you being unique, some items on you or your companion might have a similar uniqueness that can garner the interest of that person."

Items on me, my companions… Klein's mind raced as he discovered that he might have been psychologically cued in the past, and along with the fact that he hadn't thought of it, he had missed out something.

When exploring the primitive island, he had brought Groselle's Travels along!

This was a book created by an ancient god, the Dragon of Imagination, Ankewelt!

If that primitive island is related to the Twilight Hermit Order, be it the Angel of the Spectator pathway deep inside the cathedral with a High-Sequence ingredient of the Storm pathway, or the opposite, "He" will likely be interested in the notebook. After all, the leader of the organization is the Angel of Imagination, the son of God, Adam! And it's because of this notebook that I was allowed to take away the Tyrant card while also

preventing me and Mr. Hanged Man from continuing the exploration? Klein had a hunch as he asked, "How should I resolve this?"

"There's no need. In the long term, this should be something good, but there might be some trouble midway," Will Auceptin replied with a clear voice. "Furthermore, you are already burdened with so many matters. An additional matter wouldn't matter. I warned you so that you can take note so as to not be struck by trouble."

…Makes sense. One stops worrying when there are too many debts. Perhaps it might create opportunities and let my debtors end up fighting… On careful thought, Klein echoed inwardly.

He asked instead, "My friend who wishes to obtain a drop of a Mythical Creature's blood wishes to know exactly what you need."

"What do I need?" Will Auceptin scoffed once again. "There's plenty I need. For example, the means to accommodate the Die of Probability, or how to finish off Ouroboros. If it's possible, you can take as many vials of blood as you want! But, can it be done?"

If it's possible, why take the risk to finish off Ouroboros? Wouldn't it be easier to just deal with a weak Snake of Fate like you? As Klein lampooned, he shook his head without a doubt.

"No."

"Then think of something else. I'm not in a rush." Will Auceptin paused and said, "There's a very arrogant lady at the ball tonight. There's something wrong with her. If you have the chance to chat with her, you can lead the topic of conversation towards dreams."

Hazel? Dreams? Klein nodded in thought.

"Okay."

Seeing that Will Auceptin had the intention to leave, he hurriedly said, "That paper crane is about to tear. How should I contact you in the future when I encounter an emergency?"

Will Auceptin fell silent for a moment before saying, "Are you hoping that I can fold a paper crane for you in my mother's tummy? Even if I can, you won't be able to get it!

"If I have any desire to find you, and as long as you live here, I can do so at any time during dreams.

"If you have any emergency matters, just visit my father directly! After all, don't you have to wait when using the paper crane?

"Alright, as a fetus who hasn't been born, I need to have more sleep. Let's leave anything else to the future."

All Klein could do was nod and say, "If there's nothing else from you."

Just as Will Auceptin was about to dissipate his body, he suddenly paused for two seconds and said, "Another thing."

"What is it?" Klein tensed up once again.

Will Auceptin dragged out his tone and said, "The ice-cream your cook made is too sweet…"

Ah? Klein temporarily didn't react to what he was saying until the black pram vanished from the mirror. He then snapped out of his daze and couldn't help but twitch the corners of his lips.

After settling the problem with his burgeoning bladder, he washed his hands and came out. He found Richardson and instructed, "Go to the kitchen and get them to lower the sweetness of the ice-cream that is subsequently being made."

Richardson didn't ask why, and he immediately did as he was told. Only when he was about to enter the kitchen did he recall the problem.

Mr. Dwayne Dantès hasn't touched the ice-cream yet, so how did he know that it's a little too sweet?

Towards this problem, Richardson quickly had an answer. He believed that a guest had informed his employer after sampling the ice-cream.

Although it was a little impolite, it wasn't something rare, especially among familiar friends. They would proactively and kindly inform him so as to prevent the host of the ball from suffering unpleasant critique.

At this moment, as the previous dance was still happening, Klein wasn't in a hurry to consider a dance partner. He walked to the long table by the side and seized the opportunity to have some of the delicacies.

Just as he selected a piece of Desi roasted fish without many bones, he suddenly saw Wilma Gladys lean over and pick up a cup of sweet ice tea.

The lady nodded at the host and smiled.

"This beverage is nice. I've never had it before."

"It's sweet ice tea from the south," Klein explained with a smile as he casually glanced at her tummy. "He seems to be very obedient. Oh, perhaps, it's a she."

Wilma smiled.

"Most of the time, but there might be some stirrings in the middle of the night at times."

Middle of the night… At times… Don't tell me it's when he's replying to my questions… Klein suddenly broke out into a sweat as he feigned ignorance

and cast his attention back onto his plate. As Wilma drank a sip of sweet ice tea, she headed back to her previous conversation.

When the new dance began, Klein handed his plate and cup to an attendant beside him and glanced at Hazel. He slowly walked over and bowed with a smile.

"Lady, may I have the pleasure of dancing with you?"

Hazel fell silent for a few seconds and placed the cup of champagne onto an attendant's tray and replied politely, "It will be my pleasure."

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CHAPTER 819
GIFT

Amidst a soothing melody, Klein and Hazel began dancing with their backs straight. One was tall and slim, and apart from the clear difference in age, their movements, demeanor, and looks were highly compatible. It was a beautiful sight to behold, one that could almost be used as a prime example for dancing.

Klein took the initiative to break the silence. As they twirled, he casually said, "I often had nightmares some time ago, but thankfully I had the Goddess's blessings. I prayed a few times at the cathedral and drank a few cups of holy water, and after that, I stopped jolting awake."

Hazel silently looked up and, after two seconds, asked, "What kind of nightmare?"

To think you will be interested in such a topic… Will Auceptin was right after all… Klein replied with a smile, "I was being pursued by all kinds of monsters inside an abandoned, dilapidated cathedral.

"But you probably know, it's almost impossible to remember the details in a dream. I find it difficult to describe those monsters."

Hazel didn't say a word, but her bright, brown eyes were colored with dissent.

That also meant that she believed that dreams weren't necessarily impossible to recall.

Klein took a step diagonally with her in his arms as he said with a smile, "Indeed, I've had a very clear dream in the past.

"Back then, I was still in the Southern Continent. I dreamed of an inverted mausoleum. It was constructed from pitch-black stone columns that extended underground. There were zombies covered in white feathers that appeared from them in a bid to pull me in.

"I had such dreams for several days, and it's really quite embarrassing. I was very afraid back then, so I frantically went to a nearby city and found a divination club. I got them to interpret my dream, and I received the conclusion that during one of my purchases of local goods, I had offended the faith of a tribe that believed in Death.

"Strangely, when I went to the tribe to apologize, gave them gifts, and participated in their celebrations, I never had that dream again."

He had fabricated the story from his experience as a Seer. His goal was to pique Hazel's interest to see if she would unknowingly reveal something. At the same time, this was a suggestion with a deeper meaning, one that wouldn't garner suspicion. The deeper meaning was that Hazel could find a divination club member or a cathedral's priest to interpret her dream if she was troubled by it. It was best not to make rash choices while blindly believing the contents of the dream.

When Will Auceptin mentioned that there was something wrong with Hazel and suggested chatting about dreams, Klein suspected that her dilemma stemmed from a dream that kept happening. Otherwise, it was hard to explain how, despite being at least a Sequence 8, she had a severe lack of knowledge towards the mysterious world with her blind arrogance. Furthermore, she was a lady from high society who had been educated at home. Thus, it made it difficult for her to make contact with unaffiliated Beyonders or those without clear intentions. After all, her father was a Member of Parliament who was definitely protected. She likely had no lack of Beyonders around her.

Therefore, Klein believed that Hazel might have made contact with something or had caught the fancy of some powerful Beyonder due to her personality. Through dreams, she was slowly guided to become a Beyonder, without giving her the necessary knowledge. At the same time, the entity enticed her to dig in the sewers to search for something.

There were two reasons that solidified his theory. Firstly, it was because of Will Auceptin's words. Secondly, Sequence 5 of the Marauder pathway was Dream Stealer. It was impossible that it only had the one Beyonder power of stealing the intent behind an action!

Hazel quietly listened to Dwayne Dantès's description as her mouth subconsciously gaped before closing again. After nearly ten seconds, she asked, "Why didn't you head to the Goddess's cathedral?"

As expected, she's reacting to topics about dreams. However, she's quite careful and doesn't divulge anything… Klein smiled wryly and said, "There weren't any cathedrals of the Goddess around. It was a region that held faith in the God of Steam and Machinery."

Hazel didn't continue the topic as she focused her attention back onto the dance, as though she was fully immersed in the music.

Klein also quietened down as he swirled around in the beautiful melody with the girl.

After the dance, he sent Hazel back to where she was standing, and then he headed for the long table due to his thirst, hoping to get a cup of sweet ice tea.

At this moment, he saw Bishop Elektra enjoying some red wine over there.

Unlike the Church of Storms and the Church of the God of Combat, clergymen of the Evernight Goddess were prohibited from excessive drinking. They needed to reject distilled spirits, and they could only drink champagne, beer, and red and white grape wine in moderation.

"How is it? This should be your first time holding such a grand ball, right?" Elektra smiled as he raised his cup.

Klein smiled and replied, "Very troublesome, and it's also, hmm… The biggest problem is that having so many dances in a row is exhausting. I kept sweating and wanted to drink more water."

Bishop Elektra chuckled and said, "When you're here in Backlund, don't slack on any physical exercise. At times, the social scene is more tiring than you can imagine."

With that said, he said with a jibing smile, "Ma'am Oria has endorsed you, believing that your character matches your appearance."

…I'd like to thank her for her endorsement… Klein was momentarily unable to find the words to reply with as he replied in a jokingly manner, "A person's character cannot be identified from a single dance."

Without waiting for Elektra to reveal a smile that all men understood, he switched to saying, "Your Excellency, I've recently involved myself in some business, and I'm afraid that I might offend a gentlemen in power. I'm a little worried."

He was referring to the Coim Company and Baron Syndras.

Elektra took a sip of red wine and said, "Don't worry. Backlund follows the rule of law. Besides, the Goddess will bless you."

"That's relieving. Praise the Lady!" Klein seriously drew the crimson moon on his chest.

After Elektra headed for the dance floor, his gaze darkened as he sighed silently.

He wasn't feeling fearful or hatred. He just felt a slight guilty conscious. Up to this point in time, the Church of Evernight had been good to him.

Although money was the reason, they had provided him plenty of help to the point of providing him some protection. Yet, he was planning to deal with the Keepers, as well as contemplating how to steal something from the core seal behind Chanis Gate.

Sigh, if this plan takes too long to complete, I'd really need periodic psychological treatment. Otherwise, I'll have some mental problems… Klein monitored his emotions as he shook his head indiscernibly.

…

In an apartment in Cherwood Borough.

Xio came home with Feynapotter pies and Desi Bay sweet ice tea. As she put it on the dining table, she said to Fors, "Don't eat too much of such food. It's unhealthy."

"Why do you say that?" Fors picked up a pie stuffed with fruits and ham before taking a bite.

"I read about it in a magazine. As a bounty hunter, maintaining one's figure is a necessity." Xio hesitated for a moment before pulling a pie to her mouth.

Fors scoffed.

"You're a Beyonder geared for combat, an extraordinary bounty hunter. There's no need to bother about maintaining your figure.

"Perhaps, you might've missed out on your final opportunity to grow taller as a result. Oh right, I heard that the Warrior pathway has an effective way of raising a person's height. It's obvious just from looking at those barbarians from Feysac."

Xio was taken aback as she suddenly sighed.

"But I was born as a half-Arbiter. I have no way of becoming a Warrior."

Clearly, she had seriously considered it in the past.

Realizing that she had triggered her friend's memories, she acted as though she hadn't said a word as she focused on having her late dinner.

After they were done eating and clearing up, Fors pulled Xio into her bedroom and cleared her throat.

"You've helped me tremendously, so I plan on giving you a present."

"What troublesome matter do you need help with this time?" Xio touched her short, blonde hair warily.

"…” Fors blinked as she suddenly reflected on her recent behavior.

She chuckled dryly and said, "This is for the past—the past."

Without waiting for Xio to reply, she took out a metal box under Xio's doubtful gaze, one that was used to store cigars.

"I don't smoke," Xio said with a shake of her head.

Fors tersely answered as she opened the box, revealing a translucent hexagonal pillar that was light-blue in color.

Xio's gaze froze as she looked at the luster that streaked inside the crystal-like lightning as she instinctively asked, "Interrogator?"

"Yes, a participant at a Beyonder gathering was selling it cheaply. I was afraid of missing the opportunity and hurriedly bought it," Fors said the complete truth. "As you know, I've recently been rewarded by my teacher because of something just a while ago. I'm not lacking in cash."

Xio knew that her friend had been out recently, claiming that she was doing something for her teacher. However, she found it unbelievable that she could so easily buy her an Interrogator Beyonder characteristic as a gift. This was completely unlike her original lifestyle!

Is she still gambling, having earned large sums of money after becoming an Astrologer? Or did she finally cast her sights onto a bank vault and used her Door Opening powers to rob the cash inside? Many guesses flashed through Xio's mind, but she wasn't able to find the corresponding proof.

About two to three seconds later, she made a decision. She was to randomly pretend to head out two days a week, and she would secretly observe what Fors was doing.

If it wasn't for her trust in her friend's character and bottom line, she would have suspected that she had become the mistress of a powerful Beyonder or tycoon.

"I-it's too valuable." Xio waved her hand, in an attempt to reject the gift.

Fors had already thought of the excuse as she said with a smile, "I'll have matters to trouble you with in the future. Just treat it as an advanced payment."

"We are good friends. There's no need to talk about payment," Xio hesitated for a second as she said with a shake of her head.

I was waiting for you to say that! Fors immediately smiled and said, "Then treat it as an early birthday present. Don't you reject it!"

"But my birthday is more than half a year away…" As Xio muttered, she eventually reached out and took the Interrogator Beyonder characteristic.

…

Sunday afternoon. Xio repressed her excitement and anticipation as she headed out as per normal. She planned on heading to a specific spot to leave a corresponding mark to schedule a meeting with the masked man from MI9 at some secluded alley.

After obtaining the Interrogator's Beyonder characteristic and having digested her Sheriff potion, all she needed was the correct formula to advance to Sequence 7. It would be a crucial step for her investigation of the truth and restoring her family's honor. Therefore, she was eager to receive a few more missions from the military to accumulate the amount of contributions she needed.

After doing all of this, she planned on circling East Borough first to see if there was any important news. Then, she planned on returning home to tail Fors, so that she could figure out what her good friend was up to, or if she was in any danger.

However, the moment she entered East Borough, she had a hunch that someone was staring at her.

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CHAPTER 820
TWO DAZED INSTANCES

Who is it? As a Sheriff, Xio had a sharp intuition for monitoring others and for being monitored by others. Her heart tensed up as her mind raced to consider what had just happened.

In the past two to three weeks, she hadn't encountered anything particularly noteworthy. The few criminals she apprehended weren't Beyonders, and they were, at best, related to certain gangs. No one would offend a famous bounty hunter in East Borough for them. Therefore, she quickly narrowed down the list of suspects, and she vaguely guessed at the spy's faction.

A member from the Aurora Order? I didn't attend Mr. X's gathering, and an accident happened. Apparently, it was quite a stunning scene… The person from MI9 said that Mr. X was assassinated on the spot, and had his corpse taken away. Furthermore, the assassin had used powers at the demigod level… Is the Aurora Order investigating the possible culprits? Every invitee is in their sights? Although Xio was careless and short-tempered at times, her thought process was relatively direct. But in similar fields, she had a strong intuition that allowed her to figure out the crux of the matter.

And on the matter regarding Mr. X's assassination, she had once been thankful that Fors had stopped her from attending; thus, avoiding the accident. On the other hand, she felt that there wasn't anything wrong about her, allowing her to stand up to the scrutiny of any investigation. Therefore, when she met the masked man from MI9 last week, she had been frank and confident, and she had accepted the mission to investigate the truth behind the matter. Unfortunately, she wasn't sure which other Beyonders had participated back then, and she had no clues to kick her off.

Hmm, that man from MI9 said that the members of Aurora Order are either lunatics or potential lunatics. You can't use common sense to guess at their actions. Even if they believe that there's nothing wrong with me, they can kill me in passing to vent their anger as a warning to the real murderer… The stressed Xio walked forward as she revised her path in East Borough.

This new route allowed her to obtain the help of friends at any time. If she suffered an ambush, there was a considerable chance that she could escape or kill the assailant.

As she walked, Xio's mind suddenly went into a daze, as she realized that she had unknowingly arrived back at her residence in Cherwood Borough at some point in time.

Xio entered blankly and drank a cup of water when she was patted on the shoulder by Fors.

"Accompany me to East Borough."

Xio was taken aback as she found herself saying something very familiar.

"You want to head out to gather material?"

Fors immediately said that it wasn't the case, indicating that she had previously accepted a mission to find the dust left behind after a ghost faded away. As the deceased had been given a send-off by the priests at the cemetery to their respective deity's kingdom, there wasn't any ghosts. Thus, they could only head over to East Borough to find targets.

Xio hesitated and said, "Can't you push it back a day? I'm planning to participate in Mr. X's gathering."

Fors immediately wore a bitter look and said that she had delayed it by too much, and the mission's deadline was looming.

Xio sighed and agreed to accompany her friend to East Borough to find a deceased person that had just died or one that hadn't been discovered after a period of time since their death.

Just as the two were about to exit, Xio felt the wind strike her in the face as she trembled and snapped awake. She saw a wandering poet sitting in a corner, playing a seven-string guitar as he sang a folk song that was famous in the southern villages.

Xio frowned slightly as she rubbed her temples. She had a nagging feeling that her mind had gone adrift, but she couldn't remember what she was thinking about.

She continued maintaining her vigilance as she followed her originally set route, entering a bar that sold lunch. On the way, she met an East Borough resident who would occasionally provide her with intelligence.

He was a man who was either twenty-three or twenty-four years old. He had thinned his brows, and his brown hair reached his shoulders. His facial features were rather soft, and he had put on cheap makeup. He gave off quite an odd vibe.

"Sherman, did anything happen in the past few days?" Xio greeted.

According to what she knew, this young man named Sherman had always thought of himself as a woman. However, fate had played a terrible joke on him, making him a man. This made him suffer serious levels of ostracization for many years.

Sherman grinned and said, "It's been peaceful. No man offered to buy me any drinks."

"Drinking is bad," Xio advised him seriously, walked past him, and walked to the bar counter.

Sherman spat as he walked to the entrance, swaying his hips until he arrived at the condominium he rented.

He paused at the door for nearly a minute before walking two steps to the side and knocking on the door next door.

The wooden door creaked open as a low, female voice sounded with an undeniable sweetness to it.

"Have you made your decision?"

Sherman walked in and closed the door behind him. Looking towards the bed, he said to the black-dressed lady, "I'm still doubtful. I don't believe that there's something as magical as that."

To him, the lady had a round face and a gentle and refined temperament. Not only was she sweet-looking, but she also had a different air to her. She was extremely charming and alluring.

Of course, to Sherman, he was more envious instead of smitten.

The black-dressed lady replied with a deadpan expression, "Haven't you seen the picture of my former appearance?"

Her gaze moved as she couldn't help but feel a sense of melancholy.

"But that might've been your twin brother. I find it difficult to believe that there really is a substance to change me into a woman…" Sherman said in a wavering tone.

The black-dressed lady chuckled without any humor in it.

"Then, you can pretend that it's fake. You may leave."

Sherman's hands tightened as he fell silent for a long while.

"I-I'm willing to give it a try. Although I know that you might be bluffing me, I still wish to give it a try.

"Then, what should be the price I need to pay?"

"Listen to my instructions, and help me do certain tasks. Don't worry. They will definitely be things you are capable of," the black-dressed lady said. "To truly change your sex, you need to drink three potions and complete certain rituals. I'll guide you."

Upon saying this, she said in a self-deprecating manner, "You can consider your female name."

…

At night, in the Backlund Bridge area, in a small alley at Iron Gate Street.

Xio stood under a street lamp that had been shattered by someone. She was recounting what had happened in the morning.

After confirming that she wasn't being tailed, she returned to Cherwood Borough and secretly observed Fors. She discovered that her friend didn't head out at all, staying at home like she usually did. She spent most of her time reading novels, newspapers, and magazines. She also drew the curtains in her room for nearly an hour, as though she was familiarizing herself with her Beyonder powers. Until she had nothing to do, she got a piece of paper and spent fifteen minutes writing the opening to her new book. Finally, she tore it apart, crumbled it into a ball, and threw it into the trash can.

She smokes and drinks excessively… Xio silently clenched her teeth when she saw a figure in a black suit walking out of the shadows from the other end of the alley.

The man was tall and wore a golden mask that revealed his eyes, nostrils, mouth, and cheeks. He was none other than the MI9 member who was in contact with Xio.

"Is there anything urgent?" he asked directly.

Although Xio was short, she said in a similarly domineering manner, "I was tailed in East Borough. I suspect that it's someone from the Aurora Order. They seem to be investigating what happened during the gathering."

The topic Xio had prepared to talk about was about someone she was asked to look for. She planned on using a clue that couldn't be confirmed, to make a request for the emergency meeting to appear normal. However, she now had a more suitable excuse thanks to the Aurora Order.

"The lunatics from the Aurora Order are like that. Although they know that we're also investigating the matter and are finding them, they don't shrink back. If it's not because of that, they wouldn't always be suffering setbacks," the golden-masked man said with a laugh. "To be frank, I'm very surprised that they didn't directly surround you and bring you to a secluded place to interrogate and channel your spirit."

Xio was about to answer him that the Aurora Order member didn't tail her for long when she suddenly recalled the dazed feeling she found inexplicable. Hence, she deliberated and mentioned, "I'm not sure what I encountered. For a very brief period of time, I seemed to be in a daze and can't remember what I recalled."

The golden-masked man fell silent. After nearly twenty seconds, he said, "The investigation pertaining to you should have ended… The importance the Aurora Order has placed on this matter has exceeded my imagination. I will report this matter.

"Hmm… You mentioned that many Beyonders received the invitation but didn't attend?"

Xio nodded and said, "The participants of each gathering doesn't exceed a third of the number of people invited.

"This is mostly normal for a gathering. It's not an exception for Mr. X's gathering either."

The golden-masked man considered for a moment before asking, "Are there any clues about the person I got you to search for?"

"The person whose original name was Trissy?" Xio shook her head after seeing him nod. "Not yet. She's likely experienced."

The golden-masked man immediately chuckled.

"The number of people she has killed is more than the number of bounty missions you have completed. If you have any clues, make sure not to approach her. She's highly dangerous."

Xio tersely answered and focused on the main topic at hand.

"Is there a new commission?"

"Why have you suddenly become so proactive?" the golden-masked man asked in surprise.

Xio frankly replied, "I'm almost about to save up enough points to exchange for the Interrogator potion formula. I wish to obtain it early."

"Actually, there's no need for that. You can directly exchange it for the potion, as it will save quite a bit of points," the golden-masked man suggested in Xio's behalf.

I already have the Beyonder characteristic! Xio shook her head and said, "That would still take a very long time. I might be able to buy the ingredients at other Beyonder gatherings."

The golden-masked man didn't insist as he said with a laughing sigh, "I wish you luck.

"This time, it's a rather complicated commission. If you can complete it, you should have enough points."

Xio held back her delight and asked, "What's the mission?"

The masked man said with a slightly odd tone, "Take note of the people Viscount Stratford interacts with, and list them down in a report before submitting it to me.

"There's no need for you to frequently monitor him. Whenever you are free or walk past, take note of it in passing. Trust me, you aren't the only one working on this mission. As long as you hand over a report of certain value a week, it'll be considered as you contributing a certain amount. This can be repeated every week."

Viscount Stratford… Xio suddenly fell into a daze again, but this time, she knew why.

This viscount was the captain of the royal guards; he was once her father's deputy!

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CHAPTER 821
SOUL IMPRINT

Xio was dazed for about ten seconds before remembering the need to reply. She looked at the golden-masked man and nodded.

"Alright, I'll take note of the people Viscount Stratford interacts with."

The golden-masked man seemed to sense her dazed state as he said, "There's another mission. The Church of Evernight's Red Gloves are investigating something related to the Numinous Episcopate. If you have any relevant information on that, immediately inform me."

Xio tersely responded, unable to extricate herself from her emotions.

The golden-masked man fell silent for a few seconds and asked after some deliberation, "Are you interested in directly joining MI9?

"You can continue maintaining your present identity, being active in East Borough."

Xio was taken aback for two seconds as her mouth turned agape. She was momentarily unable to make a decision.

The golden-masked man didn't require an immediate answer as he said with a smile, "There's no rush. Tell me your answer after you become an Interrogator."

After saying that, he walked back, step after step, slinking away into the shadows at the other end of the alley.

…

That same evening, Klein snapped awake from a dream.

The soul imprint he had set up in Böklund Street's sewers had been touched!

Who is it that isn't sleeping in the middle of the night… Is Hazel not afraid of being possessed by a Wraith? Klein sighed helplessly as he took out the iron cigar case which was wrapped in a wall of spirituality from under his pillow. He then walked to the balcony where the curtains were tightly drawn.

Wraith Senor rapidly leaped onto the surface of a street lamp before passing the manhole and sinking deep into the sewers.

After advancing a short distance, with the eyes of his marionette, Klein saw Hazel in commoner clothes.

This lady was warily walking forward as she raised her left hand without realizing it to touch the necklace with seven emeralds. In her right hand was a charm made from gold.

Although the charm hadn't been activated, it exuded the feeling of sunlight and warmth, as well as the refreshing sense of morning dew.

Upon seeing this scene, Klein suddenly recalled his encounter when strolling in the morning.

Hazel had woken up early to stroll in her garden!

She was gathering materials to create the Sun domain charm? Morning dew? Klein guessed with uncertainty as he felt a little puzzled. This was because Hazel wasn't only half-illiterate in the mysterious domain, but she also lacked quite a bit of knowledge. Furthermore, she was a believer of the Evernight Goddess.

Such a Beyonder wouldn't receive any response if she prayed to the Eternal Blazing Sun. Even if something special happened, the smallest probability event would be that of receiving punishment!

As she hasn't been digging and searching in the sewers for too long, that Beyonder that has been guiding her with a dream has turned anxious. That's why she was taught how to make Sun domain charms via a dream? Hmm, from the Marauder pathway, the corresponding High-Sequence representative, Amon, is also known as a Blasphemer. Does this mean that at a certain Sequence of this pathway, they have the ability to pretend to be believers of other deities and circle around any defenses to obtain a response and create various kinds of charms? This does match their modus operandi… With Senor's vision, Klein watched Hazel walk deep into the sewers.

Based on his spiritual intuition, although the Sun domain charm was targeted at a Wraith, it was far from sufficient to truly threaten a Sequence 5, with it dealing a certain amount of damage at best. After all, Hazel had no way of obtaining high-level materials. However, Klein didn't let his Wraith possess her again, afraid that it would alarm that Beyonder who was influencing Hazel. After tomorrow's Tarot Gathering, he believed he would obtain a low-level item from the Marauder pathway, allowing him to make the corresponding investigations. Before that, maintaining the status quo was the best choice.

Of course, the premise was that he was certain that Hazel wasn't able to dig up anything within a day or two. He had plenty of time to prepare.

As a Seer, he had many ways to make a confirmation. The simplest way was to head above the gray fog.

After retracting his marionette, Klein took four steps counterclockwise and arrived inside the ancient palace which had stone columns propping it up. He conjured a pen and paper, and he wrote down the corresponding divination statement:

"Something major will happen in Böklund Street over the next three days."

With the topaz pendulum, Klein obtained a negative revelation. This also meant that in three days, no major incident would happen in Böklund Street.

As for the possibility of what Hazel would really dig out, it would only affect him while being trivial to Böklund Street, he wasn't fazed. This was because something trivial wouldn't affect his subsequent plans. He didn't have any strong intentions of stopping her.

He had previously given a hint to her at the ball. If Hazel didn't understand or didn't take it to heart, it was her problem. Klein didn't have any psychological burden on such matters.

After returning to the real world, he waited for forty-five minutes before Hazel came out. After confirming that no significant changes happened underground, Klein laid back in bed, and with Cogitation, he quickly fell asleep.

…

Monday afternoon at three.

Dark red beams of light that soared up from both sides of the long bronze table appeared before The Fool Klein's, The Sun Derrick's, and The World Gehrman Sparrow's eyes.

Justice Audrey remained in a good mood as she bowed at the figure shrouded in gray fog.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~"

Klein nodded with a smile as a response to this lady who often delighted him.

Meanwhile, Audrey swept her gaze and discovered an additional card beside Mr. Fool's hand!

A new Card of Blasphemy? I wonder which pathway it's from… I really wish that it's from the Spectator pathway… Audrey's heart stirred as she turned to greet the other members.

Once everything was done, she looked to the end of the mottled table ahead of The Hermit Cattleya and said, "Honorable Mr. Fool, I've found three new pages of Roselle's diary."

This was actually obtained from the Loen Relic Search and Preservation Foundation, but as its founder and main sponsor, she easily received the opportunity to make a copy.

Audrey was rather proud in regards to this. She was increasingly convinced that establishing such a foundation was a wise decision of hers. Unfortunately, to not expose her identity, she didn't share this matter with the other members of the Tarot Club.

"Very good." Klein smiled with a nod, indicating that Miss Justice could conjure the diary.

And at this moment, The Hermit Cattleya didn't interject, as though she hadn't obtained any new Roselle diary pages.

There's temporarily no response from Queen Mystic? Or has she focused her attention on something else? Klein looked at the three diary pages which Miss Justice had conjured as he allowed them to jump into his palm.

When he scanned them, the corners of Klein's lips nearly twitched. This was because he had encountered a familiar page of one of Roselle's sexual escapades.

Compared to the pages specially chosen by Queen Mystic Bernadette that had plenty of information, the other members often obtained parts that

weren't too important. The content tended to be about Roselle's daily life. The three pages that Miss Justice had provided was such an example. Klein casually flipped through them and discovered a diary entry that was worth a detailed read. As for the rest, it was either about him having a rendezvous with some lady or madam, or him belittling people who survived due to their status instead of intellect. He even expressed his desire for a Demoness from all the rumors he heard.

Soon, Klein placed his attention on the most valuable diary entry.

“…Based on the information obtained from the Church, there really are monsters in existence that are stitched at the soul level.

"After High-Sequence Beyonders die, the Beyonder characteristics they produce will have remnants of the imprint of their soul. It can be very powerful and resilient. It might not even fully dissipate after centuries or even a millennium.

"But when Beyonder characteristics form a mystical item with their surrounding objects, there's a need to have a sufficiently similar soul in order to use them; otherwise, the negative effects will be extraordinary. And when such Beyonder characteristics are preserved and made into the main ingredient of a potion, the consumer similarly must have a powerful Soul Body to withstand it; otherwise, there's a high chance of failure.

"In mysticism, an advancement's failure will often lead to a loss of control or death. Only very few lucky ones can be calmed down and maintain an intricate balance. However, it's rumored that certain special Sealed Artifacts can draw out unfused Beyonder characteristics and recondense them. It would be akin to not having consumed the potion, so the failures will only suffer a storm-like assault on their soul. But according to my conjectures, there's likely some level of mutation at the gene level. This is because, based on the information provided, those who failed their advancement and survived by this method had mostly died from terminal illnesses within five years.

"Therefore, consuming a potion similar to one's Soul Body can effectively decrease the difficulty of advancements, but it will leave behind remnant soul imprints. Unknowingly, one will suffer an identity dissociation, and they would slowly transform into a monster stitched at the soul level. It's just like that High-Sequence Beyonder who resurrected on his body. Resurrected…

"On careful thought, it's really quite terrifying… However, the Church told me that there are roughly three methods to rid the High-Sequence Beyonder soul imprints in a Beyonder characteristic. As for what they are, they didn't tell me. They don't seem simple. It's no wonder the Sauron family enjoys calling descendants who look similar to their ancestors as having talent. Heh, talent. I have to say that I do pity Floren quite a bit."

Monster's stitched at the soul level… High-Sequence Beyonder soul imprints… Sounds a little alarming… So High-Sequence Beyonder potions have such a problem. Hmm, the Churches probably have a way to resolve them. They have no lack of Angels and Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts. They can shatter a Beyonder characteristic and recondense them; thus obtaining a purified one… Those ancient families probably aren't that lucky. They might not have any more Angels protecting them. They might only have one or two Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, but they aren't that easily used. Furthermore, different Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts have different uses. They might not be adequate for such matters… Klein's mind raced as he made the diary pages in his hand vanish. Then, he looked at Miss Justice and asked with a chuckle, "What do you wish to exchange them for?"

Audrey was waiting for her potion ingredients, and she temporarily had nothing she lacked. Therefore, without any hesitation, she chose to satisfy her curiosity.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, is that an additional card by your hand a Card of Blasphemy? Which one is it?"

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CHAPTER 822
ANOTHER

I knew it. Miss Justice wouldn't not ask when she sees an additional card… I got through another question so easily… Klein secretly smiled as he casually flipped over the new Card of Blasphemy, showing it to Justice.

"Tyrant."

As expected, Gehrman Sparrow has handed it over… That was Mr. Fool's goal? Alger eagerly glanced at Emperor Roselle in a papal tiara as he thought poignantly.

He had already obtained the Cataclysmic Interrer potion formula, and he knew what ritual was needed. He was in a great mood and felt that, although there were obstacles ahead of him, he was filled with radiance and hope.

Audrey quickly took in the details of the Card of Blasphemy.

Tyrant card… It looks like it's the Sailor pathway. How I envy Mr. Hanged Man… Eh, Mr. Hanged Man doesn't seem alarmed or surprised… From a psychological point of view, his reaction should have been greater than mine! Hmm, he was already aware that it was the Sailor pathway's Card of Blasphemy?

Eliminating all other impossibilities, this is the only explanation… But how did Mr. Hanged Man know of it ahead of time?

Sequence 0: Tyrant… The potion name corresponding to the Lord of Storms is Tyrant?

This Tyrant card was likely in the form of The Hierophant; however, the actual meaning has certain discrepancies with some similarities. Some of it is inversed, and some are just an extension… In short, the interpretation of the card is that of a conservative view, an emphasis on submission at the level of the soul. By relying on dominance and strength, fear is created to bring about faith…

Audrey, who had liked mysticism from a young age, interpreted it as she felt a strong sense of satisfaction. She felt that the payment of three Roselle diary pages was especially worth it!

Card of Blasphemy… Hmm… Being equally good at interpretation and being knowledgeable, Cattleya also quickly figured out the pathway in which the card represented. She also managed to add Sequence 0: Tyrant to the gaps in her knowledge.

Apart from these facts, she also made a connection.

The World Gehrman Sparrow plotted the death of Sea God Kalvetua; thus, allowing Mr. Fool to obtain that scepter representing Sea God's authority and begin answering believers in the name of Sea God…

This time, "He" obtained the Tyrant card of the Storm pathway…

It's definitely no coincidence…

As she thought about the matter, Cattleya was suddenly alarmed, suspecting that Mr. Fool was secretly attempting to erode away the Lord of Storms's authority!

A battle between gods! It's a massive plan that has a far-reaching influence! This is one of the true goals of Mr. Fool? As thoughts flashed through Cattleya's mind, she retracted her gaze and stopped looking at the Tyrant card.

Fors and Emlyn didn't understand much about Sequence 0. They had only heard Mr. Fool mention it once at a previous Tarot Gathering; therefore, they were only surprised that it was a Card of Blasphemy. They also began to link the name Tyrant and the Sequence 0's potion name to the Lord of Storms. The former began trembling a little, feeling as though she was being sacrilegious. As for the latter, he began imagining and guessing what was the name of the artificial vampire pathway's Sequence 0.

It must be Moon! Or Crimson Moon! Emlyn's mind raced as he came to an answer. As for whether it was correct, he didn't mind it at all. He just felt that it was definitely close to the truth.

Having grown up in the City of Silver, Derrick had received quite a solid education in mysticism. He wasn't unfamiliar with the concept of Sequence 0, and he had even aimed his sights to becoming one at that level. Only by doing so could he bring the City of Silver out into the light and warmth, so as to bring hope and a future.

This likely represents Elf King Soniathrym… So it's called Tyrant… However, "His" authority seems to be a little more than what the card represents… Derrick thought as he participated in the ongoings of the Tarot Gathering in a rare instance.

After showing it for two seconds, The Fool Klein covered the Tyrant card again before casually glancing at Ma'am Hermit.

Cattleya hurriedly said, "Honorable Mr. Fool, there aren't any new Roselle diary pages this time."

As expected… Klein nodded gently and said with a smile, "That's all from me."

Just as he said that, The World Gehrman Sparrow looked at The Hanged Man.

"After this gathering, I'll send you that Ocean Songster's Beyonder characteristic. Can you find an Artisan to create an easily portable mystical item?"

A-another Ocean Songster Beyonder characteristic? The same thought surfaced in the minds of Audrey, Emlyn, and company.

Powerful Sequence 5 Beyonders weren't carrots that you could easily buy on the street!

And Mr. World had killed several in the past two months!

Which quasi high-ranking member of the Church of Storms met harm this time? Cattleya started off with her conjecture that Mr. Fool was attempting to erode away the Lord of Storms's authority as she came to such a thought.

Fors became increasingly fearful of Gehrman Sparrow as she kept warning herself not to use the two pages with demigod-level Beyonder powers!

Derrick couldn't help but think back to how City of Silver teams would clear a region of monsters. In that dark environment of despair, the number of Sequence 5 main ingredients and Beyonder characteristics were few and far between. There were even instances where there weren't any at times!

"Alright," Alger, who had already made the promise, calmly replied without mentioning the Artisan's fees.

This made people like Audrey and Cattleya notice something. They suspected that Mr. World and Mr. Hanged Man had secretly cooperated and negotiated on certain matters. This coincided with Audrey's belief that The Hanged Man had the knowledge that the Card of Blasphemy was the Tyrant card, making her guess that the Tyrant card might have been one of the spoils of war that they had obtained in a private partnership!

Without waiting for them to ask about anything they needed, The World Gehrman Sparrow surveyed the area whilst under Klein's control.

"I have here another Beyonder characteristic of a Sequence 5 Mentor of Confusion from the Black Emperor Sequence pathway. It can be made into a mystical item, and it should possess the power to use the loopholes found in order so as to distort the words, will, and actions of a target. It can also raise one's physical state and create a certain degree of chaos and confusion to the surroundings."

He described it in such detail because his target clients were Miss Justice and Ma'am Hermit. It was impossible for the two of them to switch to the Black Emperor pathway, so their requirements for Beyonder characteristics were naturally for a mystical item. Of course, the latter had subordinates, so it was possible to purchase Beyonder characteristics for her organization's members.

Another one… And it's Sequence 5… What major event did Mr. World do last week? Audrey instantly forgot to generate interest in the Beyonder characteristic.

Cattleya, Emlyn, and company exchanged looks, puzzled as to which Sequence 5 Beyonder met harm again.

Again!

What Alger cared about was that this belonged to the Black Emperor pathway, a Sequence 5 Mentor of Confusion.

The latter was something he wasn't previously aware of.

After nearly twenty seconds of silence, Audrey began to ruminate over Mr. World's words.

Use loopholes found in order… Create chaos and confusion, raise one's physical state, and distort a target's speech, will, and actions… It seems to be very compatible with my dear Earl Hall… Besides, I also want to have such powers. I still have too many shortcomings just by relying on myself and Lie…

Hmm, I should figure out the price first and find a chance to ask Father. Let's see if he's interested in buying such a mystical item for himself or his adorable daughter…

Audrey thought for a few seconds before raising her hand slightly.

"Mr. World, what do you plan on exchanging it for? Or how much do you plan on selling it for?"

A reasonable price for a ready-made mystical item like Death Knell costs 10,000 to 12,000 pounds… Just the Beyonder characteristic alone will be cheaper. It will be about 7,000 to 8,000 pounds… Klein had already done the math. Now, after some thought, he made The World Gehrman Sparrow reply, "8,000 pounds."

He knew that if Miss Justice was really interested, she wouldn't haggle.

"Okay." Audrey nodded and turned to look across the table. "Mr. Hanged Man, roughly how much would it cost to pay the Artisan to turn such a Beyonder characteristic into a mystical item?"

Alger quickly did the math and said, "1,500 pounds at the very least. It might be higher."

"Alright." Audrey shifted her gaze and said to The World Gehrman Sparrow, "I'll consider it for a few days and give you an answer by the end of the week. You can continue asking if anyone else wants it."

The World nodded in silence as he looked at the other members. He noticed that Ma'am Hermit hesitated for two seconds but ultimately kept silent. As for the rest, they were only watching with interest.

Just as Audrey was about to ask about the fruit of the Illusory Chime Tree, all the members heard The World Gehrman Sparrow hoarsely say, "There's another Sequence 5 Beyonder characteristic from the Planter pathway, Druid."

Suddenly, the palace that looked like a giant's residence turned extremely quiet. Apart from Mr. Fool who continued observing everyone in a leisurely manner, The Hanged Man Alger didn't show any additional thoughts.

A-another… When did Sequence 5 Beyonder characteristics become so common? What did he do? Cattleya suddenly felt baffled. She felt that the risk and hard work she had put in over the years was, in essence, no different to the commercial goods The World Gehrman Sparrow was selling.

I-it's terrifying… Fors had already begun imagining a series of stories.

Impressive! Derrick idolized Mr. World even more.

Audrey and Emlyn remained silent for a long time, momentarily finding themselves suffering from a lack of vocabulary.

After nearly ten seconds, Cattleya realized the hidden meaning behind The World Gehrman Sparrow's words.

He didn't mention the effects of what the Druid Beyonder characteristic can have after being made into a mystical item… He's asking me if I'll buy it for Frank?

At that instant, Cattleya felt an unprecedented dilemma.

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CHAPTER 823
THE MATURING TAROT CLUB

As the captain of the Future, Cattleya knew of the latent dangers that Frank Lee had better than anyone else. She knew that this first mate's strange ideas would at times be about truly terrifying and crazy developments. If it wasn't because those "creations" had yet to be proliferated and lacked the necessary elements, Cattleya believed that the world would be different.

Of course, if there came such a day, she would finish off Frank Lee ahead of everyone else by feeding him to the fishes!

With him lacking godhood, many things will be limited in scope even if they're considered a success. It's impossible to distribute out and bring about a greater disaster… Just advancing to Sequence 5 wouldn't result in any qualitative changes, and Frank has been holding back greatly in recent times. He's been focused on researching plants that can survive and grow through the absorption of monster corpses in the darkness… As her thoughts swirled and changed in her mind, Cattleya finally made a decision.

"How much do you wish to get for it?"

She had a vague feeling that The World Gehrman Sparrow was recently in need of money.

"8000 pounds. If you can replace it with large sums of gold coins, you'll receive a discount." Klein secretly heaved a sigh of relief as he answered using The World.

At the thought of how Frank Lee could be able to afford this sum, and how he wouldn't reject a Druid's Beyonder characteristic, Cattleya pondered for

two seconds and said, "Deal. Give me a week to gather the amount."

"No problem." Klein got The World Gehrman Sparrow to retract his gaze.

After the trip to the primitive island, if not for having garnered the attention of the existence hidden in the depths of the cathedral, he would've given himself a perfect score. In less than half a night, he had obtained an invaluable Card of Blasphemy, a mystical item with not less than 10,000 pounds, as well as a possible total of 16,000 pounds. Furthermore, no taxes needed to be paid. It was faster than robbing a bank!

Unfortunately, that primitive island has vanished. Otherwise, I can always pay a visit when I'm lacking money… Klein's thoughts wandered as he watched Miss Justice look at Mr. Hanged Man and ask with a tone of anticipation, "Do you have the fruits of the Illusory Chime Tree?"

Audrey actually had some inkling to the answer. This was because Mr. World had obtained so many Sequence 5 Beyonder characteristics recently, and Mr. Hanged Man was suspected to have had a private partnership with him in the past week. It was unlikely that he had obtained nothing.

I can figure out certain clues from Mr. Hanged Man's satisfied and confident state… Audrey felt increasingly confident in her ability to observe others.

Alger chuckled and said, "I was just about to tell you that I've already obtained the fruit."

Excellent! Audrey held back and didn't act overly agitated.

This meant that she had gathered all the ingredients for Hypnotist. All she needed to do was wait for her Psychiatrist potion to completely digest before she attempted the advancement.

And it wouldn't take too long! Having already become an "Aunt Agony" in the aristocrat circles in East Chester County, Audrey thought with great

certainty.

To be frank, if she hadn't deliberately guided the topic of conversation, Audrey wouldn't have imagined that the aristocrats that all looked beaming with decent demeanors suffered immense stress. They had pains that others would find impossible to imagine. The changes of the times and the trends of society made them worried about the futures of their families and self. Of course, this was also related to them not being powerful aristocrats, as well as the limited resources they held on hand.

These matters made Audrey truly understand the concept of a facade. She understood that faced with different targets, everyone wore a different facade.

After concluding such situations, she had instantly digested a significant amount of her Psychiatrist potion as her progress clearly sped up.

Perhaps, in two weeks, more or less. In short, before I return to Backlund, I should be able to become a Hypnotist… Audrey looked at Alger with bright eyes and asked, "What do you want in exchange?"

Having advanced to Sequence 5 recently, and having obtained the "key" to the door of demigods, as well as being about to possess a potent mystical item, Alger was lacking in money the most at the moment. Therefore, he said without any hesitation, "2,000 pounds."

"Deal." Audrey agreed with relatively great ease.

This amount of money didn't need a reimbursement for she could easily afford it herself.

After completing the transaction, Audrey couldn't help but heave a sigh of relief. She finally didn't feel like she was falling behind in the Tarot Club.

During this period of time, she had watched Fors become a Sequence 7, and watched Mr. Hanged Man approach the level of a High-Sequence

Beyonder. She also saw Mr. World finish off one Sequence 5 Beyonder after another, producing their corresponding Beyonder characteristics again and again. Yet, she remained as a Psychiatrist, a Sequence 7 Beyonder. She couldn't help but feel stressed as she became a little anxious. She relied solely on Placating herself, and Susie's counseling, to prevent any emotional problems from happening. Now, she had finally taken a step forward towards becoming Sequence 6!

As the delighted Audrey increasingly enjoyed the gathering, she heard Ma'am Hermit say to Mr. World, "I can provide an answer to that drop of blood from the Mythical Creature."

"Do you wish for a private communication?" The Fool Klein controlled The World Gehrman Sparrow with piqued interest as he asked.

If it's solely an exchange of information, I'll make a killing out of nothing! he thought with anticipation.

Cattleya looked around, and after a few seconds of thought, she shook her head and said, "There's no need.

"I can only provide two forms of payment. One, a single glance at the Wheel of Fortune card. I believe you know what this Card of Blasphemy that was created by Emperor Roselle means. Two, it's to provide the means to regain a certain amount of strength during one's weak stages.

"Please pass this message to that Angel, and ask if 'He' is satisfied with such a payment."

Provide the means to regain a certain amount of strength during one's weak stages? Queen Mystic has guessed that it's related to the Snake of Fate? That doesn't make sense. An Angel includes a Sequence 2 Soothsayer… Can't The Fool have an Angel from the Fate pathway serving "Him"?

I've no idea if Will Auceptin knows the way to become the corresponding pathway's Sequence 0. If "He" is unaware, then taking one look at the

Wheel of Fortune card would be an irresistible temptation. However, it's unlikely. "He" has lived for so long, and he's a Sequence 1 at that. It wouldn't be so terrible to the point of only now grasping the ritual to becoming a god…

Heh heh, I wonder what Roselle looks like on the Wheel of Fortune card… It has a snake with the emperor's face and other animals? Klein casually thought as he deliberated and made the fake person, The World, say, "Okay.

"If a transaction is ultimately made, you will need to pay an additional amount."

"What do you want?" Cattleya asked cautiously.

The World Gehrman Sparrow said with a hoarse laugh, "I want to meet Queen Mystic. Don't worry. The matter is very simple. There's just something that needs her help."

After a moment of silence, Cattleya said, "I can only try my best to facilitate it, but I can't give any guarantees."

Upon hearing their conversation, Audrey suddenly found it surreal.

Has the Tarot Club already matured to such a level?

Aside from Mr. Fool, from us only being able to exchange basic knowledge in mysticism and Sequence 9 potion formulas, it has developed into transactions involving Cards of Blasphemy and the blood of Mythical Creatures…

It hadn't even been a year!

It's like a dream… I've also matured significantly… As Audrey sighed, The Hermit Cattleya continued looking at The World Gehrman Sparrow and said, "There's some news regarding the Marauder pathway mystical item you want."

As she spoke, she requested Mr. Fool's help to conjure an item that resembled a tweezer.

This tweezer was grayish-white in color, as though they were formed from two finger bones. Apart from that, it was relatively ordinary.

Cattleya introduced, "It's called Broken Finger. It can enhance the stability and agility of your wrist and fingers. It allows you to easily steal items in the pockets of your target without being discovered. The negative effect is kleptomania when worn. It costs 500 pounds."

It corresponds to Sequence 9 Marauder? Hmm, there's a slight premium involved… Klein considered for a moment and said, "Alright. Let's close the transaction as soon as possible."

This way, he could investigate the region dug up by Hazel in the sewers, so as to eliminate any hidden risks.

After the conversation between the duo ended, Fors asked with the intention to express interest in a purchase so that she could use it when the need arose.

"I need a cursed item from an ancient wraith, as well as its remnant spirituality. Please help me take note."

After she obtained a positive reply from the members, The Moon Emlyn sized up his surroundings and leaned back into his chair, and he said to The Sun Derrick, "Does your City of Silver have the Beyonder characteristic that corresponds to Sequence 5 of the artificial vampires?"

He didn't wish to call the fellows covered in puss as described by The Sun as Sanguine; therefore, he changed the way he phrased his question.

From his point of view, since there were often mutated vampires appearing around the City of Silver, then obtaining one or two Sequence 5 Beyonder characteristics wasn't too difficult.

Furthermore, they clearly lack the potion formula of this pathway as well as an Artisan. Their retention of these Beyonder characteristics depends only on luck. Time needs to pass to determine if they would corrupt the items surrounding them, transforming into Sealed Artifacts… Emlyn convinced himself that he was helping the City of Silver instead of asking for The Sun's help.

Derrick was stunned as he answered in complete honesty, "Yes.

"But Mr. Moon, do you wish to be covered in pus?"

Ah… Emlyn's expression froze as he was momentarily unsure if The Sun was mocking him or warning him.

Upon seeing this, Derrick hurriedly added, "Many of them have serious levels of mental corruption, and without the potion formula, our City of Silver wouldn't waste the effort to cleanse such problems."

Is that so… This will be troublesome… Emlyn nodded slightly and said, "Got it."

He didn't involve himself in possible transactions, preparing to seek advice from the upper echelons of the Sanguine to figure out the matter regarding the mental corruption of Beyonder characteristics.

With the transaction segment coming to an end, the Tarot Club's members began their free exchange segment.

Audrey looked straight at Gehrman Sparrow and said with some hesitation.

"I would like to know where the Mentor of Confusion characteristic came from? If it involves certain secrets, you can choose not to answer."

She was making the preparations to convince her father, Earl Hall. It was also to avoid any unnecessary troubles. After all, Beyonders from the Black

Emperor pathway might have certain connections with the military and royal family.

Klein secretly laughed as he made The World answer, "It comes from a curly-haired baboon."

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CHAPTER 824
CONFLICT

It comes from a curly-haired baboon… Audrey was momentarily unsure if Mr. World was referring to a real curly-haired baboon or someone who couldn't be considered human.

In the Loen Kingdom, curly-haired baboons were a common term used to mock others, often used as a joke for low intelligence.

From the looks of it, Mr. World doesn't wish to provide any further explanation. Alright then, I'll just treat its origins as that of a real curly-haired baboon… Audrey didn't ask further as she said, "Didn't I visit a place that had the tradition of worshiping dragons while seeking out the traces of a mind dragon?"

"But didn't you discover that the mind dragon lived in the sea of collective subconscious in the local residents? And to ensure your safety, you chose to leave?" Cattleya replied.

"You went back?" Fors asked with a guess.

Audrey shook her head.

"No, I've long left the area. I've only heard of a rumor recently.

"An archaeological team entered one of the villages in that area. A member suddenly went mad at night, and the mental illness seemed contagious. The other members went mad in turn as they killed each other or themselves. Eventually, not a single member survived."

Alger was just about to say something when Cattleya said, "This matches the traits of a mind dragon."

"I have no doubts about that. I'm just curious if the mind dragon will remain in that region," Audrey expressed her thoughts.

"No," Alger and Cattleya replied in unison.

Sitting at the long mottled table, The Fool Klein made a connection to something else.

The "anchor" of the deities!

He suspected that the region's tradition of dragon worship was an "anchor" to stabilize the mind dragon's state!

Before such traditions ceased its practice, that mind dragon likely doesn't need to worry about the problem of an "anchor." Therefore, after it leaves, it can hide in a new region's sea of collective subconscious. It doesn't need to take risks to enter the different dreams to create faith. This way, the three Churches will lack clues to finding it. After all, they aren't experts in this domain. Even with the corresponding Sealed Artifacts, they will, at best, only be capable of entering the sea of collective subconscious or force the mind dragon out… Instead, the Psychology Alchemists might be able to figure something out… As Klein thought casually, he made The World say, "The tradition of dragon worship is very beneficial in stabilizing the mind dragon's condition. You can get people to take note of such matters. If large-scale changes occur, then it means that the mind dragon is creating similar traditions in other places."

He originally wanted to mention that he suspected the mind dragon to be an angel, one at Sequence 2, but on careful thought, he found it impossible to determine that.

Indeed, when humans reach Sequence 2 and reach the level of an angel, they will need the "anchor of faith" to secure themselves to prevent

themselves from going mad. But that is a dragon in the true sense of the word, an ancient Beyonder creature. It has the madness inherited from its ancestors, and even if it's cleansed and weakened every generation, it's definitely easier for it to lose itself compared to humans. Therefore, it might be a Sequence 3, or even a Sequence 4 that needs an "anchor" to resist its inclination of losing control.

"That folk tradition is beneficial in stabilizing the dragon's condition?" Audrey asked in doubt and puzzlement.

"Yes." The World didn't give an explanation aside from providing an affirmative response.

Audrey subconsciously turned her head to look at the other end of the long bronze table. She began considering if she needed to consult Mr. Fool and pay the corresponding price.

Upon seeing this, The Fool Klein surveyed the area and said with a chuckle, "Why do you think the various deities want to spread their faith?"

This… Isn't it because God loves the world so much… This standard and orthodox answer surfaced in Audrey's mind.

Following that, she, Alger, Cattleya, and the other members thought of the second answer.

"Stabilization of one's condition!"

No way… At that moment, Fors found her brain lacking. No matter how good she was at coming up with stories, there was no way she could come up with something like that!

To think that's the case. No, I can't eliminate the possibility that Mr. Fool is only mentioning one of the possible reasons. "He" is secretly eroding away the Lord of Storms's authority… This is related to godhood? I should

consult Her Majesty about this in the future… Cattleya nudged the heavy glasses on her nose bridge as she made a guess.

Alger had previously seen the picture, and when he heard such matters, he no longer had that trembling sense of paralyzing fear. Instead, he began seriously considering why faith could stabilize the conditions of a demigod creature.

The other members, including Derrick, felt a little horrified. They felt that what they had heard was sacrilegious. They didn't dare think too deeply about it or say a word.

This wasn't something that only involved the evil gods like the True Creator. It had an intimate connection to the seven orthodox deities and the existence of the City of Silver Creator!

The Fool Klein didn't say anything further as he allowed them to maintain their silence while he appeared extremely relaxed.

After about ten seconds, Audrey forced a smile and said, "That's all I've encountered recently."

What she meant was that that was all from her, and it was the others' turn!

Fors and Emlyn had nothing they encountered that was worth informing to the others. They shook their heads, indicating that they had nothing to say.

Of course, the latter actually wished to flaunt his victory of the hunting competition that won him the ring made by the Ancestor.

Alger thought for a moment and looked at Gehrman Sparrow.

"Can that picture be shared with everyone?"

He believed that the picture was directly connected with certain matters that happened in Afternoon Town and the Giant King's Court. It gave The Sun

some prior knowledge of what would be discovered or encountered if the City of Silver were to continue exploring. From that, he would be prepared ahead of time, allowing him to avoid danger. And it was because of this that sharing was a better choice than keeping it to himself.

"I don't mind." Klein had similar considerations as he made The World reply.

What picture… It seems to be very important… This is a picture Mr. Hanged Man and Mr. World saw during their partnership in finding the Tyrant card? Audrey waited in curiosity.

Gazes were cast over as Alger obtained Mr. Fool's approval as he conjured the picture of the City of Silver Creator being eaten by the Kings of Angels.

The bloody, sinister, terrifying, and dark picture instantly left the Tarot Club members stunned. Even the knowledgeable Cattleya momentarily lost her ability to think.

Who are they? What are they doing? This is way too brutal a meal, right? Us Sanguine no longer do such things ever since the Fourth Epoch… We respect life and only drink blood… Emlyn was quite stunned by what he saw. As he had never seen the six statues in the Tudor ruin, he was unable to recognize the three figures.

Back when The World shared the images of the six statues, he had yet to join the Tarot Club.

However, he recognized the victim from the resplendent cross. "He" was likely, perhaps, probably the Creator of the City of Silver, the legendary ancient sun god. In a previous free exchange segment, The Sun had shared with them the corresponding symbols and Sacred Emblem of the Lord that created everything.

I-isn't this the Eternal Blazing Sun, the Lord of Storms, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom who Mr. World once presented? Why are "They"

eating a human. No, "They" are feasting on the ancient sun god, the Creator of the City of Silver! Audrey was dumbstruck as she instinctively suspected if someone had distorted or blasphemed the images of the orthodox deities.

As Fors trembled in fear, she found the picture that was filled with darkness and evilness to have a form of aesthetics and was of high artistic value.

In her mind, she had already come up with a title, a title for the picture: "The Last Supper!"

Cattleya had never seen the six deities' statues before, and she only knew the ancient sun god. She subconsciously frowned and blurted out, "Kings of Angels?"

"Yes, at least the three present were," Alger said without any doubts. However, he wasn't sure who the dark infant inside the City of Silver Creator was.

As he spoke, Alger glanced at Derrick and noticed that the youth's eyes were glazed over; his thoughts a mystery.

At this moment, Derrick's mind was filled with misery and despair.

He believed that the one being eaten was the Creator which the City of Silver believed in. He had also recognized the surrounding three to be the Eternal Blazing Sun, the Lord of Storms, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom!

This made him suspect the term "Forsaken Land of God."

In the various tomes in the City of Silver, they emphasized that God had forsaken the land due to certain reasons. It made them turn into the People of the Dark; therefore, as long as everyone repented from the bottom of their hearts and pleaded for forgiveness, the day would come when God would truly return to illuminate the entire world with sunlight.

That's not right, no amount of repentance or seeking forgiveness can redeem the City of Silver… Derrick muttered inwardly. That's because God is dead. Eaten and never to return…

This meant that the City of Silver's miserable pursuits and hope were only a mirage, one that would never be fulfilled.

After a long silence, Audrey said, trying to convince herself, "This is a distortion of the legend of how those three gods were born from the soul of the Creator?"

Three gods? Cattleya's and Emlyn's eyes constricted at the same time, having figured out the general meaning of the picture. They knew what alarming matter it represented.

"Perhaps, but there's no way to explain that infant," Alger replied.

He silently glanced at Mr. Fool, and he realized that this impressive existence had no intention of speaking. All "He" did was watch silently.

With Audrey silent, the remaining members of the Tarot Club didn't say a word either.

This silence continued until Alger dispersed the picture and turned to ask Derrick, "Have you investigated the matter regarding your former Chief's mausoleum?"

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CHAPTER 825
RESERVATION

Upon hearing Mr. Hanged Man's question, Derrick replied in shame, "No. I've been constantly assigned to patrol missions recently, and I didn't have the time to investigate."

Alger wasn't too surprised, but he was puzzled over one thing.

"Why don't you get the help of a few friends?

"You don't have to tell them your true motives. Split the task into very minor missions that wouldn't garner much attention. Let them search for information in different areas. This way, even if anything gets exposed, it wouldn't implicate them in a fatal way."

Derrick fell silent for a few seconds before saying, "I do not have friends."

Before his parents died, he had a certain number of friends from general education classes and those at the combat training field. After all, there weren't many people that are roughly the same age in the City of Silver. They often got to meet each other, and they would even become teammates. However, after his parents death, Derrick had become introverted for a very long period of time. Burdened by the secret of the Tarot Club, he unknowingly distanced himself from his friends and stopped interacting with them. The last time someone visited him at home was Darc Regence who had been corrupted by the True Creator.

Alger choked on The Sun's reply. After taking a breath, he reorganized his words.

"That's not a good thing.

"You won't be able to rescue the City of Silver just by relying on yourself. You have to unite a group of people, friends who can provide you with help during critical moments."

"But, this will make them be suspected…" The Sun said hesitantly.

Alger immediately said sternly, "Being suspected is better than being dead.

"The City of Silver is now at a dangerous crossroad. You have to carefully consider what needs to be done.

"It's impossible for there to be no sacrifices in such matters. There will even be a large number of sacrifices. Do you wish for their sacrifices to be worthless, or to be of value?"

He didn't provide any further persuading words as he allowed Derrick to inwardly struggle over what he had just said.

Mr. Hanged Man is always able to find a reason to convince someone… Klein sighed and made The World Gehrman Sparrow turn his head to look at Justice Audrey.

"Are you currently able to treat relatively serious mental illnesses?"

His only understanding of a Psychiatrist was Frenzy and Dragon Might. He knew little about the rest, having only heard Miss Justice occasionally mention Placate and Psychological Cue. Therefore, he wasn't sure how capable she was at treating mental illnesses.

Audrey's attention was caught as she eagerly replied, "Yes I can. There's no problem.

"Mr. World, do you have a friend that requires treatment?"

I happen to lack patients! she thought in excitement.

At this moment, Emlyn raised his right hand and held it to his mouth and nose, as though he already knew the answer.

Klein silently sighed and made The World said with a low chuckle.

"No, I'm the one who needs treatment."

The entire magnificent palace suddenly turned extremely silent.

Alger, Cattleya, and Fors all knew that Mr. World was a crazy adventurer, but they never expected him to have a relatively serious mental illness that brought him to the brink of complete insanity!

This is the price for strength? Fors trembled as she felt increasingly afraid of Gehrman Sparrow.

Communication and reasoning were still possible with a crazy adventurer, but it was impossible with a lunatic!

The Mental Terror Candle wasn't able to fully treat his mental illness? It has already reached such a severe state? Emlyn, who had expected this, felt that The World could go mad at any moment.

Derrick didn't think too much about it, solely feeling concerned for Mr. World. He had wanted to say that the City of Silver had a Psyche Analyst that could provide treatment, but realized that it would expose too many problems. All he could do was shut his mouth as he looked at Miss Justice with an expectant look.

Audrey was alarmed, lost, and puzzled. She said with some deliberation, "Mr. World, based on my observation, you shouldn't have any relatively serious mental illnesses.

"If it's just anxiety and immense pressure, you can condition yourself and properly relax yourself to recover. There's no need for direct treatment."

The World Gehrman Sparrow chuckled and said, "The reason you didn't discover it is because the mental illness from before has been treated.

"I'm only making a reservation. If similar signs appear again in the future, I wish to receive timely treatment."

I see… Audrey nodded in enlightenment.

She suddenly felt a little pity for Mr. World. She felt that this cold Reaper who had killed several Sequence 5s a week was a cold and profound Blessed of Mr. Fool. He was a powerful and fear-inducing Beyonder, but he was also someone whose inner feelings resembled an ordinary person. He was currently suffering from immense stress and was being eaten away by various kinds of negative emotions, slowly walking into an abyss of pain.

After a few seconds of consideration, Audrey sincerely said, "If you are within my reach, it wouldn't be a problem."

After her coming of age ceremony, she had obtained a certain level of autonomy. She could spend her holidays at her parents' family castle, or stay in East Chester County's Stoen City on her own. However, this freedom was still limited. She couldn't head anywhere she wanted. Even in Stoen City, there were many areas she couldn't visit. This could only be circumvented if she joined certain charitable organizations of the Church of the Evernight Goddess.

"Alright." Having Grazed a Traveler, Klein heaved a sigh of relief. He made The World reply, "You can confirm the location when the time comes and prepare the means to not expose your identity."

Audrey tersely answered as a scene naturally surfaced in her mind.

She and Mr. World would be in two separate compartments somewhere, with a wall or wooden board in between them as she conversed with him and administered treatment.

In such a situation, Mr. World wouldn't be able to determine that it's me. To him, it doesn't matter as long as he's treated… This also means that if I can't make myself available, I can get Susie to do it! Mr. World definitely wouldn't believe that the one treating him is a dog~! Oh, Susie doesn't know the existence of the Tarot Club. Unless it's necessary, I shouldn't get her to help Mr. World… As Audrey thought, she suddenly felt the joy from thinking up a prank as she went through a great deal of effort in order to stop the corners of her lips from curling up.

After confirming this matter, Klein thought of another problem and got The World to look at Cattleya.

"Can you provide a crate of explosives?"

He believed that as a pirate admiral, she definitely didn't lack the resources in obtaining them!

"Yes. When do you need it?" Cattleya didn't ask why.

With Gehrman Sparrow killing so many Sequence 5s, a crate of explosives was nothing.

"Send it together with Broken Finger." Klein controlled The World to say, "How much will it cost?"

Cattleya replied without minding it, "Just treat it as a freebie for purchasing Broken Finger."

A crate of explosives wasn't expensive at sea. They were even rather cheap.

I like that… The Fool Klein secretly said as he made The World nod and then remind everyone:

"That picture from before—try your best not to recall it or even try to draw it when out in the real world."

Audrey and the other members subconsciously glanced at the other end of the long bronze table and realized that Mr. Fool didn't say anything against it. They immediately turned serious and didn't dare to be careless.

This also made Cattleya's thoughts of writing to Queen Mystic Bernadette about this matter be placed on hold. She had to consider a suitable method that could avoid influencing factors.

Following that, the free exchange segment slowly came to an end as the area above the gray fog fell silent.

…

Returning back to the Future, Cattleya stood behind the window of the captain's cabin. She was clearly in a dilemma.

Finally, she took a deep breath and exhaled. As she nudged her glasses, she left the captain's cabin and walked to Frank Lee's room.

This first mate had been "chased" to the bottom cabin after the crew's unanimous vote. It was to prevent his experimental products from suddenly spreading.

Frank Lee was rather pleased with this because his new residence was much more spacious. Furthermore, it also suited the condition of a dark environment.

Knock. Knock. Knock. Cattleya came to the bottom cabin and rapped at the door.

"Wait a moment!" Frank Lee shouted a reply. It was unknown what he was busy on.

After a minute, he opened the wooden door with his sleeves rolled up. He asked in puzzlement, "Captain, is there something?"

Cattleya didn't directly answer him as she used her night vision to peep into the pitch-black interior. She saw blue fish laid on the table with their eyes wide open. From the gap between the scales, green sprouts grew out. Some were already mature with a ear of wheat.

"You succeeded?" Cattleya held back her instinct to take a step back as she asked.

Frank nodded in glee before shaking his head.

"Not yet. But I've already made significant progress!

"I've crossbred wheat, mushrooms, and a bit of a Rose Bishop's cells, and I achieved a first-stage product. Placing them in the stomachs of fish, they will be able to absorb the flesh and blood to grow to maturity even without any light.

"But the current issue is that the target is supposed to be monster corpses. There's a need to prevent the poison and madness accumulated inside to not spread to the food after their flesh and blood is absorbed…

"Also, producing them is a problem. There's definitely not that many Rose Bishops who are willing to be material. Therefore, there's a need for them to have the ability to split and absorb flesh and blood themselves…”

After hearing Frank Lee's description, Cattleya silently nudged her glasses.

"Will such food begin to absorb flesh and blood and multiply while inside a human's stomach after consumption?"

Frank Lee fell into deep thought. After a few seconds, he said, "In theory, no. Because no one will eat them raw.

"Hmm, I will have to test its activity under high temperatures. No, they still lack the ability to split themselves. It doesn't matter if they have any activity…”

Seeing Frank Lee in his confused state, Cattleya fell into a dilemma again.

After a while, she slowly asked, "I have a channel that allows me to obtain a Druid's Beyonder characteristic. Do you need it?"

"Ah? Of course!" Frank became thrilled. "Many a time, my abilities are what limit my ideas!"

This… I kind of regret it… Cattleya suddenly had such a thought.

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CHAPTER 826
THE THOUGHT OF BEING FORGOTTEN

Monday evening. 160 Böklund Street.

Klein set up a ritual and summoned himself. He planned on investigating the secret hidden in the sewers.

While responding above the gray fog, he was in a dilemma about the card to use—the Black Emperor or the Tyrant card. It was like the selection of clothes before heading out.

In consideration of how Backlund was a place where the Church of Storms was a very powerful faction, and being afraid that he would end up attracting High-Sequence irascible bros, Klein ultimately chose to use the Black Emperor card. He wore a crown and black armor with a cape behind him.

Aside from this Card of Blasphemy, he also brought Creeping Hunger, Azik's copper whistle, Senor's gold coin, and Broken Finger, the Marauder pathway's mystical item which Cattleya had given him three hours ago, as well as some ordinary explosives.

Of course, Klein didn't bring the entire crate of explosives. For a Spirit Body, it was just too heavy. He only took out five sticks and left Senor to hold them in his body.

As for Death Knell, he had left it in his room. This was to prevent himself from having the urge to participate in a battle. He had very clear goals, so

once he discovered any problems, to avoid danger, he would immediately leave and not stay behind. On the contrary, a powerful weapon would end up making him act bold, making him wish to probe deeper and resolve the matter by himself.

This is Backlund. It's best that I don't create too great a commotion… As for what's hidden in the sewers, I have no way of being clairvoyant about it. I can only divine whether it will be dangerous… Klein looked at the wall clock in his room, and he confirmed that there was another hour and a half before Hazel took action like she usually did.

His figure suddenly vanished as he passed through the balcony's glass and flew into the streets before entering the sewers.

In the dirty and humid environment, Klein took out a Loen gold coin and made Wraith Senor appear in front of him with his dark red coat and old triangular hat.

Following that, he handed over the tweezers that resembled two ground bone fingers to his marionette.

Just holding it on him for a short period of time had nearly made him steal the sewer's manhole cover.

Senor held Broken Finger and walked ahead. Dressed as the Black Emperor, Klein turned invisible and walked behind, allowing his marionette to open up a gap of at least fifty meters from him.

With this distance between them, he was no longer affected by kleptomania, and as a dead person, Senor also lacked the thoughts of stealing.

He didn't even have any thoughts!

Turning in at the corresponding fork and passing through the hidden door, Wraith Senor held the grayish-white tweezer and appeared inside the half-natural, half-artificial cave.

Unlike before, the oilskin-wrapped tools like shovels had changed positions. The hidden passage on the right had deepened a little.

That was clearly Hazel's main focus.

Right on the heels of that, Klein, who didn't enter the fork, leaned against the water of the sewers, his back facing the target region. He controlled his marionette as he walked deeper into the right passage.

Soon, Senor came to the end.

At this moment, Klein suddenly felt the grayish-white tweezer in his marionette's hand tremble subtly, as though it had been attracted by some unknown object not far away.

The unknown item was deep and profound like a calm ocean. It made it difficult to pry into its exact state.

A characteristic that's alive, much closer to that of a spirit… Klein was only able to determine this as he immediately let Senor use Mirror Leap to return to the half-natural, half artificial cave, onto a shovel that hadn't rusted. He didn't attempt to head deeper underground via the passage.

Then, Senor appeared again, took out the five ordinary sticks of explosives from inside its body, and placed them in different spots.

Every Wraith was a demolition expert!

After doing all of this, Senor's figure phased away, appearing on the surface of the gold coin in Klein's hand.

As he stuffed the gold coin into his body, Klein raised his right hand, in preparation to snap his fingers and trigger the five sticks of explosives!

His idea was very simple. It was to deliver an explosion of a suitable scale in order to destroy Hazel's hard work and traces. It would attract the

Nighthawks and resolve everything.

This way, regardless of what was hidden deep in the passage, it wouldn't bring him danger!

In Backlund, knowing how to ingeniously "sound the alarm" was more effective and safer than rashly attacking by himself. This was especially so when Klein wasn't capable of determining that the matter involved a demigod!

I'm such a good citizen! As Klein gave a self-deprecating remark, he prepared to snap his fingers to ignite the explosives.

Suddenly, his head swayed a little as he lowered his arm, as though nothing had happened.

The cautious Klein immediately ended the summoning and returned above the gray fog. Then, he returned to the real world and entered his physical body.

Just as he was about to busy himself to bring back Creeping Hunger, Senor's gold coin, and the other items from the mysterious space above the gray fog, he frowned slightly.

He seriously recalled the entire process of his late-night exploration when he was alarmed to realize that he had apparently lost a small portion of his "memories."

He didn't remember if he had triggered the five sticks of ordinary explosives!

As he turned his head to sense his surroundings and confirmed that the entire street was very silent, Klein began to believe that he hadn't snapped his fingers.

This is a Beyonder power of a Dream Stealer? It seems to be much stronger than Mobet… If not for the gray fog and my habit of doing an after-action review, I might not have discovered that my thoughts of triggering the explosives were stolen away… The other party might have also snapped his fingers, but without the Flame Controlling powers to work in concert, nothing happened… Klein's expression turned grave as he thought, prepared to make another attempt.

Similarly, to prevent himself from being tracked, he still summoned himself and responded to himself.

With the Black Emperor card, Klein left 160 Böklund Street from another side, deliberately circling two streets away before arriving at the sewer's manhole.

This time, he didn't approach the fork. Staying not far from the manhole, he used his enhanced Flame Controlling to sense the explosive and lifted his right hand.

He raised it and lowered it as Klein rapidly ended the summoning and returned above the gray fog to prevent himself from being attacked by an unknown existence.

Not in a hurry to return to the real world, he sat at the chair of The World, doing a debrief of the entire process.

I forgot to trigger the explosives again… If I didn't force myself to recall this, I wouldn't have even considered such a problem… Truly quite impressive. The one that steered Hazel to the sewers to dig is probably a demigod… Why didn't he directly parasitize Hazel? Could it be due to particular reasons that he's sealed somewhere in the sewers and can only release some of his powers to drive Hazel to help him via a dream? The one that caused Broken Fingers to react abnormally via the law of Beyonder characteristic convergence is also him? He is unable to control the signs in regards to this? Klein thought as he rapped the corner of the long mottled table.

After having a rough guess, he discovered that there was apparently no way of truly carrying out his original plans.

This was because his thoughts would be stolen once he entered the distance in which he could use Flame Controlling to ignite the explosives. Even if he recalled it later, there was no way to make up for it.

Considering how Hazel would be affected by her dream, Klein suspected that the limits to the person's powers didn't stop at the manhole. If he discovered that Hero Bandit Black Emperor was related to Dwayne Dantès, then he would lose his corresponding thoughts and memories even while sleeping in his bedroom.

However, he has no way of locking onto me by passing over the gray fog… Heh, does he think it's so easy to stop me from "sounding the alarm"? Klein thought as he cautiously summoned a paper figurine and used a tiny amount of the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog. With the ritual that had yet been terminated, he conjured an angel and forcefully created an interference effect.

After doing this, he carried the Black Emperor card and entered his bedroom with his Door of Summoning.

Klein's new plan was to head to another street, find a random house, and borrow some pen and paper to write: "At the end of the sixth left fork in the Böklund Street sewers, there's a secret passage that's suspected to hide a demigod from the Marauder pathway" or something similar. Then, with the image of Böklund Street, he would plaster the piece of paper on Saint Samuel Cathedral's entrance as a public notice!

Of course, he would politely knock on the door to let the bishops inside sense it to prevent ordinary people from first seeing it.

At times, the most primitive methods are the most effective ones! Just as Klein was about to leave 160 Böklund Street from another area, he suddenly felt a tremor as a deep rumble sounded from afar.

It was ignited? The explosives were ignited? Who did it? Klein paused in surprise.

It was definitely not done by him, as it couldn't have been delayed for so long. And previously, there wasn't anyone in the sewers. Even if there was someone, the thought of igniting the explosives would be stolen away.

Unless a demigod happened to come. But how could it be this coincidental…

There's another possibility. It was done by the demigod from the Marauder pathway… He had repeatedly stolen my thoughts before, preventing me from using Flame Controlling. It was to buy time to leave. Now that it's finally done, he triggered the explosives to destroy all the evidence?

That adheres to logic, as he should know very well that a powerful being whose origins can't be traced cannot be stopped if he insists on "sounding the alarm." The best solution is to drop its tail in order to survive, just like a gecko…

However, if he can leave, why did he steer Hazel into digging the secret passage? Doing so will deal tremendous harm to him? Klein thought of certain possibilities, but he was unable to verify any of them. Furthermore, he was certain that the underground explosion was bound to have already attracted attention. Hence, he immediately left Creeping Hunger and other items behind, terminated the summoning, and returned above the gray fog.

After returning to the real world, he stopped the ritual, cleared the altar, and cleaned all traces before getting into bed.

…

39 Böklund Street, Member of Parliament Macht's house.

Hazel, who didn't sleep at all, was alarmed by the tremors and deep humming sound. She walked to the balcony and drew the curtains to look

towards the sewer manhole. However, she didn't notice any anomalies.

After observing for a while, the uncertain her had decided to cancel her operation for the night and sleep in peace.

At this moment, she suddenly heard squeaking as she turned to look at the corner of her balcony.

At some point in time, there was a gray rat sitting there covered in sewage water.

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CHAPTER 827
PLENTY OF PEOPLE COMING AND GOING

Despite getting in bed, Klein didn't manage to sleep until daybreak. This was because he believed that, with most people stirred awake from the commotion underground, him sleeping too soundly without noticing anything would make him suspicious.

Indeed, just as he got out of bed, walked to the balcony, and drew the curtains to pretend to search for the source of the commotion, Walter came knocking at his door. Two servants with double-barreled hunting rifles were assigned to protect their employer to prevent any accidents from happening.

Before long, the police arrived. Based on the descriptions of the residents in the area, they identified the sewers as the target.

As for what they discovered or whether they sought backup from the Nighthawks, the ordinary citizen, Mr. Dwayne Dantès, had no idea.

After confirming that there wouldn't be any more accidents, he sent his butler and servants away and quickly got some sleep.

By the time he woke up again, Böklund Street had been restored to normal. Pedestrians were on the streets, and the carriages were coming and going. The Intis parasol trees that lined the side of the street continued making the area seem tranquil.

"Are the results of the investigation out?" Klein looked at himself in the mirror as he asked Richardson who was helping him smooth his clothes.

Richardson had already inquired about the matter and was waiting for his employer to ask. He immediately replied, "Apparently some gang members were trading firearms in the nearby sewers and accidentally triggered an explosion."

What a reasonable explanation… Klein didn't probe deeper, nor did he consider where the demigod of the Marauder pathway who stole away his thoughts went to or if the Nighthawks found him.

Firstly, this was because he believed that the demigod's action of igniting the explosives would definitely implicate him in a serious manner. If the demigod had the ability or suitable environment to do so, he would have long parasitized Hazel without going through the convoluted and troublesome hassle. This also meant that in the next two to three weeks, or even two to three months, Klein didn't need to worry about the demigod.

Secondly, if he continued pursuing the matter and pushed the demigod into a corner, Klein had no doubts that he would be harmed as a result. Once the demigod lost all inhibitions and began affecting the surroundings on a large scale. Then, even if he didn't expose himself, he would suffer the demigod's attack, as well as implicate the innocent residents along the street.

Apart from the first two reasons, Klein was apprehensive over the matter. If anomalies kept happening in the originally "normal" Böklund Street, it was bound to attract a deeper level of suspicion from the official Beyonders. And all of this happened after Dwayne Dantès moved in. Even if Klein's body was covered in mouths, there was no way he could explain himself. When the time came, he would have to give up on his plans and reconsider new ones.

I shouldn't head into the sewers for the time being. There's probably a trap laid by the official Beyonders… There's one thing to do… Hmm, take note of Hazel without leaving any clues. I'll observe to see if there are any abnormalities about her, and once I discover any dangerous signs, I'll immediately turn into Hero Bandit and put up "advertisements" at Saint Samuel Cathedral… Klein went downstairs to have breakfast with a

composed look. After doing so, he returned to his master bedroom and got Richardson to wait by the door. As for himself, he took out the almost torn paper crane from his wallet.

He planned on using it one last time and inform Snake of Fate Will Auceptin of the choices that Admiral of Stars was offering "Him" and if "He" was agreeable or not.

Typically, he could complete such matters by visiting his parents. However, without Dr. Aaron's invitation, and him lacking a sufficient reason to pay a visit, that wasn't the best choice, as it easily made others question his motives. He obviously couldn't tell Dr. Aaron that he wasn't there for him, but for the fetus in his wife's womb.

After carefully unfolding the paper crane, Klein glanced at the pencil marks left on it. His intuition told him that, as long as he used an eraser, the paper would definitely tear.

However, this didn't stump him. He got a black fountain pen and directly wrote on it:

"The other party has made their offer."

The black ink was a lot more obvious than the pencil marks; therefore, although the text overlapped, it didn't affect anyone from recognizing the words written on it.

There are always more solutions than problems… Klein nodded in satisfaction as he folded the unfolded piece of paper according to its crease marks.

This time, he suspected that unfolding it again would result in it tearing.

…

In the Berg household in the City of Silver.

Ever since the Tarot Gathering ended, Derrick was like a petrified statue who sat by his bed, motionless.

After an unknown period of time, he was "awakened" by the noise on the streets outside. However, the feeling that he was still in a nightmare continued enveloping him. It made his footsteps towards the window appear especially heavy.

God might already be dead… God might not return again… Such thoughts kept resounding inside Derrick's mind as he felt an irresistible sense of despair and pain.

Back when he had to kill his parents with his own hands, he had already suspected if God would return or show "His" blessings to his forsaken People of the Dark. He later thought of relying on Mr. Fool, allowing himself to become the true Sun and help the people of the City of Silver to escape their cursed fates. However, having been educated from a young age and the environment constantly affecting him, he still looked forward to the return of the Creator. He held expectations that sacrifices and the repentance of the City of Silver would earn them a response.

And now, all his hopes had been dashed. The tiny sliver of hope that was left had now been engulfed by the darkness.

The City of Silver will continue in this state until it disappears into the darkness. There will be no one remembering that we once existed and struggled… Derrick cast his gaze out the window and saw many of his neighbors gathered together. They were praying and seeking forgiveness from the Lord that created everything.

This wasn't a ritual organized by the six-member council, but a tradition that took form in the City of Silver after two to three thousand years. They would pray for almost anything—good developments, unstable emotions, an injury in the family, and the birth of new life.

Lightning streaked across the sky and illuminated the streets. Derrick stood motionless in the darkness of his room, staring outside in a daze. Unknowingly, he clenched his fists.

By the time his neighbors dispersed, he finally retracted his gaze, his expressions somewhat warped.

He reached out to touch Thunder God's Roar as his gaze gradually focused. He planned on following Mr. Hanged Man's advice to befriend others to help him.

Soon, he felt a little stumped because he had no idea how to make friends. Nor did he know how to warmly greet others or find a topic of conversation.

This was in violation of his own character.

After some thought, Derrick decided to head to the training field and use combat to reestablish ties with people he was familiar with in the past. That was a gathering ground for the residents of the City of Silver where he often met people he found familiar.

…

It was late at night once again. Klein once again saw the pitch-black steeple and desolate plains in his dream as he had desired.

Passing through one obstacle after another, he arrived at the region with the scattered tarot cards. A black pram was already waiting there.

Will Auceptin, who was wrapped in silver silk, asked with a bright voice, "What are the choices?"

You are being very proactive this time… What happened to your reservation as a Sequence 1? However, kids are like that. It's good that you

maintain such a state of mind… Klein silently chuckled as he said, "Two choices. Choose either one.

"One, it's to take one look at the Wheel of Fortune card. Two, it's the method to regain a certain amount of strength during your weak stages."

Will Auceptin fell silent for a second and chuckled.

"So it's Bernadette on the other side.

"My intuition was right after all. I'll be able to obtain something good this time."

Following that, he asked, "Which choice do you think I'll choose?"

Klein's subconscious idea was: I have a chance of posing a question once. Then, he said with a self-deprecating laugh, "Two."

Will Auceptin tsked and said, "Do I look like a Mythical Creature that doesn't have such methods?

"I've already restarted so many times. I definitely have the right state of mind to make preparations!"

Reasonable… Klein nodded and said, "You wish to take a look at the Wheel of Fortune card? Or do you want them to switch the choices?"

Will Auceptin sucked at his thumb and said, "I choose two."

"…”

Klein's expression froze.

Will Auceptin smiled and said, "Knowing one more method means one more trump card. Isn't that the right thing to do?"

Yes, whatever you say is right… Klein replied in exasperation, "Alright. When can you complete the transaction?"

Will Auceptin waved his short arms and said, "Of course it's when I'm born and have the placenta blood!

"This will probably be in early July, but it might be brought forward."

Having said that, he relaxed his limbs as he chuckled.

"I wouldn't mind it either if they wish to hand me the method ahead of time."

"They?" Klein subconsciously asked, unsure how the Snake of Mercury knew that it was "they" and not "her"—Queen Mystic, Bernadette.

Will Auceptin sucked at his thumb and said indiscernibly, "Bernadette has already passed that stage. The stage… that needs a drop of Mythical Creature blood… is likely being prepared… for her subordinate."

Is that the case… Ma'am Hermit needs it? Klein asked thoughtfully, "What is that drop of Mythical Creature blood for? The main ingredient of some potion?"

He connected it to the fact that a drop of divine blood from the Eternal Blazing Sun could be used for the Unshadowed potion's main ingredient.

"No, isn't it suicidal for other pathways to consume the blood of a Fate pathway Mythical Creature?" Will Auceptin said with a scoff. "I heard that to advance from Sequence 5 to Sequence 4 for the Mystery Pryer pathway, there's a need to completely analyze a drop of a Mythical Creature's blood and, from there, obtain complicated and massive amounts of knowledge. This is part of the ritual. As the Mythical Creature blood used is different, what they will be proficient at during the Mysticologist stage will also differ."

To think that's possible… The rituals of the different pathways and different Sequences all have their unique traits… Klein bowed in enlightenment and said, "Thank you for your answer."

Will Auceptin waved his hand and said, "Stop disturbing me. Letting me be born in peace is the greatest form of gratitude!"

Without waiting for Klein to answer, "He" added, "Giving me that method doesn't count!"

With that said, the black pram retreated and entered the shadows before vanishing.

Klein watched the surrounding walls collapse as he silently heaved a sigh of relief. He planned on escaping to sleep again.

At this moment, he froze because he discovered a new power infiltrating his dream.

Another one is coming just after one left. This is more lively than in the day! As Klein changed the dream according to his wishes, he pretended to look around in a daze.

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CHAPTER 828
MOVEMENT OF THE NIGHT

Klein had set the dream to be that of 160 Böklund Street. He produced many beauties that circled around Dwayne Dantès. He did this to perfectly create the image of a knowledgeable and experienced tycoon who could only let go in his dreams while holding back in the real world to uphold his reputation.

Sitting on a sofa and receiving a cup of red wine from a young lady, Klein found his surroundings suddenly change before he could even taste it. It turned from his brightly-lit villa filled with elegant beauties to a dark, humid, and dirty sewer.

Following that, he saw five familiar explosives in his hands.

Aren't these the ones I placed earlier? Klein was first taken aback as he pretended to jump in fright, throwing away the explosives as he looked around warily.

Noticing that there weren't any other abnormalities, he retreated one step at a time until he felt his way to an upright metallic ladder. He decisively climbed up, moved the manhole cover away, and left the sewer.

As he returned to Böklund Street, his dream shattered as he woke up.

Klein opened his eyes and found himself in a dark room. As he looked at the ceiling adorned in gold, he recalled his encounter.

This was done by that Marauder pathway's demigod?

He escaped the pursuit of the Nighthawks and is still hiding nearby. As he's afraid that the Black Emperor who exposed his whereabouts would appear again, he began steering dreams to seek out his target?

Very possible! If it wasn't because I can maintain my reason and lucidity when others infiltrate my dreams, I might have been driven by my subconscious to place the explosives again. After all, this is something I've done before, and the memory is still fresh in my mind…

Thankfully, I concluded the principle that a Marionettist should try to hide behind the scenes. Be it my exploration of the sewers, or meeting with Trissy, I had relied on my marionette. Even if it's because of the distance, I didn't choose to do it personally and had instead used my Spirit Body with the gray fog as a proxy while carrying items that can interfere with the prying of secrets and divination, making it impossible to determine who is the true mastermind. I would have long been discovered and targeted. Even if I didn't die, I would have to flee Backlund in a pathetic manner.

Upon thinking of this, Klein felt relieved. In the beginning, he wasn't certain of the secret hidden in the sewers. He had never expected it to be a demigod, but he had abided by the Marionettist's principles and followed his strict requirements. Hence, he avoided the tragic outcome of having his "act" exposed.

Backlund really is a dangerous place. Any mistake can result in trouble… As Klein reflected over the matter, he felt that his Marionettist potion had unknowingly digested a little.

After he composed himself, he chuckled inwardly.

It appears that demigod is still in Böklund Street. He's probably hiding in Hazel, or maybe even by her side.

Heh heh, if that demigod had infiltrated my dream a minute or two earlier, he would've met Snake of Fate Will Auceptin. Although this Sequence 1 angel is still in a weak phase, that's only relative to other angels like

Ouroboros. Faced with a sneaky demigod who can't even parasitize Hazel, there likely won't be any trouble. Ignoring the other powers, just revealing a full Mythical Creature state would be enough to deal tremendous damage to a demigod who's equally weak.

I dare to bet that Will Auceptin must have sensed it ahead of time to choose that time window to come out; thus, successfully avoiding an encounter with any other demigods.

Unfortunately, I wasn't able to make that Marauder demigod understand how dangerous it is to randomly infiltrate dreams in Backlund… Leonard definitely knows this very well…

Klein reined in his thoughts and pretended as though nothing had happened. With Cogitation, he fell asleep again.

It was only when the sun rose high in the sky that he woke up naturally. He sat up, transformed into Gehrman Sparrow, and prayed, "…Please inform Ma'am Hermit that the angel has accepted the method to regain a certain amount of strength during one's weak stages. 'He' has agreed to complete the transaction in late June or early July.

"You can also ask Bernadette about when I can meet her."

After completing the prayer, Klein transformed back into Dwayne Dantès, got out of bed, and entered the bathroom to wash up.

After brushing his teeth and washing his face; thus, becoming abnormally alert, he took four steps counterclockwise and headed above the gray fog. He then threw the scene of the prayer into the crimson star representing The Hermit.

…

On the docked Future, Cattleya watched Frank Lee step on the dock while filled with anticipation. He planned on finding some place to sell his items

and save up 8,000 pounds to purchase the Druid Beyonder characteristic. She couldn't help but raise her hand to her forehead, feeling an inexplicable lack of confidence.

Although she believed that she could suppress Frank Lee, even if he was a Druid, thanks to her strength, mysticism knowledge, and mystical items, just the thought of his strange ideas, as well his terrifying ability to put them into action, made her feel that the problem wasn't that simple. She didn't wish for a watermelon to grow on her head or participate in the Tarot Gathering above the gray fog while covered with ears of wheat.

Thankfully, he still doesn't have the Druid potion formula. For now, I don't have to worry about him advancing to Sequence 5… Cattleya nudged her glasses as she comforted herself.

At this moment, an illusory fog emanated in front of her as Gehrman Sparrow's voice sounded in her ears.

That angel agreed? Cattleya's expression softened as she couldn't help smiling.

Once she obtained that drop of Mythical Creature blood, it meant that she was very close to the realm of a demigod!

She already had the Mysticologist potion formula. She has also completed the necessary conditions to exchange for a main ingredient from the Moses Ascetic Order. She also knew of the channel to obtain the other main ingredient, as well as the method to obtain it.

I just need to wait until July. July… Cattleya pursed her lips as her gaze penetrated the thick glasses while she surveyed her captain's cabin.

…

Thursday afternoon. Just as Klein finished a class on ancient literature, he heard the illusory, stacked pleas.

After heading above the gray fog, he discovered that the supplicant was The Hermit Cattleya.

Admiral of Stars had requested Mr. Fool to inform The World that Queen Mystic had agreed to his request. If he was in Backlund, they could meet near the entrance of the bridge on the south bank of the Tussock River at eleven in the evening.

Bernadette is still in Backlund… Klein conjured Gehrman Sparrow and gave a confirmatory answer.

At 10:58 p.m., he entered his bathroom and took out a paper figurine from his pocket.

Pa!

Klein shook it and made the paper figurine turn into a Dwayne Dantès who sat on the toilet with a book in hand as though he was daydreaming.

Then, he shortened himself by about four centimeters. His face turned thin as his facial contours became more pronounced. He had transformed into Gehrman Sparrow.

Right on the heels of that, the glove on his left hand turned transparent as countless illusory figures appeared within.

Following that, Klein saw the surrounding colors saturate before turning well-separated and stacked. His body then phased away from the real world.

He quickly traversed the spirit world, and, based on his location, kept adjusting his trajectory. In just a few seconds, he appeared at the south bank of the Tussock River where the Backlund Bridge entrance was.

At that moment, it was already late at night. There was no one on the bridge, and it was extremely silent. The only thing that could be seen was a platoon of soldiers guarding the bridge a short distance away.

Klein was just about to find Queen Mystic Bernadette's traces when he suddenly saw green pea vines droop down from the sky, interweaving to form a lush forest.

This "forest" didn't have a peak as the veins formed different paths that either intersected or spiraled before extending high into the sky.

Klein was taken aback for a second as he casually found a pea vine and hung over a tiny trail in midair before taking steps forward.

After an unknown period of time, he saw that the green plants were connected to a seat that resembled a hammock. It was gently shaking above him.

Queen Mystic was sitting there, wearing a white Intis-styled shirt and a dark-black jacket. By her waist was a thin rapier. Other than not wearing a triangular hat, she was dressed like a standard pirate captain.

She didn't only reveal her black leather boots like she did back when she interacted with Sherlock Moriarty in Backlund. At that moment, her chestnut hair cascaded down as her blue and deep eyes looked over. She gently said without any emotion, "Thank that existence behind you on my behalf."

So you are still quite respectful towards The Fool. Hmm, the few answers I previously gave her had likely resolved some of her confusion… With the "mask" of Gehrman Sparrow on, Klein politely replied, "Alright."

Bernadette's eyes didn't shift as she continued looking at him.

"Is there something this time?"

Klein paused for a second as he said the words he had already prepared, "I wish to receive your help in reproducing the prolonged state of being contaminated by the core seal's power behind Chanis Gate of the Church of Evernight."

As he spoke, Klein made Wraith Senor appear beside him.

Bernadette looked deeply at the upright Admiral of Blood. Without asking Gehrman Sparrow how he knew that she had the means, she calmly said, "The core seals in the different cathedrals of the Church of Evernight are different. The state of contamination will also be different.

"Is it the Evernight pathway, the Death pathway, or something else?

"Is it a main diocese cathedral, or a typical central cathedral in a city?"

She had directly eliminated the option of the Church of Evernight's headquarters, the Cathedral of Serenity. This was because even a King of Angels wouldn't cast "Their" sights on it.

Klein thought for a moment before saying, "Diocese cathedral. Evernight pathway."

Bernadette nodded gently and said, "Then, I can allow him to suffer the corresponding contamination, but doing so will basically destroy this marionette of yours. It can still be used normally in the beginning, but with the passage of time, the contamination will worsen. He will slowly fall asleep, never to awaken."

"Can the time it takes for the complete contamination be pushed back?" Klein asked, holding back the pain of potentially losing a marionette.

Senor was one of the most valuable assets he had!

Bernadette said with a calm expression, "Two months is the limit."

Klein struggled inwardly for two seconds before replying in a deadpan manner, "Alright."

He then pressed his hand to his chest and bowed.

"Thank you for your help."

Bernadette didn't say a word as she retracted her gaze. She extended her right hand as words that were written in Jotun, Dragonese, Elvish, and ancient Hermes appeared in midair.

These words interwove into strange symbols with a star-like radiance, as though they were opening a secret door that led deep into the spirit world.

With the secret door opened, a gust of wind blew, conjuring the upper body of a man that was covered in white cloth.

"Sleep Bugle," Bernadette said gently but sternly.

The man who had a torso and wind for his bottom replied reverently, pulling out a human skull from the white cloth.

The skull's eye sockets were deeply recessed and dark; It was impossible to see the bottom. The rest of the skull was covered with holes of different shapes and cracks. It was white like a piece of jade.

Bernadette took the Sleep Bugle and glanced at Gehrman Sparrow.

"Go back at least fifty meters."

Klein didn't ask why as he left Senor in his original spot, and he quickly distanced himself along the pea vine path.

After exceeding fifty meters, he suddenly heard a distant and serene melody that was filled with sorrow and gloom.

Subconsciously, Klein looked up at the area covered by the pea vines. Bernadette was sitting with her back slightly hunched. Her chestnut hair was fluttering as her head was bowed. She had placed the human skull to her mouth, letting the orifices produce an air stream that appeared like the orchestrated movement of the night.

The movement brought with it the power of calmness and faint melancholy. Bit by bit, it spread out without alarming the soldiers guarding the bridge beyond the pea vine forest.

Klein stood there and listened seriously when he suddenly had a pining for home.

That was home, something that a traveler who had been drifting for a long period of time yearned for the most but was unable to touch.

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CHAPTER 829
ARRIVAL OF JUNE

In the dark night, and within the green vine forest, Klein closed his eyes as he listened to that musical movement that was emitted from the sky.

He felt calm in both body and mind, but he felt a faint sense of depression and sadness grow, emanate, and resonate.

After an unknown period of time, the soothing melody finally disappeared as the hanging pea vines gently swayed in the night wind.

Klein sighed silently as he opened his eyes and looked up. He saw that Queen Mystic Bernadette had handed over the orifice-filled human skull back to the "servant" that was half-man, half-wind.

"It's done." Bernadette's gentle and calm voice sounded.

"Thank you for your help." Klein bowed once again as he controlled Wraith Senor to return to his side.

At this moment, the pea vines retracted upwards and slowly turned faint. Soon, the green forest vanished.

Klein and Senor simultaneously landed at the entrance to the bridge. There was no one around this silent area, apart from a platoon of soldiers whose backs were facing him. There was nothing different from before.

The fairytale-like scene from before was like an illusion.

Only then did Klein have the time to observe his marionette. He discovered that his marionette appeared more like a dead man than before. His face was pale and his aura cold. He gave off an obvious sense of gloom.

This is likely the result of a single high-dosage of contamination… If it's just guarding Chanis Gate for one to two times a week, with each duty happening during the day, it wouldn't be this serious. It's impossible that two months is the limit… If that's the case, even if it's the church of an orthodox deity, it won't be able to afford such losses… I expect a normal Keeper to live for several years, or even more than ten years. However, it's easy to mutate midway and lose control… Sigh, they likely already know of the outcome when they chose to become Keepers… Klein felt poignant as he made Senor project himself onto the gold coin inside the iron cigar case.

Following that, he used Traveling to head out to sea. After selecting food for Creeping Hunger, he returned to his master bedroom's bathroom in 160 Böklund Street.

…

5th June. Sunday. Inside the Hall family castle.

Audrey was sitting in front of a study desk as she admired the sight of the mystical item she had just acquired.

Its outer appearance was that of a black fishnet glove that reached the elbow. It appeared to be a product of the royal family that came with a sense of magnificence and elegance.

This was the item the Artisan had made after some time, using the Mentor of Confusion Beyonder characteristic she had obtained from The World Gehrman Sparrow.

Audrey had previously asked her father, Earl Hall, and obtained the answer: "You can buy it and use it for yourself. Having such filial thoughts is already good enough." Hence, she specially instructed Mr. Hanged Man to

get the Artisan to make it into an item that could be carried around by a lady.

This also made her suspect if her father had better mystical items, or if the Church of the Goddess provided him rather high-level protection.

Based on The Hanged Man's description, this fishnet glove gave the wearer several Beyonder powers.

One of them was the enhancement of one's dignity and body, making surrounding beings lower their own standing to submit themselves without realizing it.

Another was Distort, the ability to distort a target's words, actions, and intent. It allowed one to formulate a certain order that provided them with an advantage.

The third was Bribe, which bribed them via a symbolic gesture. It allowed the target to feel a great sense of fondness, making it difficult to have any thoughts of animosity or even wish to fight the wearer. If the conditions were suitable, the person who received the "Bribe" had an extremely small chance of attacking their companions. Audrey heard from Mr. World that this was one type of "Bribe" Beyonder powers that was known as Bribe—Charm."

The last was to produce a "Chaos" effect on a target or surrounding area, making it difficult for attacks to land on the wearer, and making the enemy easily "choose" to make the wrong judgment.

Audrey was very satisfied with these effects. However, what vexed her was that the Artisan's level was lacking. The Sequence 5 mystical item he created had relatively serious negative side effects.

First, it would make the wearer's psyche slowly grow dark, making them often wish to take shortcuts, use schemes, or dishonorable methods to complete matters. Second, the wearer would enter a state of Chaos after

wearing it for more than three minutes. Audrey had tried it previously, and she had made a mistake without realizing it when she was bathing.

The normal procedure was to let her maidservant fill the bathtub with water and adjust the temperature before she took off her clothes, enter the bathtub, and then finish washing up. However, Audrey had first entered the bathtub, filled it with cold water, and waited until her clothes were wet before she remembered to take them off.

The only thing she was thankful about was that she had eventually controlled herself and hadn't called her lady's maid in to witness such an embarrassing matter.

This makes me feel like a curly-haired baboon! Audrey thought in embarrassment and anger.

She found the first negative effect acceptable because she was a Psychiatrist. She could often check on herself and eliminate her dark thoughts. Furthermore, she had Susie to provide her with help as an onlooker. However, the second negative effect was completely unacceptable.

The second negative effect is just too problematic. All I can do is bring it with me. I'll wear it at critical moments. Ah, right, I still have Lie. It will amplify my emotions, so combined with the glove, it will only worsen the darkness in my heart. The current me might not be able to withstand it… Audrey's green eyes darted around as she tried thinking of a solution.

At this moment, she heard knocking at the door.

Her maidservant, Annie, said from the outside, "Miss Audrey, the Lord wishes to talk to you about something."

Audrey left the black fishnet glove on the door as she stood up and came to the door to open it.

Earl Hall, who didn't wear a coat at home except for a shirt and matching vest, touched his beautiful beard and said with a chuckle, "Are you not ready? We'll be returning to Backlund in a while.

"Tomorrow night will be your 18th birthday party."

As he spoke, Earl Hall looked at Annie and company, indicating that they should retreat.

"Sigh, it's the annual socializing season again." Audrey nodded, feigning her maturity.

Earl Hall glanced at his daughter and asked with a laugh, "Have you thought of how you can make use of that item yet?"

Audrey pursed her lips into a smile.

"Of course.

"I plan on folding it up and putting it into a bag. Susie will carry it."

This way, as she didn't wear it or use it, Susie wouldn't find herself in any situations of chaos and confusion, and its dark psychological problems could be treated by Audrey with Placate. More importantly, without Lie's amplification, Susie, who was also a Psychiatrist, could also check on herself inwardly and regulate her mental state from time to time.

Earl Hall was taken aback as he praised with a surprised smile, "That's a smart solution."

Audrey felt smug, but she said in a reserved manner, "I plan on calling it the Hand of Horror."

"Dear Earl, thank you for the birthday present~"

In a few more days, I can concoct the potion and attempt an advancement! Audrey added inwardly in joy.

…

Sunday night. 160 Böklund Street.

Klein stood on his balcony as he peeped at the street through the gap in the curtains. He couldn't help but feel somewhat nervous.

If nothing unexpected happened, he planned on beginning his plan of stealing the Antigonus family's notebook in a while.

With Queen Mystic Bernadette's help, he had made his marionette enter a contaminated state. From his frequent visits to the cathedral for praying, bible studies, and donations, he had figured out the Keepers' duty roster. There was only one thing left that was necessary for the preparations of Klein's theft.

That was to secretly replace his target without anyone noticing it!

Based on Klein's understanding of the situation, the Keepers would head underground at daybreak. And it was during such times when the cathedral remained close. To directly infiltrate inside ran the risk of being discovered by a demigod like the diocese's archbishop. It could be said that there was no chance of success.

Therefore, Klein's plan was to infiltrate the cathedral one day earlier and patiently wait for an opportunity.

This undoubtedly needed a sufficient disguise, but this didn't stump a Faceless.

After a observing for some time, Klein discovered that the Church held a major Mass on Sunday night. This was because Sunday and the night were symbols for the Goddess.

And after the Mass ended, the servants would be busy clearing the trash and throwing them outside.

Klein's plan was to seize this opportunity to knock a servant unconscious and enter the cathedral while disguised as the servant before sleeping in the servants' quarters.

For this, he had even purchased a dosage that was able to let a person fall into a deep sleep for ten hours without causing any physical harm. He bought it from Emlyn for five pounds.

Phew… After a few minutes, Klein slowly exhaled as he drew the curtains. He walked back to his bedroom, took four steps counterclockwise, and went above the gray fog.

Sitting in The Fool's chair, he thought in silence for a minute before conjuring a pen and paper. He wrote the divination statement: "This theft of the Antigonus family's notebook will be dangerous."

After putting down the dark red fountain pen, Klein removed the spirit pendulum from his left wrist. Using his left hand to hold the chain, he let the topaz hang down over the paper in close proximity with it.

He entered Cogitation, closed his eyes, and silently chanted the divination statement. After repeating it seven times, he slowly opened his eyes and saw the spirit pendulum spinning clockwise with an ordinary amplitude and frequency.

There's danger, but it's within an acceptable range… Klein quickly made an interpretation.

In fact, he was a little worried if his divination was being interfered with, just like how the Mother Tree of Desire had done so. However, he had no way of verifying it, much less falsify the possibility.

Therefore, when the divination outcome, plans, and preparations satisfied the required conditions, Klein had made up his mind.

He looked at the hanging topaz that slowly came to a halt. In Chinese, he said in a heavy voice, "A strung bow is poised to strike."

Before he finished his sentence, Klein let his spirituality envelop himself as he simulated the feeling of falling, and he returned to the real world.

This time, he planned on only bringing three items with him—Creeping Hunger, Senor's gold coin, and Azik's copper whistle. The characteristic they had in common was that they could be stored inside an iron cigar case. He could use Paper Angel and a wall of spirituality to provide a double layer of screening.

As for the other items, there was a high chance that they couldn't pass through Chanis Gate, as they could easily trigger an anomaly at the core seal. Therefore, Klein had left the rest of his items, as well as his money, above the gray fog, prepared to immediately flee if anything went wrong.

It's just that the 3% Coim Company shares worth 12,800 pounds is tied to Dwayne Dantès's identity… Klein quickly reined in his thoughts, picked up a mirror, and placed it on the pillow.

Following that, he drew the mysterious symbol used for summoning Arrodes.

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CHAPTER 830
INFILTRATION

The mirror on Klein's pillow glowed with an aqueous luster as silver points of light gathered to form Loenese words:

"Exalted Great Master, your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, is constantly at your service!"

Klein stood beside the bed and looked at the mirror before calmly asking, "Where is the Antigonus family's notebook located behind Saint Samuel Cathedral's Chanis Gate?"

He wanted to confirm the location so that he could directly head for his target and complete his plan in the shortest time possible. Through this, he could avoid all kinds of accidents.

Silver text distorted and changed on the mirror's surface, forming a new line of text:

"It's a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact. It will be on the right in basement two. I can't see anything more specific."

Klein tersely acknowledged as he said, "It's your turn to ask."

Arrodes immediately dispersed the silver words and presented a new question:

"What other instructions do you have?"

If this were any other time, Klein definitely would've secretly tsked, but his high-strung mind made him nod.

"Just watch over my illusion like before to deal with any accidents."

"Alright, Master!" Arrodes didn't hesitate to give an answer as it hurriedly added, "I-I will hold back my instincts. I swear to you, the great ruler above the spirit world!"

Klein nodded gently, took two steps forward, and made the mirror look like Dwayne Dantès.

The image became clearer and bigger until it looked real.

After some slight adjustments, Klein made it lie in bed as though it was already sleeping.

At this moment, he saw Dwayne Dantès turned his head over and smile at him with a toady look. At the same time, he reached out his hands and pulled the blanket towards his head.

"…”

Without a word, Klein transformed into the cold and crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, as Creeping Hunger on his left hand turned transparent.

His body rapidly phased away as he Traveled to the other end of Phelps Street where Saint Samuel Cathedral was. Following that, he walked to the square filled with pigeons in the day, and he hid himself in a corner under the guise of the shadows.

A short while later, a batch of believers who had attended Mass came out of the cathedral. Before long, servants began leaving the cathedral with all sorts of miscellaneous items, walking to the trash bins in an alley. A number of people were dealing with the feces that was found at the spot where the carriages parked at.

At this moment, a servant's body suddenly trembled before he bowed his head. He seriously began cleaning the area, and he even proactively walked towards the square as though he wanted to clean the trash there. He slowly opened up a distance from the others until he came to a shadowy area.

When the other servants stopped placing their attention on him, a hand suddenly outlined itself and reached out of the void, grabbing him by the shoulder and causing his body to phase away into nothingness.

Klein had directly Traveled to a cheap two-bedroom condominium in East Borough. He had Teleported over a few days ago with another identity to rent it.

A Traveler's ability is really convenient. The only problem is that I need to have a pirate sacrifice his life every time… Klein lampooned to relieve his anxiety as he made the servant lie in bed. Then, he took out a long metal vial and threw it at him.

The servant caught it and pulled out the stopper before gulping down the soporific medicine in it. In a few seconds, he fell into a deep slumber as Senor surfaced to the side.

Klein observed the servant on the bed as his body suddenly softened like he had transformed into a slime monster.

However, he didn't collapse into a pool. After some swaying, he instantly shortened his height by fifteen centimeters as his skin darkened in color. His facial features moved, and soon, he had transformed into the servant.

And at this moment, Senor had already taken off the servant's clothes.

Without wasting any time, Klein quickly changed into those clothes and moved the items from the iron cigar case over.

Picking up the broom and surveying the area before confirming that there weren't any problems, he made Senor return to the gold coin before Klein

lowered his left arm and spread his fingers. He watched as Creeping Hunger produced an indescribable transparency effect.

After teleporting back to the shadowy corner, Klein bent his back and began cleaning the area seriously. Step by step, he approached the busy servants but maintained a distance from them to prevent anyone from chatting with him which would increase his chances of being exposed.

After about thirty minutes, the servants gathered together and entered Saint Samuel Cathedral and turned into a side door.

At a distance away from the priests, a servant stretched his arms and said, "How tiring."

Klein pretended to look uninterested in the conversation due to his fatigue as he tersely nodded without participating in the conversation.

Soon, they returned to the servants' quarters. It comprised of two rather big rooms, with many bunk beds inside. Beside each bed was a wardrobe and chest.

Klein was immediately at a loss. He didn't know whether to head left or right.

Thankfully, he was a Seer. He could solely rely on his spiritual intuition on matters that didn't involve Beyonders or mysterious domains. Furthermore, he was still holding onto a broom. Hence, he pretended to have his hand slip and secretly did a Dowsing Rod Seeking. He received a revelation that he should head right.

When he entered the room on the right, Klein deliberately slowed down a little, observing the actions of the other servants. Then, he mimicked them by placing the broom in the region behind the door. Then, he went outside to the common bathroom to wash his face, rinse his mouth, and wash his feet.

After he completed all of this in a slow manner, the bed that belonged to him revealed itself—the bed that wasn't occupied.

Lying in bed, Klein finally felt relieved as he secretly sighed in relief.

The servants were all exhausted and before long, they fell asleep, producing a symphony of snores.

Klein maintained his consciousness and very slowly removed Creeping Hunger. Folding it up into a tiny shape, he stuffed it inside the iron cigar case, putting it together with Azik's copper whistle and Senor's gold coin.

Seconds turned to minutes as he found it impossible to sleep due to anxiety. All he could do was rely on Cogitation to force himself to sleep for a few hours.

He woke up at a specific time and released Senor.

This marionette's cold aura rapidly melded with the surroundings as the Spirit Body Threads collapsed inwardly, gradually turning black without any origins.

It can still be controlled… Klein nodded indiscernibly and made the Wraith use the stained glass windows high above and the bright stone floor tiles to arrive at the staircase that led to the Keepers above.

He believed that if Senor hadn't been contaminated ahead of time, making Chanis Gate's core seal think of it as one of its own, it definitely would've reacted and cleansed it.

How could a Wraith have the ability to move freely in an orthodox Church's cathedral!

And due to the "tacit approval" from the core seal and the disruption from the Paper Angel, the demigod-level archbishop that lived somewhere in the cathedral wasn't alerted!

Under Klein's control, and using the sensations from the contamination, the invisible Senor slowly walked to the second floor before turning left and finding the residence of the Keepers.

It's Monday tomorrow… This week's Monday shift is likely done by the Keeper I met first… Klein had long figured out the roster, so he made the dark-red coated Wraith stealthily pass through the wooden door and float into different rooms to identify the target.

As there were only a few people inside, he quickly found the pale elder with loose facial skin, sparse hair, and a big nose

Senor immediately took out a sedative vial and placed it to the side. Then, before the Keeper sensed anything, it possessed him!

The Keeper, who was in deep sleep, lost control over his body before he could even wake up to resist. All he could do was open his grayish-blue eyes and watch himself slowly pick up the vial and pull off the stopper. Then, he downed the liquid inside.

His body convulsed abnormally as his organs seemed to be engaged in a violent struggle. After a full minute, he slowly went limp and closed his eyes again, entering a dreamless sleep.

After doing all of this, Senor left the body of the Keeper and used all kinds of mirror surfaces to leap back to the servants' quarters before entering Klein's body.

Klein immediately emitted a cold, dead, and distant aura. Even showing an expression appeared to be difficult.

He slowly got out of bed and silently left the servants' quarters. In the shadows and murals that weren't illuminated by the moonlight, he walked to the second floor and entered the target's room.

Standing by the bedside, Klein, whilst in the appearance of a servant, slowly grew taller as his hair turned gray and sparse while his nose enlarged significantly.

In just a few seconds, he looked identical to the Keeper who just drank the sedative. Even his aura was identical.

Changing into the black clergyman's coat that was placed to the side, Klein moved the Keeper's and servant's clothes underneath the bed and laid down as he kept note of the time.

At half-past five, he woke up ahead of time, finishing the white bread he had prepared the night before and drank a cup of water. He then looked quietly out the window.

Just as day broke, Klein maintained his deadpan state and walked out the door. He went to the first floor, and following the path he had previously verified, he took a left turn.

After walking for a moment, he wasn't surprised to see a priest.

This was his experience as a former Nighthawk; therefore, Klein wasn't too worried that he couldn't find the path.

The priest stood outside a secret door that led underground. As he raised his right hand, he tapped four times clockwise on his chest and said, "May the Goddess bless you."

"Praise the Lady," Klein replied hoarsely and similarly drew a crimson moon.

He didn't stay any longer and walked past the priest. Under the lamps that lined the walls, he walked down the staircase and arrived at the crossroads.

Based on his understanding of his environment, Klein believed that turning right would leave the cathedral, and it would likely lead to the disguised

security company or other organization belonging to the Nighthawks. Therefore, he didn't hesitate to turn left.

At that moment, he saw a man wearing a Red Glove walk over.

The casually dressed man had black hair and green eyes with handsome looks. He was none other than Leonard Mitchell.

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CHAPTER 831
JUST INCHES AWAY

Upon seeing Leonard, Klein's back muscles instantly stiffened. His nerves tensed up like a fully-drawn bow that could snap at any moment.

He remembered very clearly that Leonard had a Marauder pathway angel, Pallez Zoroast, parasitizing him. "He" could sense the uniqueness about his body and, from that, see through his disguise.

If that Grandpa were to inform Leonard of the problem with the Keeper in front of him, that would be troublesome. I'll just have to hope that my dear poet is afraid that his secret will be exposed and that he would feign ignorance… Back in Tingen, although he often said that everyone has their secrets and that there's no need to worry about it, that's all regarding matters pertaining to the Church. Who knows if he suddenly feels the need to uphold justice and decides to be loyal and take the risk to expose me. After all, this matter is very similar with Ince Zangwill's… At that moment, Klein's forehead nearly broke out into a sweat.

To be frank, he never expected to encounter Leonard while heading to Chanis Gate because he was a Red Glove and not an ordinary Nighthawk. There was no need for him to be on duty, so there wasn't a need for him to be here at that moment in time.

However, Klein immediately thought of a crucial point.

The one who could detect his uniqueness was Pallez Zoroast and not Leonard Mitchell. The former's attitude was more important!

The Grandpa knows that I know of "His" existence. Once "He" exposes my disguise and pushes me into a corner, "He" has to be prepared to be exposed by me. When the time comes, we will definitely be trading blows with each other, benefiting no one. And for an angel from the Marauder pathway who doesn't believe in the Goddess, there's no need for that… If I were "Him," I would pretend that nothing had happened. I wouldn't even remind Leonard Mitchell, leaving my safety to be decided by my host… As he quickly cleared his train of thought, Klein composed himself and walked over towards the red-gloved Leonard Mitchell.

Leonard indifferently looked at the Keeper with grizzled sparse hair. He couldn't help but raise his right hand to cover his mouth and yawn.

He has nothing better to do because he doesn't sleep at night, so he'd gone to the duty room to play cards with the person on duty? What a perfect Sleepless… Klein roughly understood the reason for the Red Glove poet appearing.

He recalled the reactions of the Keepers when they met Nighthawks in Tingen. He silently nodded his head at Leonard and drew a moon with his right index and middle finger, tapping his chest four times in a clockwise manner.

Leonard used the same action in response as he passed by the Keeper without noticing anything.

Klein silently exhaled as he maintained his usual pace and gait until he reached his destination.

The iron-black double door was heavy and cold. Engraved on it were seven Sacred Emblems appearing as though nothing could stir it.

Klein turned his body to the side and took two steps to the side. He knocked on the Keeper's door, and under the gaze of the Nighthawk on duty, he opened Chanis Gate.

The darkness deep inside immediately surged out. Even though there were silver candles with engraved patterns burning silently inside, they were unable to disperse such a feeling. And the ghostly-blue flame accentuated the deathly silence.

Meanwhile, Klein felt that something invisible in the darkness was grazing past his skin and entering deep into his body. It passed through the boundary of reality and illusions, connecting to Wraith Senor.

Suddenly, without even activating his Spirit Vision, he saw black threads covering the area behind Chanis Gate. They were gently swaying, either bundled or extended out as though a lady was spreading out her hair, or some monster was flailing its tentacles.

Klein walked forward with a deadpan expression. After entering the sealed land, he turned around and closed Chanis Gate.

At that moment, all the sounds outside were completely cut off. The silence inside was like a kingdom of the dead. It made him imagine and feel fear. Klein was reminded of himself occasionally watching the darkness in bed with his eyes open. He didn't dare to sleep even though he hadn't heard any ghost stories.

It's no wonder the Goddess has the title of Empress of Horror… Klein cast his gaze to the side and raised the lantern in the corner, lighting it with great familiarity.

Dim yellow light immediately poured out before being tainted with a ghostly blue.

Klein, who was wearing a black clergyman's robe, wasn't in a rush to head for basement two to search for the Antigonus family's notebook. Instead, he stayed behind the gate and patiently waited.

He was doing so in the event that the Nighthawks were in urgent need of something but could only wait until daybreak since they were unable to

retrieve them at night.

Based on his experience, Keepers were most easily disturbed in the first five minutes of them entering Chanis Gate. As long as he survived that period, and as long as there weren't any additional accidents, the normal retrieval process of materials would happen after eight. That was the standard working hours of the Nighthawks and civilian staff.

In other words, once Klein lasted the first five minutes, he wouldn't be disturbed by the Nighthawks for the next two hours. Of course, he didn't have that much time for his operation. The Church of Evernight opened at eight, and the servants would wake up an hour or an hour and a half ahead of time to get down to work. After half-past six, the other servants could realize that one of them was missing!

Time ticked by as Klein's heartbeat couldn't help but speed up. He found the five minutes excruciating.

Finally, his countdown finally ended as he cast his gaze towards the stone stairs in the darkness. it was the passage that led to the second floor.

At that moment in time, there was no one in here that could restrict him!

At this stage, Klein believed that he had overcome 70% of the difficulties. The remaining 30% consisted of how he would leave after obtaining the notebook.

Of course, there was always a certain chance for all kinds of accidents to happen. Klein didn't wish to be careless as he raised a lantern and walked to the stone staircase.

To other Beyonders, the first level behind Chanis Gate was actually a lot more attractive than the Sealed Artifacts. There were all kinds of Beyonder ingredients, potion formulas, and secret knowledge here. There were even captured heretics that had been apprehended, as well as unaffiliated

Beyonders. Be it trying to be rich, to advance, or to rescue their companions, an infiltrator just needed to search around this level.

However, Klein needed to head deeper inside where the dangerous items were sealed.

Passing through a few tightly locked stone chambers, he clearly sensed people inside. However, they weren't making a fuss or roaring, nor were they pleading for mercy or shouting for help. They were silently lying there or sitting there. Their auras had already turned cold.

The lantern's light flickered as it illuminated the staircase that led down. Klein focused again and steadily walked deeper underground.

He didn't run, afraid that he would trigger a negative reaction from the core seal.

As it became darker, the ghostly-blue flames from the elegant candle stands on the two ends had weakened; they appeared as though they were about to be extinguished at any moment. And at that moment, the pure darkness might bring about unimaginable horrific changes. Klein repressed his instinctive fear as he finally walked down the stairs and came to basement two.

With a Wraith's night vision, Klein discovered that there were strange walls made of steel, bricks, mud, and silver. They were sectioned off into different regions, with certain spots open and other rooms tightly shut. All of them had a Sealed Artifact.

With the lantern in hand, he turned left as the scene before Klein's eyes lit up. He saw a burning flame and a glowing-red and black anthracite and charcoal.

The region was in a half-open state. Inside was a bathtub-like object made of steel. The area beneath it was dug open and was stuffed with anthracite, charcoal, and other flammable objects.

They kept burning, making the steel bathtub produce bubbling sounds, letting the steam emanate out, condensing on the ceiling and dripping down like rain.

An artifact that needs to be soaked in hot water for the seal… And the Keepers need to periodically add anthracite and charcoal to prevent the fire from extinguishing… Hmm, if there's a Sealed Artifact that can constantly emit high temperatures, they can be placed together, making the seal easy… Klein glanced at the steel bathtub. Hoping that no accident spoiled his plans, he approached it and used a tool to add some anthracite into the fire pit.

When he looked up, he noticed something through the corner of his eye. Immersed under the hot water in the bathtub was a silver metallic object.

Together, they seemed to form a heavy full-body armor. And a part of it had unremovable dark red blood stains and splattered red spots.

1-42… An ancient god's blood… So now it's permanently stored in the Backlund diocese… Klein had seen this Sealed Artifact before as the corresponding information surfaced in his mind.

Just as he was about to retract his gaze, he saw the spartan silver helmet.

The helmet's visor had been pulled down, making its interior appear dark. At that instant, Klein felt that a gaze was penetrating it and casting itself on him.

He trembled as he hurriedly took two steps back, his heartbeat racing erratically.

Not daring to observe it any further, Klein composed himself and cast his gaze forward as he steadily walked forward and left the area.

After passing through a few sealed areas, his spiritual perception was triggered. He felt that something on the right was summoning him.

Furthermore, it was producing the beating sounds of an expanding and contracting heart!

Indeed, the Antigonus family's notebook has been waiting for me all this time… Klein silently confirmed his earlier theory, and following the illusory summoning, he changed direction and approached it.

In just two or three minutes, he saw a room with an ajar stone door. It was dark inside without any source of light.

With the lantern's illumination, an empty bookshelf formed from white bone appeared in Klein's eyes. On it was an ancient notebook in a black hardcover.

It was the Antigonus family's notebook!

"Hornacis… Flegrea… Hornacis… Flegrea…” Illusory voices drilled into Klein's ears as he confirmed his target!

Things happened very smoothly, but Klein didn't dare to be careless or rash. He carefully entered the room as he slowly approached, afraid that the mechanism that sealed the Antigonus family's notebook would inflict harm to him.

Hence, when he closed in, a hand in a dark red sleeve suddenly reached out from his abdomen!

It was Wraith Senor's hand.

One of the principles of a Marionettist: Use as a marionette as much as possible in situations that a marionette could be used. If anything were to happen, the marionette would bear the brunt!

At this moment, there was a slam from the direction of the door as though someone had walked in.

Klein's pupils dilated as he lunged for the bone shelf without any thought, making the marionette's hand by his abdomen grab the Antigonus family's notebook. At the same time, his right hand reached into his clothes and opened the iron cigar case and wore Creeping Hunger. He was attempting to teleport directly outside before the core seal reacted!

During this process, a scene of the door naturally appeared in his mind.

A figure wearing a hooded classical robe was standing there. The figure had a pretty face that wore a lifeless expression. The deep black eyes lacked any spirituality!

That high-ranking member of the Church that directly wiped Mr. A out of existence and ended the Great Smog of Backlund? Why would she be hiding underground? That's not logical! Just as a sense of horror emerged in Klein's heart, he instinctively lowered his head to look at his body.

His body was rapidly being wiped away like an eraser erasing a pencil drawing. Before he could touch the Antigonus family's notebook, he had completely vanished.

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CHAPTER 832
TOWN

Before his brain "short-circuited," Klein only had time for two thoughts:

How powerful. There's no way to resist…

I wonder if I can be revived from such a death…

As his thoughts resonated, Klein's vision turned pitch-black. He lost all his senses as he entered a dreamless slumber.

After an unknown period of time, the silent darkness suddenly stirred. He vaguely felt a sense of grogginess as he felt a cold wind blow at him.

As his thoughts thawed bit by bit, Klein slowly opened his eyes and saw fog everywhere above him. The crimson moon was hidden in it, occasionally showing itself.

Did I just resurrect again? Or have I entered the Underworld? Even if it's the latter, that's not too problematic. I might even be able to get the skeleton messenger to contact Mr. Azik. However, I'll have to become an undead creature or spirit world creature… Klein's mind was still a little heavy, as though someone had injected glue into his brain, preventing him from expanding on his thoughts.

Slowly, he sensed his body and heard his heart beating.

His mind quickly turned lucid as he believed that the possibility of him resurrecting was higher. Perhaps, he had been thrown out into the wilderness.

Pa!

Klein's joints produced a crack as he jumped to his feet. Without checking his physical condition, he first observed his surroundings and confirmed the type of environment he was in.

The first thing he saw was a fog that permeated the area and the dark and stillness of the night. And closeby was a tiny town.

The most striking building in the town was an extremely ancient spired cathedral. It was completely black in color. There wasn't a bell tower, and at the top of it were pitch-black ravens spiraling around it.

Around the cathedral were many buildings. They were normal two-story residences and simple wooden huts. There were bread shops with hanging signboards and grayish-white mills using waterwheels for power. However, there wasn't a single pedestrian. They seemed to be asleep in the quietness of the night.

As a Seer, Klein instantly found the town very familiar, as though he had seen it somewhere in the past!

After a brief recall, he remembered what it represented.

This was the source of danger of the nighttime in the ruins of the battle of gods!

After entering the easternmost region of the Sonia Sea, if one didn't sleep and enter a dream world when night fell, it would be discovered that the person would have gone missing once it was daytime. Klein had once been jolted awake in a dream with the Saint of Darkness, and he saw in the distance a place which was enshrouded in the tranquility of the night. There was a mysterious and bizarre foggy town!

He even suspected that all the living beings that vanished at night in the ruins had entered the town.

Now, he was there himself. He was less than a hundred meters from the foggy town!

It's related to the night… The target vanishes like it was erased… The power of that high-ranking member of the Church doesn't directly kill her enemies, and she instead sends them here? Do the living beings that vanish at night in the ruins also encounter such situations? But it's said that there's no way to obtain their whereabouts via divination. The only interpretation they can conclude is that they might still be alive… of course, it's also possible that I can be resurrected; thus, appearing here… Amidst his thoughts, Klein retracted his gaze and used his ability as a Clown to observe his physical condition.

He had already changed back into Klein Moretti, but he was still wearing the Keeper's black clergyman robe. He didn't have any signs of an injury on him.

Filled with experience, Klein quickly calmed down. His right hand reached into his pocket and opened the iron cigar case. He took out the folded human-skinned glove and wore it on his left hand.

After confirming that Creeping Hunger could still be used, Klein lifted Azik's copper whistle and blew into it.

However, the skeleton messenger didn't appear in the Spirit Vision he quickly activated.

Klein wasn't too surprised with such an outcome. Instead, he found it normal. After all, the people who had vanished on the eastern front of the Sonia Sea had yet to be found. After all, over the years, there was likely no lack of Beyonders here who could summon messengers, such as the members of the Numinous Episcopate.

This place is directly isolated from the spirit world? From the looks of it, Traveling can't be used… As expected of a high-ranking member the Church sent to deal with the Great Smog of Backlund. She "sends" her

targets here as a form of eternal exile or imprisonment. It's impossible to use ordinary or simple means to contact the outside world. To escape from this place, even saints will find it difficult… Klein didn't lose himself to anxiety as he still felt confident.

He placed Azik's copper whistle back into the iron cigar case and prepared to take four steps counterclockwise.

He wanted to head above the gray fog to escape the "imprisonment" of the fog town!

"Blessings Stem From The Immortal Lord of Heaven and Earth…

"Blessings Stem From The Sky Lord of Heaven and Earth…

"Blessings Stem From The Exalted Thearch of Heaven and Earth…

"Blessings Stem From The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth…”

With one sentence per step, Klein rapidly completed the ritual.

However, he didn't hear the familiar, frenzied ravings. Nor did he see the endless emanating grayish-white fog.

This… Klein's pupils constricted as he fell into a momentarily daze.

This place was isolated from the mysterious space above the gray fog!

This made his greatest trump card unusable!

Klein had relied on the area above the gray fog to escape danger many times in the past. But this time, this solution was ineffective.

This was the first time he was encountering such a situation.

Man, it feels as though my cheat has been blocked… Klein lampooned to relax his tense emotions.

Based on his knowledge of mysticism, he suspected that the foggy town was likely related to a true deity because this was the only explanation as to why he couldn't head above the gray fog.

This place has close ties to the night. I was "sent" here after encountering a high-ranking member… Could it be a "prison" that the Goddess created herself? But, "She" is the Mother of Concealment. Perhaps she can directly make people or items enter a "concealed" state, making people in the real world never able to find them again… Klein seriously contemplated and decisively decided to explore the foggy town. This was because the method to leave this place was most likely to be there.

At this point, he was no longer worried about not being able to convene the Tarot Club.

Of course, there was no need for him to worry about it for now. He had canceled the coming Tarot Gathering ahead of time because the operation of stealing the Antigonus family's notebook was fraught with danger and variables. Klein suspected that he might end up dead and be unable able to resurrect in time. Therefore, he used a reasonable excuse to get everyone to make additional preparations for a week.

After making up his mind, Klein immediately got the Wraith inside him to float beside him.

The marionette's condition was already in a terrible state. The dead and cold aura was something substantial, making his control of the Spirit Body Threads somewhat rough.

Thankfully, I can still use him for a few more days… Also, Mr. A was erased by that high-ranking Church member. He might be living nearby. I have to be careful about this person who's equivalent to a lunatic… Klein

transformed into Gehrman Sparrow as he made Senor walk ahead and enter the foggy town.

Following the Marionettist principle he had concluded, he stood in the back with a distance of at least 110 meters between them.

Over time, his digestion had increased his control over his marionette to 120 meters. There was also a reduction in the time needed to gain initial control of Spirit Body Threads and completely change someone into a marionette. Faced with an enemy whose Spirit Body was equally strong, the former took 16 seconds, and the latter took four minutes.

In the silent foggy world, Senor, in his dark red coat and old triangular hat, didn't take long to enter the bizarre and mysterious town.

Many of the building doors were still open as though they were welcoming guests from afar. With his marionette's vision, Klein saw that there was a half-chewed loaf of white bread on the table. There were wine glasses for red wine and messy silver cutlery…

It looked like someone had been enjoying dinner, but there was no one present. The owners of these different houses seemed to have suddenly vanished into thin air.

Vanished… This term suddenly surfaced in Klein's mind as he hurriedly made Senor cast his gaze towards the grayish-white mill.

Inside the mill, the wind-powered mill was rotating silently, but other than the floor that was scattered with flour, no flour came out again.

This scene feels familiar. I seem to have heard of it before… Klein frowned bit by bit. As he relied on his marionette, he continued surveying his environment while carefully recalling the similar situation.

Just as he was considering using dream divination to question his spirituality, he found the corresponding answer.

A similar scene had appeared in the ancient ruins that appeared at the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range!

Based on the literature, the buildings there had every arrangement and decoration well-preserved. Even the wall murals didn't have any signs of damage. The table was arranged with cutlery, and there were dried stains of rot on the dining plates… In some rooms, there were half-filled bottles of alcohol that had almost turned into plain water…

The discoverer mentioned that when he first discovered the remains, he even had the belief that the people residing there had just vanished all of a sudden!

There's some relation between this foggy town and the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range? No way, after trying to avoid it, I ended up coming to it? Klein's facial features twitched involuntarily. For a moment, he couldn't believe what was on his mind.

Of course, the scene was just similar and wasn't enough to make him come up with such a conclusion.

After taking a deep breath and slowly exhaling, Klein forced himself to calm down. He controlled Wraith Senor and made him venture deeper into the foggy town.

At that moment, he heard light footsteps.

Klein's heart tensed up as he hurriedly hid inside the mill and made his marionette stop.

In just a few seconds, Wraith Senor saw a woman walk out from a nearby alley.

She wore a pure white robe, and her hair was pulled back, revealing her long, white neck. She looked extremely beautiful.

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CHAPTER 833
THINGS TO TAKE NOTE OF

Inside the dark, foggy town, the woman who walked out of the alley seemed to be out of place with her surroundings. She was pure, stately, and untainted. She was so gorgeous that it lit up the eyes of anyone whose gaze landed on her.

As for her pure, simple robe and her loosely pulled back hair, they added to her bearing and languidness.

That gorgeous woman also noticed Senor. Her expression froze for a moment before she smiled. using a sweet voice, she said, "Senor…

"When did you become a marionette? If not for the powers of Evernight contaminating you this badly, I wouldn't have recognized you."

Although she looked like she was talking to Senor, she was actually conversing with the controller through the marionette.

Sigh, this kind of dead and cold aura can't be hidden at all. I can't fool Beyonders of higher Sequences… I was still hoping that I could hide somewhere inconspicuous and use Admiral of Blood Senor to make contact with her so as to maximize my own safety… This place screens away the power of the gray fog, so if I were to die, I likely won't be able to resurrect… Klein hid inside the grayish-white mill and made his marionette speak hoarsely, "If you could leave, you'd easily find out that I've been serving my master more than a month ago."

He used Admiral of Blood's tone and experiences to answer as though he was still alive.

This was the acting principle of a Marionettist, to let each marionette have their unique identity and setting!

Meanwhile, Klein also buried a keyword "leave," in preparation to broach the topic of leaving.

In this bizarre and mysterious town, he didn't have thoughts of instantly killing any Demoness that he saw. Ignoring the question of there being any good Demonesses and whether he was equipped with the strength to do so, just the fact that they were trapped in here had made it imperative that he communicated with her for intelligence to seek a way to get out. This was enough to make him choose peaceful coexistence for the time being.

The woman in a simple white robe chuckled and said, "Not forgetting to constantly act. From the looks of it, you will quickly digest the Marionettist potion.

"A member of the Secret Order?"

She's very familiar with the Seer pathway… Hmm, the Demoness Sect was a secret organization that was active in the Fourth Epoch. Even if they didn't have close ties with the Zaratul or Antigonus families, they should be quite familiar with each other. It's very normal to understand the Seer pathway. Of course, the premise to that is that this lady is a Demoness… Klein's heart stirred as he deliberately asked, "Aren't there other possibilities?"

He tried to sound her out to see if other organizations might wield control over the Seer pathway.

The beautiful and pure lady walked forward and leaned towards Admiral of Blood Senor as she said with a smile, "It doesn't matter which organization you belong to. We have been exiled here, and it's practically eternal imprisonment. The past no longer matters; what matters is the future—whether we can cooperate to find a way of leaving."

I failed to sound her out… Klein made the Wraith reply, "That's exactly what I was thinking.

"How may I address you?"

As the lady approached Senor, Klein caught a whiff of a refreshing fragrance with his marionette's sense of smell. Due to her words, he suddenly had a baffling thought to help each other in such a perilous situation while abandoning all morals, to help warm up each other's souls with their bodies.

She's like a Demoness… Hmm, her voice sounds more familiar the more I listen to her. But why can't I put my thumb on it. What a pity, there's no way to use dream divination in such a situation. She will be able to seize the opportunity while I'm unconscious, and it's hard to predict what will happen… Klein frowned slightly.

This beautiful woman with a tinge of languidness raised her hand to stroke her hair, accentuating her petite ear.

"Panatiya.

"What about you?"

Klein had originally planned on randomly choosing a disguise, such as the Aurora Order's Mr. X or Death Announcer's second mate, Kircheis. After all, he could use Creeping Hunger to simulate their powers, but he ultimately gave up the disguise and directly said, "Gehrman Sparrow."

He didn't know when this suspected Demoness had entered the foggy town, so he was unable to eliminate the possibility that she knew about Admiral of Blood's disappearance.

Panatiya nodded and asked, "How did you get in?"

Klein didn't keep the truth from her as he said with the marionette's mouth, "I encountered an unknown lady.

"She wore a hood, and her eyes were like the night, but it lacked any spirituality."

Panatiya fell silent for two seconds before saying, "So it's her. Heh…”

She didn't continue in detail as she said with a smile, "What did you actually do? You actually managed to get the Church of Evernight to send 'Her' to deal with you?"

Panatiya had changed the pronoun she used.

"Her"? That lady is an angel? An ascetic from the Church? Panatiya seems to know much about "Her”…Klein's thoughts whirred as he said vaguely, "I infiltrated Saint Samuel Cathedral and attempted to steal a Sealed Artifact, but in the end…”

He didn't go into the details, because he had no idea how he encountered the lady.

Klein believed that as an angel, it was impossible for the lady to keep living behind Saint Samuel Cathedral's Chanis Gate. There was nothing in there that required an important figure like "Her" to keep watch on the entire time!

"Is that so… So 'She' is indeed in the basement of Samuel Cathedral." Panatiya seemed to confirm something.

In secret organizations, the word "saint" is not used when talking about Saint Samuel Cathedral… I should take note of this detail in the future… Klein ruminated over her choice of words.

Panatiya didn't continue on the topic as she said with a smile, "Alright, let's not bother with the past. Just as I said, what's important is the future and

how we can escape."

Klein used this opportunity to make Senor ask, "What do you know about this place?"

Panatiya glanced at the spired cathedral in the middle of the town and said, "This place isn't the real or spirit world, nor is it the astral world. It's in some kind of secret, hidden state.

"I've explored most of this area, including the area outside the town. I didn't manage to find any clues. All that's left is that cathedral. Perhaps all the secrets are hidden inside.

"Why don't you explore the cathedral?" Klein asked with his marionette's mouth.

Panatiya yanked her pure white robe. On it were signs of wear and tear.

"My intuition tells me that there's extreme danger inside."

Upon saying that, she switched topics.

"And now, there's a solution. Your marionette can help us scout. Even if it's lost, it wouldn't deal you any harm.

"Don't worry. As long as we gain an understanding of the situation inside, I'll find a chance to give you a better marionette. After all, it doesn't look like it can last long."

There's nothing unreasonable about that, but I don't trust you. After all, you are most likely a Demoness… Klein didn't agree or object to it as he took the opportunity to get Senor to ask, "Are there any things to take note of while in here?"

Panatiya pursed her lips and said, "Due to various reasons, a sizable number of people end up here, but they have all vanished."

All vanished? Klein's heart palpitated as he asked, "What happened?"

Panatiya sighed and said, "There are things I'm not sure about. Some entered those buildings and ate some of the food inside. Then, they vanished—instantly.

"And this time, the results of divination indicate that they've lost their lives and are undergoing eternal sleep."

There will be erasure and vanishing events in this foggy town? Furthermore, they will no longer exist… Klein was horrified before he thought of another matter. He nearly blurted it out.

Won't you feel hungry?

Afraid that it would result in an anomaly, he forcefully held his tongue and made Senor ask her indirectly, "How long have you been in here?"

As though sighing and laughing, Panatiya said, "Perhaps it's been half a year.

"I've witnessed many people cannibalize others for sustenance. Thankfully, I don't need much and can live very long with a bit of food. And on a human's body, there is food that won't damage the body too significantly."

As she spoke, she raised her hand and pointed at the crimson moon hanging behind the fog.

"Another thing to take note of is that once the crimson moon turns clear, there will be changes here. It will become extremely dangerous.

"I've been severely injured as a result."

As she said that, she turned to point at a tear in her pure white robe.

Klein subconsciously made Senor cast his gaze over, and he saw that at her collarbone underneath the tear, there was a deep wound that exposed her bone amidst fair, supple skin.

At this moment, the skin transformed, producing dense patterns of mystery and colors of darkness and evil!

Klein's mind seemed to explode as ravings and cries resounded in it.

Meanwhile, his breathing became difficult as his body rapidly weakened. He couldn't help but collapse backward as he broke into a coughing fit.

Then, he saw the pure white robe and the two long female legs—Panatiya.

This lady had already entered the grayish-white mill, and as she watched the struggling Gehrman Sparrow, she cracked the corners of her lips and revealed blood-colored tendrils in the gaps between her neat, white teeth. She softly said, "Got you…”

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CHAPTER 834
GOOD LUCK

"Got you…”

Invisible threads emanated over as Panatiya said that. They quickly wrapped around Gehrman Sparrow as though she was binding him into a cocoon.

At this moment, the figure in a black clergyman robe suddenly turned thin, transforming into a paper figurine covered in metal rust.

Klein's figure appeared outside the grayish-white mill as he ran frantically towards the depths of the town.

He was a person who had seen the Eternal Blazing Sun's true body and lived. He had a certain level of resistance towards a Spirit Body impact and the inclination of a loss of control brought about by a Mythical Creature form; furthermore, Panatiya wasn't a complete Mythical Creature. Therefore, even without the gray fog's help, Klein was able to recover from the racking headache. As he suppressed his body's mutation, he sensed that he had been inflicted with ailments. While collapsing, he used his violent coughing as a cover for him to use Paper Figurine Substitutes!

Paper figurines weren't mystical items, nor did they have any spirituality. Hence, Klein wasn't afraid that it would trigger a reaction from the core seal behind Chanis Gate. Hence, he had brought quite a number with him.

As Klein ran forward, his rubbed his right thumb and middle finger and lit up the flour piled inside the mill!

Boom!

The flour burst into flames as the mill was sent flying. The windmill outside collapsed to the ground as Panatiya's figure crumbled bit by bit in the intense blast and scarlet flames as though she was a mirror.

Almost at the same moment, her white-robed figure appeared behind Klein. Her loose, pulled back hair instantly flared up and wildly extended in Klein's direction.

Pa!

As Klein snapped his fingers to ignite a tree leaf beside him, he controlled Senor to use Mirror Leap to appear in a window on a two-storied residence beside Panatiya. Then, he attempted to make the terrifying woman's eyes reflect Senor's figure to complete the Wraith possession.

Scarlet flames suddenly leaped up and enveloped Klein's body, making him vanish from where he was as he appeared in a flame tens of meters away. As for Panatiya's gemlike eyes, they seemed to hide mirrors that reflected figures wearing an old triangular hat and dark red coat. They overlapped one another and descended into chaos.

Klein didn't hesitate to let Senor leave the window, transforming into a Werewolf state to charge the Demoness.

Yes, Klein had already determined that Panatiya was a Demoness, and she was a Demoness at the demigod level!

The strands of black hair, as well as the invisible transparent threads, flared up, forming a ludicrous spiderweb that enveloped Senor whose body was covered with thick, short hair.

However, just as they made contact, Admiral of Blood's figure instantly phased away, causing the black hair and illusory Demoness threads to pass

through it. Without being able to touch him, it was obviously unable to bind him.

He had taken his Wraith form!

"Humph! Panatiya's expression didn't change at all. All she did was produce a harrumph.

Suddenly, the thick hair strands and illusory threads that made contact with Senor burst into dark and silent black flames. They used spirituality as fuel, turning the Wraith into a torch!

Pa! Pa! Pa! Senor turned back into a Werewolf from the burning as his limbs fell to the ground from the flame injuries.

With that, a Sequence 5 Wraith perished completely.

And at this moment, Klein had repeatedly snapped his fingers, jumping into different columns of fire and using his marionette's sacrifice to escape deeper into the town.

With a few flashes, he had pulled open a gap of hundreds of meters from Panatiya.

Suddenly, Klein felt his forehead burning hot. His lungs began to heave as he panted loudly and emitted heated air.

As he had been hit by the impact of seeing an incomplete Mythical Creature's form, he had been a little too slow at using Paper Figurine Substitutes. He had failed to swap out his ailment, and he had suffered some of the damage. Klein had originally imagined that he just needed to persist until he escaped Panatiya's range of influence, but to his surprise, his condition was worsening faster than he expected!

Furthermore, despite having opened up a gap of hundreds of meters, he didn't escape the signs of being infected.

Thud! Just as he was about to continue using Flaming Jump, Klein's knees buckled as he collapsed to the ground without successfully snapping his fingers.

Immediately, he heard Panatiya's pleasant laughter in his ears.

"Even if you were to escape to the other side of town, there's no way to escape my ailments.

"You ought to know that back in Backlund, the entirety of East Borough was immersed in the plague fog I created. Apart from the most distant Empress Borough and West Borough, all the other areas were significantly affected as well."

This… She's that Lady Despair who cooperated with Mr. A… She's one of the true murderers behind the Great Smog of Backlund… Klein felt his mind go adrift as he found himself become very sick while reeling in pain and despair. Although it still wasn't lethal, the irresistible coughs prevented him from using most of his Beyonder powers.

Panatiya walked over as her beautiful eyes were stained with an indescribable color of bloodthirst. It was like a tramp finally seeing a sizzling steak after starving for days.

In her hands were what was left of Senor's torso and two broken limbs.

This was apparently meant to be her stockpile of food.

"Your finger snap sounded good. I believe the taste of those two fingers should be pretty good." Panatiya looked at Gehrman Sparrow as he coughed in the distance, speaking with the tone of a raving lunatic.

Just as she finished her sentence, she raised her hand and stuffed Senor's index finger into her mouth. She bit down on each segment, producing crushing sounds.

Klein watched this scene with a blurred vision. In his grogginess, he felt his fingers also suffering such excruciating pain.

At this moment, he knew that Lady Despair Panatiya was already partially mad because she had eaten too much flesh from other Beyonders.

Although with her knowledge of mysticism, she would have definitely waited for the Beyonder characteristics to seep out before partaking in her meal, the deceased had been trapped in here without any food, making them each other's targets. It was inevitable that they slowly lost their minds as they approached insanity. How could she remain fine eating such meat?

Just as Klein was reeling in despair and wondering what method he could use to save himself, he saw the crimson moonlight suddenly turn bright.

He saw Panatiya's face colored with a look of horror. Without hesitation, she turned around and charged into a nearby building and slammed the door.

As Klein felt his illness alleviate significantly, he hurriedly looked up into the sky. He saw that the crimson moonlight was already penetrating the fog, appearing clear as it illuminated the town.

His heart stirred as he recalled what Panatiya had previously said. He immediately struggled and hobbled into another building beside him without forgetting to lock the door.

"Once the crimson moon turns clear, there will be changes here. It will become extremely dangerous."

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CHAPTER 835
THE FIGURES COMING AND GOING

After rushing into the building and closing the door, Klein realized that the curtains behind the windows were constantly in a drawn state. Only some faint crimson moonlight seeped in, lighting up the room slightly.

He didn't bother making any additional observations as he found a wooden chair and sat down. He attempted to enter Cogitation to calm his inclinations towards mutating.

Since he had witnessed a saint-leveled Beyonder's incomplete Mythical Creature form, how could he survive it that easily? This wasn't the mysterious space above the gray fog that came with recovery effects!

As Klein was able to withstand mental blows relatively well, he was able to straighten his thoughts out early and prevent himself from losing control; thus, allowing him to successfully escape. However, this didn't mean that the problem had been resolved.

He sat there, relying on Cogitation and his control over his emotions to resist the waves of insane thoughts. During this process, he heard his cheekbones produce crunching sounds. He saw his black hair turn long and thick in an uncontrollable manner as his chest bulged through his clothes while his skin produced granules in the form of meat tendrils.

After nearly thirty seconds, Klein finally exhaled and relaxed significantly.

He had completely recovered from the effects that Panatiya's incomplete Mythical Creature form brought. He even gained some new knowledge—the level she was at had "despair" at its core, making her good at creating and spreading plagues.

The insanity and mutation from witnessing a Mythical Creature not only produce the symptoms of losing control of one's pathway, but it also comes with the traits of the other party's Sequence… Back then, I was nearly baked by the Eternal Blazing Sun, and this time, I nearly became a Demoness… Klein looked down at himself, restoring his skin, chest, and hair to normal.

If he wasn't a Faceless, aside from letting those meat tendrils sink into his body, he would have to rely on external forces to resolve the problem.

Without the time to poignantly sigh or analyze the situation, Klein slowly stood up and cast his gaze towards the tightly-drawn, dark-colored curtains as he attempted to figure out his current situation.

His expression suddenly changed because he heard rowdy murmurs outside the street!

At that instant, he felt that, apart from him and Lady Despair Panatiya, the uninhabited town suddenly had many residents. They were loitering across the streets and alleys, greeting one another as they discussed whether to only buy bread or be extravagant and buy a pound of beef.

The foggy town suddenly seemed to come to life!

However, none of the figures entered the buildings that lined the streets. They seemed to keep coming and going across the street, producing voices that one would find difficult to believe to be conversations, as they sounded more like the deep growling of savage beasts.

Klein couldn't imagine the scene outside. All he knew was that even a demigod-leveled Demoness had to hide from the danger.

He retracted his gaze and thought deeply for a few seconds, silently muttering, I can't head out…

But I can't stay in here either…

Who knows when that crimson moon will be covered by fog again, allowing Panatiya to regain her freedom of movement. When the time comes, with us being so close, there's no way for me to escape!

But, how do I move without heading out?

In his silence, Klein slowly turned his body and faced the pitch-black spired cathedral.

According to Lady Despair Panatiya, that cathedral was the only place she didn't dare explore. It was as though entering the cathedral was the only way to escape her "hunt."

Of course, a Demoness like Panatiya wasn't necessarily speaking the truth, but Klein believed that she wasn't likely to lie regarding such matters. After all, to her, he was her prey, her delicacy.

Besides, Panatiya back then was using her speech and charm to entice him bit by bit, designing a trap for him so as to capture her prey. With a demigod's confidence, it was unlikely she would reveal information as a bluff. In addition, at such times, speaking the truth was the safest and most reassuring option. There was no need to worry about the prey escaping ahead of time due to the detection of a lie.

Unless her half-mad state causes her to habitually lie; otherwise, it shouldn't be a problem… Klein, who was out of options, quickly made up his mind.

He lowered his left hand and made Creeping Hunger turn transparent.

Although he knew that Traveling was useless, he still held out hope because this was the point when the crimson moon was at its clearest. There was no

obstruction, and it was round like a silver plate. During such times, Mr. Door could transmit "His" shouts into the ears of "His" descendants from where "He" was lost. Traveling was enhanced, and anomalies happened, so it wasn't something impossible.

Klein's figure rapidly phased away, but seconds later, his body outline appeared again where he stood.

I can't enter the spirit world, to the point of not even sensing it… As a Beyonder power, Traveling only has a third of its uses. It can barely be used as invisibility… Klein muttered silently as he concluded his experiences and lessons. However, he was puzzled about one point. Traveling's phasing away and turning transparent is due to the unique traits of the spirit world, so why would it be effective?

Klein pondered for about ten seconds before he came to a rough idea.

Every person must be connected to the spirit world because one's Astral Projection is located there. It can obtain all kinds of abstract information, which is the reason why revelations can be obtained from divination.

Therefore, when we are converted into a hidden and secret state, our connection with the spirit world becomes part of it?

This can explain why I can still use the unique traits of the spirit world, but am unable to enter it. This is because the former had a portion of it hidden away! Hmm, I didn't have the time to consider it before and had attempted Flaming Jump. I was met with success, and this also requires the unique traits of the spirit world.

After confirming this point, Klein raised his right hand and snapped his fingers, attempting to ignite a half-melted candle in the neighboring building.

He wanted to use Flaming Jump to pass through the neighboring buildings and slowly approach the spired cathedral. Once the crimson moon was

hidden by the fog, he would reassess the situation to decide if he would take the risk and hide inside.

A scarlet flame was set ablaze in the neighboring building as it slowly expanded and illuminated the surroundings.

At that moment, the streets outside suddenly turned abnormally silent.

All of the beast-like growls disappeared!

The figures that loitered on the streets seemed to turn to face the building, using their gazes in an attempt to penetrate the windows!

Klein instantly broke out into a cold sweat. He didn't dare to "leap" over as he instinctively snapped his fingers and extinguished the flame.

After a brief silence, the rowdy murmurings sounded again. The indistinct figures continued walking here and there.

Only then did Klein heave a sigh of relief. He raised his hand to wipe the cold sweat from his forehead.

He discovered that he had unknowingly made several mistakes after entering the foggy town. In such a dangerous and bizarre environment, he hadn't divined if he should light the candle in the neighboring building!

My spiritual intuition should have warned me, but it didn't… From the looks of it, after the gray fog was screened away, my spiritual intuition and sense for danger are no longer enhanced. Now, I'm just a little stronger than a Marionettist of the same level. I'm far from being crazy powerful… It's because of this that I was incited by Panatiya's Instigator powers to look at her wound. I didn't receive any premonition for danger and subconsciously believed that it wouldn't be a problem with a marionette in between us… Klein temporarily didn't have time to have an after-action review of his previous battle. He placed his attention back onto approaching the cathedral without heading out.

He began scrutinizing himself and his mystical items' Beyonder powers. Suddenly, his eyes lit up as he found a solution.

This solution stemmed from a Traveler's Door Opening which he thought was useless!

This Beyonder power was completely overshadowed by Teleportation under normal circumstances, but in this mysterious and bizarre foggy town, just its usage of the unique traits of the spirit world became more useful!

Klein wasn't in a rush to take action as he took out the gold coin which Senor used to reside in. Using divination to question his spirituality, he obtained the answer that he should "penetrate" the wall.

And without any way to obtain a revelation from the spirit world, he could only choose to trust himself. He then walked to the wall that was shared with the neighboring building and pressed his hands on it.

Silently, Klein passed through the stone wall and entered the next building.

He followed the terrace houses until he arrived at the final one. According to his initial impressions of the town, he was already very close to the spired cathedral. He didn't need more than two Flaming Jumps to reach it.

At that moment, the crimson moonlight that penetrated the dark-colored curtains didn't weaken. He could vaguely see figures coming and going like they were leading a normal life.

Without being capable of moving further away, all Klein could do was sit down on a wooden chair that was a distance away from the windows. It was almost completely dark here with deep, dark shadows.

Only at this point did he had the time to recall the details of his encounter with Demoness Panatiya.

She's actually the murderer that caused the Great Smog of Backlund. Tens of thousands of people died because of her. Even more people suffered the pain of losing their loved ones.

Old Kohler who worked hard to live, Ma'am Liz who worked hard to raise her two daughters… Klein closed his eyes as he lifted his head and took deep breaths.

He forced himself to extricate himself from the anger and hatred that suddenly surged in him as he calmly observed the turn of events.

Unfortunately, I didn't let Senor wear that Flower of Blood; otherwise, he should still be able to put up a struggle. However, there wasn't a choice. While possessing me, wearing a ring corresponding to a Rose Bishop while entering Chanis Gate would be equivalent to blasting myself apart…

Now, the only mystical item I can use is Creeping Hunger. There's Zombie, Baron of Corruption, Desire Apostle, and Traveler inside…

Yes, I should try to see if I can contact the gray fog by praying while the crimson moon is clear…

It doesn't work…

I can now confirm that even with a marionette between us, I'll still be affected by a Demoness's charm and incitement…

Since Panatiya can release a plague on a large scale, why didn't she attack me in secret in such a concealed manner? Instead, she waited until I nearly lost control from witnessing her incomplete Mythical Creature form and exposed my location before spreading the ailments?

Hmm, she can definitely do it. The Great Smog of Backlund is the best proof… There are two explanations. First, it's because I was personally "sent" here by the angel. This made her place a great deal of attention on me, worried that spreading the plague in advance would be detected by my

spirituality. Second, she's afraid of something, so she doesn't dare to blanket the area with her plague… If it's the latter, there are other dangers here…

As Klein thought over the matter, he felt his spiritual perception trigger as a chill ran down his back.

Almost at the same time, he saw that a deep shadow that blanketed him and the surroundings suddenly shrank, drilling towards his nostrils, mouth, and ears!

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CHAPTER 836
"TOSSING FOOD"

At that moment, the shadow seemed to turn corporeal. It was ice-cold and moist, and it instantly bound Klein within it like he was a mosquito in amber.

Klein's figure was squashed and compressed as he regressed into a piece of paper, rapidly turning into mush.

Paper Figurine Substitutes!

Having sensed the danger ahead of time, he had made timely use of Paper Figurine Substitutes!

His black-robed figure appeared on the other end of the dining table as he opened his mouth, producing a bang sound.

At this moment, Klein's mind suddenly turned adrift as he found his surroundings blurry and unclear.

He instantly understood what was happening. He had been forcefully pulled into a dream!

And with this, he determined one point—his abnormal ability of maintaining his lucidity and rationality in dreams had already solidified and become one with him. There was no need to use the gray fog to do so!

After a brief struggle, Klein suddenly snapped awake and saw the shadows in the building slowly surging at him like a tidal wave.

Bang!

He opened his mouth and produced an extremely mighty Air Bullet.

This bullet struck the shadow, producing a huge swath of white.

The shadows around the whiteness immediately receded and filled it to the brim, returning everything to normal once again. Klein took this opportunity to roll to the side and turned his left glove pale with a tinge of dark green.

With a clap, the spot he stood at was smashed by a lump of flesh and blood that flew out from the shadow, covering the dark red carpet that was covered with strange mold.

In an unobvious manner, Klein had a feeling that he was being weakened. Without any time to think deeper into the matter, he immediately made his feet produce an icy layer that emanated cold air.

White frost crept up and rapidly froze the shadow. Underneath the crystalline frost was a squirming and warping pitch-blackness, like oil that had its own life.

Zombie's Ice Stun!

Klein did another flip and changed his position while making his glove produce black granules that were profound and dark.

Right on the heels of that, he straightened his body, and facing the shadow beneath the layer of ice, he said a word filled with foulness, a word that came from the Devil language:

Slow!

Suddenly, Klein saw the shadow's squirming slow down. Clearly, it was in an extremely sluggish state; however, his thoughts had also turned sluggish,

preventing him from dealing any follow up attacks.

His Language of Foulness had been distorted, and although it was clearly directed at the shadow, it had been distorted to target the entire living room; hence, affecting himself.

In just seconds, Klein extricated himself from the slowed state, and without any thought, he lunged for the dining table, picking up a plate with half a piece of steak and throwing it at the shadow.

During this process, his left glove remained dark black, but it had a sinister and noble vibe.

Bribe!

He had used the steak to Bribe the enemy, weakening the other party's offensive, defensive, and controlling abilities!

At this moment, the figure suddenly shrank back into the corner of the wall, allowing the dining plate to smash and shatter into the melting ice.

Then, the figure surged upwards, taking the form of a pitch-black figure with a hooded robe.

In the palm of the figure, a transparent and blurry book appeared in front of him. It was accompanied by a distant and indistinct chant: "I came, I saw, I record."

Just as the chanting sounded, the book rapidly flipped through the pages and produced a burning-white spear.

Mr. A? Has he gone completely mad? He dares to use fire-related Beyonder powers in such an environment? Klein's heart tightened as his thoughts raced. He hurriedly rushed towards his opponent and held his left hand behind him.

Creeping Hunger was quickly tainted with the dark colors of corruption before condensing a ridiculous great sword that seemed to be combined from scarlet magma and blue-hot flames.

Thump!

Klein's footsteps were heavy as he bent his back, pulling his shoulder back as he forcefully delivered a strike with his left arm.

The muscles on his arm bulged as he swung the Sword of Lava!

Pfft! The resplendent great sword cleaved down on the fiery spear, sending sparks of white, blue, and red scattering in every direction as they ignited the chairs and curtains.

The murmurs outside the street had long vanished. All the indistinct figures had turned over and there was extreme silence.

After shattering the fiery spear with a cleave, Klein bent his knee and genuflected, snapping his fingers with his right hand.

Pa!

The flames in the entire room were extinguished.

Klein didn't move any further. He had a nagging feeling that a dense array of gazes were trying to see through the curtains to seek out any abnormalities.

The hooded man formed of shadows didn't take any action as well. Although he was acting crazy just moments ago, he seemed to have sensed the inexplicable horror that was slowly approaching.

In the dark room with tiny hints of crimson moonlight, Klein was genuflecting while the other was standing close to the wall, it was as though the two of them had turned into stone statues.

In the unbearable silence, time passed by abnormally slowly. All Klein did was count ten seconds, and it felt like an hour had passed.

Finally, the beast-like growls sounded once again in a staccato, disjointed manner, and the indistinct figures outside began walking again, returning back to the streets.

Almost at the same time, Klein obtained initial control of his target's Spirit Body Threads. The hooded man's actions of pouncing forward instantly turned sluggish!

Without any hesitation, Klein bent his body and circled the area, preparing to take advantage of his opponent's delay to disrupt any of his subsequent counterattacks and slowly turn him into a marionette.

At this moment, his nose suddenly felt an itch as he couldn't help but open his mouth.

Achoo!

Klein sneezed and lost his control over the Spirit Body Threads. Furthermore, his throat began to hurt as mucus began to take form.

He had caught a cold!

He actually caught a cold in the intense battle!

After suspecting that his opponent was Mr. A, Klein had actually been wary against a Demoness's ailment based on his past experience when fighting Mr. A. He had been placed at a significant disadvantage back then, but in a battle that didn't give him time to think, he had made a mistake. His constitution had long weakened due to the plague from the actual Demoness, Panatiya. He had no way to wait until the marionette conversion completed. He didn't even have a chance of obtaining a deeper level of initial control and use Air Bullets to deal a lethal strike!

Achoo!

As Klein sneezed, he rolled away. Meanwhile, he switched Creeping Hunger to the Baron of Corruption state and attempted to use his Distortion powers to reduce the effects of his cold.

Of course, thanks to his Bribe from before, his condition wasn't too serious. All it did was affect his control over the Spirit Body Threads, and not make him incapable of fighting.

While rolling away, Klein noticed from the corner of his eye that his opponent was leaving his shadowy state. The hood slipped backward, revealing a face that looked beautiful like a female. It was none other than Mr. A.

This Aurora Order Oracle had actually managed to survive this long despite the harsh environment!

However, his eyes were already bloodshot. He looked at Klein as though he was looking at a delightful delicacy. The hunger that was innate and instinctive wasn't concealed at all.

At that moment, Klein's mood didn't wane because he still had sufficient strength to do battle.

What he was most worried about wasn't Mr. A, but that their escalating battle would produce flames and attract the danger outside. When that happens, there was no way the two of them could escape death!

Hunger… The immense hunger has made Mr. A lose his rationality and no longer care about the loitering figures… If I can slightly alleviate his hunger, he should stop attacking and patiently wait until the crimson moon is once again hidden by the fog… Give him some "food?" As his thoughts raced, Klein nearly sliced off a piece of his flesh to throw at Mr. A.

Thankfully, he thought of something in the nick of time.

He had food on him!

They were the dried mushrooms that Frank Lee had produced. It was said to be a crossbreed between beef and the flesh of a Rose Bishop. As long as there was fish and water, it could keep reproducing.

As this was a new species in a subtle sense, making it not directly related to a Rose Bishop, Klein had placed it with herbal powders he often used like slumber flower, without removing them. He wasn't afraid that it would trigger any anomalies within the core seal behind Chanis Gate.

Achoo! With another sneeze and another roll, Klein had taken out the dried mushroom and thrown it at Mr. A.

Perhaps the smell of beef had attracted him, or perhaps it was the mutual sense shared between Rose Bishops, Mr. A immediately stopped attempting to flip through his illusory book. As he caught the mushroom, he stuffed it into his mouth, chewed, and swallowed it.

The hunger pangs that were written in his eyes gradually lessened, but the way he looked at Klein remained the same.

Klein threw the remaining dried mushrooms at Mr. A who caught them. Without any hesitation, he cleanly ate them.

His vision finally turned for the better. Glancing at the indistinct figures loitering outside the windows, he stepped back into a corner, fusing into the shadows.

Phew… Klein heaved a sigh of relief and retreated to another corner of the wall.

Mr. A actually isn't dead… I have to say that in such an environment, a Rose Bishop's abilities can provide immense help. Just using the stored flesh and eating himself can make him last quite long… Of course, the fact that Mr. A hasn't been killed by Lady Despair Panatiya implies his strength.

However, the demigod-level powers he recorded must have been used up… As Klein thought, he deliberated over his words, wishing to sound out Mr. A for more information.

"Have you found any clues on how to leave?"

There was silence as Mr. A didn't give an answer.

His insanity has made it impossible to talk to him? Klein pondered for two seconds and said a name, "Leomaster."

This was the name of the Aurora Order's Saint of Darkness who had dissociated personalities.

After a brief silence, Mr. A's slightly hoarse voice sounded again.

"He has been 'sent' in here as well?"

Indeed, only matters regarding the Aurora Order elicits a response… Klein frankly said, "No, he is trapped inside the ruins of the battle of gods."

Without waiting for Mr. A to say a word, he continued, "Why don't you enter the cathedral?"

Mr. A said in a muddled manner, "It's very dangerous, very, very dangerous…

"It's also dangerous outside. All the dangers stem from there. All the people who vanished would reappear during the crimson moon…"

Before he could finish his sentence, the tiny bit of crimson moonlight that passed through the curtains suddenly turned extremely dim.

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CHAPTER 837
THE HANGERS

As the crimson moonlight dimmed, a thought surfaced in Klein's mind:

The crimson moon is about to be covered by fog again!

Just as this thought appeared, the indistinct, loitering figures outside vanished as though they had evaporated into thin air. The beast-like growls also came to a halt.

The environment has been restored to its previous state… Demoness of Despair Panatiya can move about freely again… Mr. A will no longer have any qualms about the danger outside. He can unleash a barrage of attacks to capture his prey… Klein instantly came to a conclusion as he raised his right index finger and snapped, igniting the leaves of a tree tens of meters away.

He wanted to open up a gap with Mr. A to prevent himself from getting sicker. At the same time, he wanted to determine if he should take the risk of entering the ancient cathedral.

With respect to his present situation, Klein already had a plan in mind. It was to use Mr. A's potent and multifarious abilities to draw Panatiya's attention. After all, to her, a Shepherd and a Marionettist weren't any different when it came to meat quality. They could both fill her stomach, so her priority was definitely on who was easier to deal with.

When the time comes, both parties would definitely engage in a battle, and Klein needed to find an opportunity to strike down Panatiya!

Just as the scarlet flame soared and engulfed Klein, he saw Mr. A turn into a shadow and meld into the surroundings once again. It was unknown where he hid himself.

He ran… ran… Aren't you the crazy Mr. A? Shouldn't you continue pursuing your prey? Why did you run… Klein's gaze froze as he couldn't help but twitch the corners of his mouth.

His figure vanished amidst the flames before appearing in flames tens of meters away.

Just as Klein leaped out of the fire, he felt his forehead burning once again. His lungs felt heavy as his breathing became rapid and difficult.

Plague!

Demoness of Despair Panatiya had spread her plague once again!

To Klein, this beautiful lady in a pure white robe had already floated somewhere in midair at some point in time, walking towards him.

Beneath her feet were countless transparent and thin lines that formed a spider's web. They were connected to the surrounding buildings and trees, fully covering half the street.

In the eyes of this demigod-level Demoness, the intense hunger pangs were gone. The obvious bloodshot look in her eyes wasn't there, and the way she looked at Gehrman Sparrow was one of insanity and teasing. It was as though she wanted to drain his ability to resist, bit by bit, making him feel the deepest, most heavy, and most painful despair.

Klein held back his urge to cough as he snapped his fingers again, causing the tree beside the cathedral to burst into flames.

His figure was immediately engulfed by the fire as he rapidly faded away and appeared above the tree. He had appeared amidst the gorgeous flames.

Right on the heels of that, Klein hurriedly jumped to the ground, somersaulting to the side of the ancient cathedral.

At this moment, his body suddenly turned cold as he found that his feet, thighs, and waist were covered in thick layers of ice. And surrounding him was an accumulation of frost as the temperature declined rapidly.

Klein clenched his teeth, holding back the horror within him. He followed his plan, and he reached out his arms in an abnormally rigid fashion, pressing it straight onto the wall.

The Creeping Hunger on his left hand turned transparent.

In silence, Klein passed through the thick, pitch-black wall and entered the spired cathedral.

The spot where he was standing had a black fireball smash into the wall, just a little too slow. It splashed out like water, burning away the nearby frost and weeds.

At this moment, at the top of the ancient cathedral's spire, swirling ravens opened their beaks.

"Waaa!"

"Waaa!"

"Waaa!"

Panatiya halted as she looked at the dark cathedral. Bit by bit, her face was dyed with a look of fear.

…

Inside the cathedral, Klein found himself unable to see anything, as it was darker than the outside. As the frost melted, and with him getting

accustomed to the dim lights, he finally saw the scene before him.

As far as he could see, there were figures being hung up in midair.

They were all humans!

Some of them were dressed in black classical robes, others in brown jackets. Some were wearing very fluffy skirts, while others had tattered clothes, making them resemble beggars.

Some of them had boorish looks, others handsome with cut facial features. Some of them were beautiful, others tender, adorable, and looking youthful. None of them looked the same.

No, there was something that they had in common. They were like meat that was undergoing a curing process. They hung from above, swaying gently as their heads were bowed and their eyes rolled back.

Klein felt his scalp tingle as he no longer doubted that this place was extremely dangerous as described by Panatiya and Mr. A.

He held his back to the wall, planning on using Door Opening to leave to avoid danger the moment anything happened. He would then pass through the wall if he was discovered by the Demoness of Despair to avoid her attacks. By repeatedly doing so, he could ensure his safety.

Whoosh!

A cold air blew through the cathedral as the figures and corpses turned around, facing Klein.

Their collars were like ropes that left their heads drooping.

Klein nearly drew a gasp as he pressed his left palm onto the wall.

At this moment, the figures began to sway like wind chimes. They opened their eyes and produced raving-like voices:

"Hornacis… Flegrea…

"Hornacis… Flegrea…

"Hornacis… Flegrea…”

The voices resounded into one, drilling into Klein's ears as he found it abnormally familiar!

This was the raving that he had heard during his advancements in the past!

It actually originated from here, from the foggy town. It came from the corpses that hung high in this ancient cathedral!

At that instant, not only was Klein's scalp tingling, he even felt his body trembling.

Could it be that this foggy town actually originates from the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range… That Nation of the Evernight which vanished? Don't tell me that I really am on the mountain? However, why would it be inside this cathedral? These same ravings don't bring about a headache or push me towards losing control… Klein hissed as he spread his hands and clenched it again repeatedly, resisting the urge to pass through the wall.

Since he was already inside and had seen the source of the ravings, he believed that escaping probably didn't resolve any problems.

Regardless, it's necessary to do a simple search. Otherwise, I wouldn't even know the reason when something abnormal happens to me!

After using a gold coin to quickly do a divination, Klein tapped his molars gently and activated his Spirit Vision. He looked up at the hanging figures

and found their spirituality converged. The aura colors looked normal, but they exuded a stiff appearance.

There are aura colors… They aren't dead yet? Klein frowned slightly and deactivated his Spirit Vision.

Right on the heels of that, he tapped his left thumb on the first segment of his index finger, planning to observe the Spirit Body Threads.

Upon sweeping his gaze across, Klein's pupils dilated because the Spirit Body Threads of the swaying figures looked extremely special.

The illusory black threads that corresponded to their bodies were extended in the same direction—the peak of the ancient cathedral. There wasn't a single exception!

In Klein's vision, they were like corpses being hung up by their Spirit Body Threads!

Before Klein could figure out what all of this meant, he caught a scene from the corner of his eye.

His Spirit Body Threads were automatically reaching upwards to the peak of the cathedral, to the source that hung up those figures!

This was the first time Klein saw Spirit Body Threads moving autonomously!

It was as though they were metals that had come into contact with magnets. They floated upwards uncontrollably, and the fastest thread had already reached its destination!

Klein didn't dare imagine the outcome if all his Spirit Body Threads gathered up above. He suspected that he too would become a piece of "cured meat" that would be hung up to be dehydrated, producing the ravings of "Hornacis… Flegrea" along with the wind.

For most Beyonders, they could only consider leaving the cathedral in a bid to sever the process of having their Spirit Body Threads attracted, but Klein was different—he was a Marionettist. Quickly, he controlled his Spirit Body Threads and pulled them thread by thread.

After nearly thirty seconds, Klein finally completed this task. However, his Spirit Body Threads continued floating upwards. He had to constantly pay attention and resist this upward drift.

This is one of the dangers lurking inside the cathedral? Klein slowly drew a breath as he no longer leaned close to the walls. Step by step, he ventured deep into the cathedral.

Above him, the figures swayed as though they were watching him.

After proceeding nearly thirty meters, Klein finally saw something different. It was the pitch-black altar of the cathedral.

On the altar was a stone statue.

Klein identified the statue when he took a few more steps.

It was in the shape of a female human. However, her hips and ribs had two beast legs growing out from each one of them. These limbs were covered in short, thick, and firm black fur.

In addition, the statue was surrounded with black bands that seemed to reach out like tentacles.

At the statue's feet, there were souls sleeping as though they were holding her up on a pedestal.

Klein shifted his gaze and looked at the statue's head and saw a beautiful face.

This… Klein's gaze froze.

That face wasn't unfamiliar to him, because he had been "sent" in here by that entity!

This stone statue's appearance was identical to the "Eraser" angel under Saint Samuel Cathedral!

"She" is actually related to this place… That's right. The people "She" erased are sent here, so it would be odd if she's not connected to this place… What's the connection between "Her" and the Fourth Epoch's Nation of the Evernight on the Hornacis mountain range? That Mother of the Sky? But if that's the case, why would "She" be working for the Church? Furthermore, such an image does have its resemblance to the demonic wolf that Little Sun mentioned… Many thoughts instantly surfaced in Klein's mind.

During this process, he slowly shifted his gaze away in another direction, in the hopes of finding any possible clues.

A few seconds later, Klein discovered a figure. It wasn't hung in midair but was seated diagonally behind the statue.

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CHAPTER 838
SCENE FROM THE HISTORICAL VOID

The figure sitting diagonally behind the statue was an elder in a black robe. He wore a hood and his head was bowed with his eyes closed. By his mouth was a thick, long, and white beard. It was as though he hadn't had it trimmed for years, preventing anyone from telling what he originally looked like.

And in Klein's eyes, this hoary elder was even more bizarre than the figures hanging in midair.

After his Spirit Body Threads extended out from his body, it didn't drift up to the spot which seemed to hide "magnets." Instead, they coiled around his body and back on themselves, making the source and destination one and the same!

Ordinary Spirit Body Threads stemmed from inside a Spirit Body, extended outwards in different directions into infinity. As for the figures that hung from above, the sources of their Spirit Body Threads was no different. The destination which they extended out to was gathered at the top of the cathedral; thus, it was obvious that there was something wrong about it.

This is the reason why he hasn't been hung up? Or should I say, this is how he avoids the danger inside the cathedral? As Klein controlled his Spirit Body Threads to resist the continuous upward drift, he silently muttered and guessed at the reason.

Suddenly, he saw a pair of eyes—a pair of pitch-black eyes that looked like an unlit water surface.

The elder sitting behind the statue opened his eyes.

He was still alive!

Klein subconsciously took a step back as he bent his back slightly, holding out his left palm in front of him.

Amidst indescribable silence and anxiety, he saw the hoary elder's eyes move slightly, open his mouth slightly, and speak in a muffled manner:

"Finally, another Seer has come here…”

Another? Beyonders from the Seer pathway have entered this cathedral? That's right, apart from Eraser angel's erasing of people, sending them to this foggy town, and those who vanished in the night at the battle of god ruins would also appear here, amongst them, there might be a few Seer pathway Beyonders who attempted to seek out mermaids in those waters, or had successfully advanced and were looking to leave… Seeing that the other party had no intention of immediately attacking him and had the intention to converse with him, he forcefully composed himself and said after some thought, "Why do you say that?"

The hooded elder with black eyes and white beard didn't immediately reply as he asked with a muffled voice, "Do you wish to escape?

"I can tell you how."

Klein wasn't moved as he immediately asked, "Then why are you still here?"

Since the method to escaping this foggy town was known, why would one stay inside such a dangerous cathedral?

The elder drooped his head and chuckled in a throaty manner.

"It's because I've died long ago."

"…”

The hair on Klein's back stood on end as he broke out into a cold sweat. He was speechless.

He could tell that the elder wasn't an existence in the form of a soul!

Seeing no response, the elder slowly lifted his head and swept his glance at Klein in his Gehrman Sparrow appearance.

"I've used special Beyonder powers to seek out the void in this world's history and fate. I sliced off a portion of my projection and left it here. It has been maintained to this day. As for my body and my spirit, they have long died and dissipated.

This is such a fascinating power… Klein was unable to verify the claim, so all he could do was ask, "Then why are you giving guidance on how to escape to Seers who enter?"

The elder's voice remained muffled.

"After you open the door, the history and fate in here will experience a change. The projection I sliced will also vanish, and when the time comes, you will see an urn of ashes.

"I only wish that they could be scattered in the Srenzo River near Intis's capital, Trier. That is my hometown, the place where I was born."

"Do you know the place I'm referring to? I've no idea how much time has passed in the real world."

He's been imprisoned for at least a century? Klein frankly replied, "They still exist."

"Excellent," the elder said with a nod, his throat apparently filled with phlegm.

Although Klein didn't fully trust the person before him. He believed that knowing more made it beneficial for him to make a judgment. Hence, he decided not to waste any time, for fear of being interrupted again.

"Then, how should I escape?"

The elder remained sitting in his spot and said without any obvious movement, "See that wall behind the statue?

"Do you see an inset?"

Klein actually didn't wish to follow his instructions. After all, he had been led by Panatiya to do so, resulting in him seeing her incomplete Mythical Creature form and, hence, suffered from shock and damage. However, he had previously planned on surveying the surroundings in search of clues. Therefore, he ultimately carefully shifted his gaze to look at the wall behind the statue.

Engraved on it were short and ancient symbols, but there was an empty spot in the middle, preventing it from being connected as one.

The blank area was the size of two palms and was obviously indented. It was as though someone had dug away a brick on its surface.

"As long as you find the corresponding obsidian rock and insert it, this wall will tentatively be released from a concealed and secret state. It will showcase illusory colors. When the time comes, I'll tell you of a complicated special symbol. It will be the key to opening the door on the wall, allowing you to escape." The elder didn't turn his head as he looked straight ahead and spoke in detail.

A complicated special symbol… A key to opening the door… Klein listened to the ravings of "Hornacis… Flegrea…” resound with the wind behind him as a symbol suddenly came to mind.

It was the vertical eye formed from many secret symbols!

It was the information that the Antigonus family's notebook had passed to him by corrupting the Misfortune Cloth Puppet!

And the Antigonus family appeared to have a deep connection with the Nation of the Evernight on the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range!

Could this be the so-called key? Klein retracted his gaze in a calm manner as he asked, "Why did all the Seers from before fail?"

The elder chuckled and said, "Some of them are as naggy as you are, failing to leave this cathedral before the crimson moon turned clear. They ended up being hung up. It's the case for that fellow who gave himself a handsome face. Likewise for the lady with flawless features."

"…” Klein was nearly rendered speechless by the elder's jibe.

However, he also learned something. The danger inside the cathedral would greatly increase once the crimson moon turned clear. Even Marionettists were unable to control their Spirit Body Threads!

I'll have to constantly take note of the changes in light. Once the crimson moon turns clear, I'll pass through the wall… Klein looked around him and confirmed that the wall closest to the pitch-black altar was six to seven meters away. Then, he quickly came up with an emergency plan.

The hooded elder didn't look at him as he continued, "The rest weren't very lucky. They encountered enemies that had lost their reasoning and only wanted them for food. They were then devoured.

"You have to know that there aren't many Beyonders from the Seer pathway to begin with. The ones that can become Marionettists are even fewer. The number that can come in here due to various reasons are only a handful.

"Of course, there are a lot more that were attracted and enticed in here, but it was difficult for them to come all the way here as they…"

He didn't finish his sentence as he slowly looked up and glanced at the top of the ancient cathedral. He then said with a muffled voice, "Their outcomes were equally tragic."

What do you mean… If I didn't attempt to steal the notebook, I would have to rely on the ravings from these hanging corpses inside this cathedral and climb up the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range to seek out the Antigonus family's treasure. Will I be considered as one of those that got attracted or enticed? It's difficult to come in here, and the outcome would be equally tragic? Klein's mind stirred as he began suspecting that the so-called treasure of the Antigonus family was nothing but a trap based on the dilapidated palace and translucent worms he had previously seen from his divinations.

He didn't bother asking in more detail as he tried to sound out more important information.

"Do you know where that obsidian rock is?"

The elder chuckled.

"It's in the hands of that Demoness of Despair."

Demoness of Despair. So Panatiya really is a Demoness of Despair… Klein had previously addressed Panatiya inwardly as such, but that was because he knew that she was called Lady Despair, as well as him being certain that she was a Demoness. Hence, he had simplified the two tidbits of information and given her such a nickname. He never expected that the Sequence 4 of the Demoness pathway was Demoness of Despair.

"That will be very difficult for me to obtain that obsidian rock. She's a true demigod." Klein didn't conceal the difficult position he was placed in as he waited to see if the elder had any suggestions.

The elder shook his head and said, "I'm a person who is long dead. There's very little help I can provide.

"Hmm… Didn't you have a marionette when you came in?"

"Yes, but it has already been eaten by the Demoness of Despair," Klein replied in a seemingly calm manner.

The elder sighed and chuckled.

"I can help you summon him from the history of this world."

Just as he said that, Klein saw lines quickly outline themselves beside him, drawing out Admiral of Blood Senor in his triangular hat and dark red coat. Furthermore, the Spirit Body Threads were still under his control!

Klein's pupils immediately constricted as he heard the hooded elder add, "It can only be maintained for thirty minutes. Make good use of the time.

"I'll help you strengthen some of the connections, enhancing your control of the marionette. This way, you can let the marionette use your Beyonder powers, and also allow you to swap locations with him instantaneously. Heh heh, the controllable distance and traits of him looking alive will also be boosted."

Allow my marionette to use my Beyonder powers? Doesn't this mean that I can use the powers of a Faceless to make my marionette turn into another me? A perfect body double? This is a demigod of the Seer pathway? This is one of the powers of a Bizarro Sorcerer? The enemy never knows if the one killed is the real Bizarro Sorcerer? Also, summoning a marionette from history. This is completely inconceivable… Thoughts surfaced in Klein's mind as he could hardly compose himself.

The elder looked up and glanced at him before continuing, "Give me a paper figurine."

Klein frowned slightly and hesitated for a few seconds before taking out a paper figurine and handing it over.

The elder reached out his wrinkled hand and took the paper figurine before swiping across it casually.

Klein's headache, fever, and enlarged tonsils suddenly disappeared!

The paper figurine was tainted with spots of red rust as it quickly cracked after becoming brittle.

Using my paper figurine to transfer my ailment? Klein thought and finally asked, "Sorry for my breach of etiquette. How may I address you?"

The elder didn't immediately reply as he said with a sigh, "I can only provide you a little help."

He paused as he gave a muffled laugh.

"You can call me, hmm…

"Zaratul."

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CHAPTER 839
DESCENDANT OF AN ANCIENT GOD

F*ck… At that instant, Klein, who heard the elder's reply, had vulgarities resound in his mind. Apart from that, no other thoughts appeared.

Zaratul—the leader of the Secret Order, a descendant of the Fourth Epoch's Solomon Empire aristocracy, the former owner of the Antigonus family's notebook, and the Beyonder guide for Emperor Roselle. "He" was a true High-Sequence Beyonder of the Seer pathway, a Miracle Invoker who was a secret existence about two centuries ago. "He" was believed by Arrodes to have lost control, turning from an angel into a monster during "His" attempt to advance to Sequence 1, Attendant of Mysteries!

No matter which description was used, "He" was a heavyweight that the present Klein was unable to resist. He had the feeling of shock that a figure from history textbooks had jumped out of it and walked in front of him, alive. He also felt the air around him appear to congeal as they piled on top of him, crushing his body and stifling his breathing.

Klein had once imagined that perhaps all his encounters, including his transmigration, had stemmed from Zaratul's setup, and he suspected that "He" would be akin to the final boss he would encounter in games. And now, he had met him—ahead of time.

I'm only a Sequence 5! Klein couldn't help but shout out inwardly as he suspected if the person opposite him was the real Zaratul.

Zaratul is a last name. It represents an aristocratic family in the Fourth Epoch's Solomon Empire. In theory, there should be many Zaratuls over two thousand years of history… Perhaps the one in Roselle's diary is the grandfather, father, brother, or son of that Secret Order's leader… Also, he mentioned that he has been dead for years, while Arrodes and Will Auceptin have testified that the Secret Order's leader, Zaratul, is still alive. He has just lost control and turned into a monster, turning extremely crazy… Klein tried to convince himself that the situation might not be as terrible as he imagined. This quickly calmed him down as he began to carefully contemplate.

The Beyonder powers that this Zaratul showcased doesn't seem like much, but all of them exceed the realm of normalcy. It's even more so for those that's related to history and fate… He's definitely not only a Bizarro Sorcerer. He might even be a Sequence 3 or Sequence 2. And this pathway's angels are few to begin with…

This place is intricately tied with the Nation of the Evernight which disappeared from the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range, and it produces the ravings that reach the ears of Low- and Mid-Sequence Beyonders of the Seer pathway… Back then, the Secret Order's leader, Zaratul, had fewer appearances after he obtained the Antigonus family's notebook via Emperor Roselle. It's unknown what "He" was plotting. Does this mean that I can believe "He" had come to the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range to seek out the treasure left behind by the Antigonus family based on the notebook and obtained the corresponding potion formula and ingredients of Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries?

In the world of mysticism, repeated coincidences usually imply problems and a confirmation…

If it is that Zaratul, could it be that splitting "himself" to store "Himself" inside the foggy town is the reason that caused "His" ultimate loss of control?

As for being "long dead," there's an even more reasonable explanation. The Secret Order leader, Zaratul, had said so "Himself": What is a miracle? A miracle is to be resurrected from the dead!

And "He" was already a Miracle Invoker!

As Klein's mind churned, the hoary elder who claimed to be Zaratul chuckled.

"From your reaction, you seem to know me?"

Klein quickly probed, "I've heard of this last name.

"I once met Queen Mystic and learned of the Secret Order from her, and also know of its leader."

The elder nodded gently without giving any confirmation or denial. He smiled and vaguely asked, "What other help do you need?"

Help… Klein recalled the Beyonder powers he had showcased and said after some hesitation, "Are you able to summon a fish from the outside world from this concealed world's history? It's okay if it has already been turned into food."

From his point of view, it wasn't an impossibility. After all, most people that entered the town had come from Sonia Sea's easternmost front, the ruins of the battle of gods. Perhaps some fish that had been reared there had been brought in. They could be used to be stored as food and also used to observe the changes in the environment. There could also be explorers who vanished from not being able to sleep in time when night came after eating their fill of fish. It wasn't unreasonable that fish meat could be found in the history of the foggy town.

Zaratul raised his head and looked at Klein. He didn't immediately give him an answer.

After a few seconds, he leveled his gaze and said indistinctly, "Yes."

Just as he said that, a blob made up of ground-fish meat appeared in Admiral of Blood Senor's hands.

"It can only be maintained for forty-five minutes. Once it's over, it's as though one has never eaten it before," Zaratul added.

That actually worked… Klein increasingly found the High-Sequence Beyonder powers of the Seer pathway to really be bizarre and terrifying.

He had planned on saying that he didn't need any help, but considering how Zaratul was well-known to be deceitful, with everything he said and did being questionable, he felt that he needed to make some preparations.

Amidst his thoughts, Klein decided to appear a little greedy to lower Zaratul's appraisal of him and believe that he could easily lead him to do his bidding.

After letting his marionette put away the fish meat, his eyes rolled a little as he indiscernibly drew a breath and said, "I still need the Bizarro Sorcerer potion formula."

Zaratul didn't change his posture as he fell silent for a few seconds. He then said with a chuckle, "No problem. As long as you trust that I'll give you a real formula.

"After you return with the obsidian rock, I'll hand over both the Bizarro Sorcerer potion formula and the symbol needed for opening the door to you.

"Sigh, that isn't something that I need to care about. All that matters is that you scatter my ashes back into the river in my hometown."

After Klein listened in silence, he couldn't help but ask, "You have a very high level. The ashes you leave behind will contaminate the river and create countless monsters."

Zaratul laughed upon hearing that.

"Very meticulous.

"However, there's nothing special about my ashes. I've lost them long ago."

As he spoke, he looked up again and glanced at the peak of the ancient cathedral.

He's hinting that his Beyonder characteristics and body's specialness had been absorbed by the "magnet" above? Klein pondered over Zaratul's meaning as he pressed on matters regarding his Beyonder pathway.

"What's the Sequence 3 potion name after Bizarro Sorcerer?"

Zaratul's beard moved slightly as he said, "Scholar of Yore."

Scholar of Yore… Although it sounds like a relic that's already dead and dug out from a tome, Zaratul has repeatedly mentioned history. The corresponding Beyonder powers are fascinating… Klein thought in glee as he asked again, "Then what's the corresponding Sequence 0?"

Zaratul lifted his head again and glanced at him. Finally, he chuckled and said, "You will likely know when you 'open the door' to escape."

I hate people like you, saying things midway, often just smiling without giving an answer… Klein immediately understood the feeling Emperor Roselle once had as he turned his gaze to the statue beside him and asked, "Who is this?"

Zaratul's head didn't turn as he said in a muffled manner, "'She' is a descendant of an ancient god."

A descendant of an ancient god. A descendant of Annihilation Demonic Wolf Flegrea? This ancient god seems to wield the authority of Evernight…”His" descendant established the Nation of the Evernight?

Before Klein could ask a question, he heard Zaratul chuckle and say, "'She' also has a brother that you wouldn't be unfamiliar with."

"Who is it?" Klein tried hard to recall who, but he couldn't find an answer.

Zaratul chuckled.

"'He' gave 'Himself' a new last name.

"Antigonus."

Antigonus… Nation of the Evernight… Hornacis… Flegrea… Klein's eyes lit up slightly as he pieced together the fragmented pieces of information.

It's very easy to understand the Church of Evernight destroying the Nation of the Evernight, as it's a battle of authorities. However, to completely eradicate the Antigonus family for having inherited the Seer Beyonder paths of the divine doesn't make sense. There's no need to go that far. After all, the pathways that can be interchanged with the Sleepless pathway are the Death and Giant pathways.

Furthermore, Klein was still puzzled to this day. Why would the Antigonus family place their treasure on the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range? Why did they trust the people of the Nation of the Evernight that much?

Now, he finally understood something.

Just as Klein was about to ask more questions, he suddenly saw the crimson moonlight shining in from the cathedral's windows brighten. It drew out shadows of the corpses hanging in midair.

The crimson moon has turned clear! Klein's heart tightened. Without any additional thoughts, he followed his emergency plans by raising his right hand. Snapping his fingers, he lit a candle by the wall that was a distance away from him.

At the same time, he got Senor to possess him as he leaped out, somersaulting in the process before arriving at the wall closest to the outside.

And this time, the entire cathedral had turned abnormally silent. There were no longer any resounding ravings.

Klein's spiritual intuition didn't give him any indication of danger, but he could tell from the shadows on the ground that the corpses hanging in midair had turned towards the flame!

Without any hesitation, Klein pressed his left palm down, passing through a wall and arriving outside the cathedral. Then, without even daring to even raise his head, he borrowed the driving force of a Wraith to tumble and run towards the nearest building. The distance from wall to wall was only about ten meters.

During this process, he didn't hear the beast-like growls nor detect the loitering figures. However, his back felt like it was being pierced by a sea of glares!

In just a second, Klein had appeared outside the building. Pressing down with his palms, he passed through the wall.

Then, he snapped his fingers and remotely used Flame Controlling to ignite a candle inside the cathedral.

After a brief moment of silence and anxiety, the feeling of being stared at vanished. Beyond the tightly-drawn curtains, figures began to appear as they began loitering.

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CHAPTER 840
USING HIS ADVANTAGE

With all the abnormalities vanishing, Klein heaved a slight sigh of relief. He began to observe his surroundings. Then, he selected a shadowy spot that wasn't too dark due to the faint moonlight. This was to prevent himself from suffering any sudden attacks.

And the few seconds from before had made him come up with a theory about the faint figures and beast-like growls.

They were previously corpses that were hung inside the cathedral, producing the ravings of "Hornacis… Flegrea…”!

When Klein passed through the wall and left the cathedral, the corpses that hung from above had turned to face the lit candle, and there weren't any figures on the street until Klein remotely used Flame Controlling and extinguished the flame. Everything was the same as before!

When the crimson moon is clear and one's spirituality is enhanced, the "magnet" at the top of the cathedral will have a stronger influence on the foggy town. It will be able to control those corpses to loiter around and pretend that everything is normal? If that really is the case, the light might actually be attracting the controller's attention. Under such circumstances, if the flame isn't extinguished and the source is locked on, it might result in an extremely terrifying outcome. Hmm, I can't rely on Flame Controlling to repeatedly divert the "attention" of those figures… Klein reminded himself. Then, he turned to use his Spirit Body Threads vision that he didn't deactivate, to size up the bread, stewed beef potatoes, and red wine on the dining table.

He suspected that the food here was part of the "magnet" at the top of the cathedral. If it was consumed, one's Spirit Body Threads would be corrupted, and it would cause them to be unable to resist floating towards the cathedral. This also explained why eating the food caused them to vanish. They ended up being hung up to dry in the cathedral and be let out to "walk" when the crimson moon turned clear. This matched Mr. A's description of the vanished people's reappearance under the bright moonlight.

At a glance, Klein discovered that the food was like living beings. They had Spirit Body Threads extending out, reaching towards the ancient cathedral.

The most special point about them was that they had only one Spirit Body Thread, obviously being different from the dense, countless Spirit Body Threads of a normal living creature.

Indeed, it's close to my theory… After obtaining some validation regarding his theory, Klein retracted his gaze and considered how to deal with Demoness of Despair Panatiya.

Beside him, Wraith Senor in his ancient triangular hat and dark red robe appeared. This marionette's bones cracked as his face squirmed. Soon, he turned into Gehrman Sparrow.

This was a marionette using the powers of a Faceless!

Klein observed his double for a moment and realized that there were some flaws. The clothes couldn't be changed, and if he concealed them with an illusion, it wasn't possible for him to fool a demigod-level Demoness of Despair. Even Mr. A might not fall for it.

After some thought, he made Wraith Senor take off his clothes. As for himself, he took off the black clergyman robe, and they switched clothes with one another!

While wearing the clothes and hat, Klein's expression turned odd. Over the past two months, the marionette had been wearing the same outfit. It had been down the sewers and experienced an explosion, so there were all sorts of smells mixed into the clothes. It wasn't a pleasant smell.

Sigh, my present suffering is all a result of my laziness prior to this… Klein sighed silently as he completed changing his appearance. He had turned into Gehrman Sparrow dressed as a pirate captain.

At this moment, Senor had also changed into the black clergyman robe. His aura was spirited and no longer cold. He looked no different from a living person.

Klein deliberated for a moment and took off Creeping Hunger, allowing Admiral of Blood to wear it on his left hand.

This way, the marionette was the perfect copy of Gehrman Sparrow!

One must go all the way when putting on an act… Besides, if Creeping Hunger were to revolt at this moment, then it will be eating the marionette. Heh heh, once the marionette lapses, will it feel cheated? It's like it ate a placebo… As Klein got Senor to get used to his state and take away the fish meat, he seriously began formulating plans.

Relying on a marionette that can use my Beyonder powers wouldn't be able to defeat a Demoness of Despair, even stealing the obsidian rock from her is nearly impossible. She's a genuine demigod after all…

Even though this extremely convincing marionette gives me a chance of achieving success in battle, such as letting it draw her attention while I complete a sudden sneak attack and constantly swap positions; thus, confusing Panatiya so that she can't make an accurate judgment, I can't make up for the disadvantage that stems from the difference in our levels and strength to achieve my goals…

I can consider using the marionette to engage in close combat and attempt to control Panatiya's Spirit Body Threads. He's already a corpse, so he wouldn't be affected by the plague. I can catch her by surprise using this method… But there are too many problems. First, the mysticism "viruses" and "germs" that a Demoness of Despair creates will grow in strength. At its peak, will it be able to affect a zombie? Second, does she still have other Beyonder powers I'm not aware of… There's a high chance that it's the case!

Hmm, I'll first make a list and write down my advantages or things that are on par with the Demoness of Despair. Let's see if I can get any ideas…

I can disguise myself. A marionette using its Beyonder powers can be considered at the level of a demigod. Instantaneous swapping is also one. Apart from them, there isn't anything else… Yes, considering Demoness of Despair's current state, I seem to have something that I'm better at than her…

She's in a half-crazed state. Her reason comes and goes at random, and she does extreme things. She's easily led around by her instincts. Hmm, although she's still good at incitement and allurement, that's an innate quality for catching prey. As for me, I'm in a normal state, and I haven't had any problems with my rationality yet. I'm still able to think and analyze…

Don't tell me I need to come out on top using my wit?

An idea came to Klein as he gradually formulated a new train of thought and plans.

Why must I fight Demoness of Despair Panatiya to the death at this moment?

She definitely yearns to escape this foggy town. Deep down in her heart, this will be something that beats her instinctive need to eat! Furthermore, she's still full at the moment!

I can try to cooperate with her. She can provide that obsidian rock, and I'll draw the special and secret symbol, putting together the conditions for opening the door…

Besides, I'm not too sure about Zaratul. Who knows what schemes "He" might be up to. "He" might be secretly plotting something. By pulling a Demoness of Despair into this, it can effectively make the situation chaotic and restrain "Him" in some way!

Cooperation is a diplomatic choice, not a militaristic choice. The effects of an intact stand-in at the demigod level has will definitely be better than directly engaging in battle. This is equivalent to me obtaining benefits from both sides!

Klein rapidly made a decision. As he pondered on the details of him negotiating to cooperate, he patiently waited for the crimson moon to return behind the fog.

After a while, the crimson moonlight that seeped through the dark-colored curtains dimmed. Klein immediately made his marionette pass through the wall and leave where he was hiding.

Then, Senor walked onto the streets with the appearance of Gehrman Sparrow, walking straight towards the pitch-black cathedral.

In about ten seconds, Klein discovered that Senor was being affected by an ailment.

To the dead, this was completely ineffective, but Klein could foresee that, with the passage of time, the ailment would worsen and turn stranger. It might even affect one's nerves and spirituality. This would make the zombie's actions turn stiff. In the end, even its knees would be unable to bend, making movement only being possible by hopping.

Thankfully, I didn't choose to use the plan of letting my marionette control the Spirit Body Threads. Klein immediately made Senor say out loud, "I

was inside the cathedral for a while, and I'm not dead.

"I found a way to escape from this place!"

After saying that, "Gehrman Sparrow" sniffed as though his resistance to the ailment had weakened due to the declining state of his body.

And at this moment, the white-robed Panatiya suddenly appeared at the door of the cathedral. Her hair had been tied up once again, looking neat and tidy.

Her slightly crazy-looking but beautiful eyes looked at Gehrman Sparrow as she took out a strangely profound obsidian rock.

The contours of the obsidian rock was identical to the inset on the wall behind the cathedral's statue!

"You need it?" Panatiya asked calmly.

Klein discovered that the Demoness of Despair had dispelled her plague and ailment as he hurriedly made Senor nod.

"Yes. As long as you place it in the correct location in the cathedral, and match it with a special symbol, we will be able to open a 'door' that allows us to escape.

"I know that the cathedral's interior is very dangerous to you, but this is mainly a result of Spirit Body Threads. And as a Marionettist, I can control Spirit Body Threads to prevent you from suffering the fate of being hung up."

Panatiya fell silent for a few seconds as she curled her lips. With a bright smile, she returned with a question, "Then, I'll become your marionette?

"Or you can stop helping me at the critical moment, making me turn into a loitering figure under the moon?"

Klein was long prepared. He immediately made his marionette reply earnestly, "What should I do to make you feel at ease?"

Panatiya didn't immediately reply. After some careful thought, she said, "Give me your hair and flesh."

Curses that Demonesses are good at? Using Senor's hair and flesh to curse Gehrman Sparrow? Count me as the loser if that works! As Klein felt grounded, he made the marionette appear in a difficult position.

"Then wouldn't you be able to kill me at any moment?"

Panatiya replied with a smile, "You can hand me the hair and flesh only when entering the cathedral.

"When inside, if there are any signs of me cursing you, you can give up controlling my Spirit Body Threads. It will be the same the other way round too. If anything abnormal happens to me, I'll immediately curse you.

"Once the door is opened, I'll leave first. And at the same time, I'll return the flesh and hair to you."

"Gehrman Sparrow" hesitated for a long time as he discussed the details with the Demoness of Despair. Finally, he nodded and said, "Alright, let's do it."

Just as Panatiya wanted to say something, her eyes suddenly narrowed as she slowly said, "For some reason, I'm still a little worried."

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CHAPTER 841
KEEPING EACH OTHER IN CHECK

What terrifying intuition. Despite not realizing that the "Gehrman Sparrow" in front of you is a double, you still feel that something is amiss… Hidden in a faraway building, Klein inwardly drew a gasp. His mind raced as he quickly came up with a corresponding strategy.

He controlled Senor and made the marionette reply in a deep voice, "I'm also a little worried.

"After opening the 'door,' if you leave first, you can ambush me from the outside once I'm out. You don't even need to ambush me. You can just wait outside.

"I believe that I should be the first to leave. And before that, you need to return to me my flesh and hair. When the time comes, you can be closer to the 'door.' This way, you will have enough time to pass through the 'door' before your Spirit Body Threads drift to the top of the cathedral."

Panatiya listened in silence and returned with a question, "Then how do I prevent you from destroying the 'door' after you leave?"

"This is also a problem for me," the marionette answered without giving any signs of weakness. "When I obtain that special symbol, I'll show it to you. That way, even if I close the 'door,' you will still be able to open it again."

Panatiya closed her mouth as though she was thinking through the details, but she appeared somewhat irascible and could hardly compose herself. It was as though her inclination for insanity had filled her mind.

After about ten seconds, she said again, "I think a pure curse might not be able to harm you. Seers do not lack the means to avoid harm, just like the Paper Figurine Substitutes you used before."

She really isn't leaving behind any loopholes. Thankfully, the person in front of you is a fake from top to bottom… As Klein lampooned, he made Senor take out one paper figurine after another. Then, he burned them all in front of the Demoness of Despair.

"I can't be sure that you haven't hidden one," Panatiya said in suspicion, still somewhat neurotic.

"Gehrman Sparrow" twitched the corners of his mouth in a deadpan manner and said, "You can try divination. Aren't Witches good at that?"

Panatiya smiled impatiently and said, "The spirit world cannot be communicated with in here, and my spirituality…”

She didn't finish her sentence as the look in her eyes turned somewhat dangerous.

Klein knew what the Demoness of Despair was getting at. Her spirituality had been corrupted due to half a year of "eating." It was somewhat chaotic and crazy, making it give unreliable "answers," especially against a Beyonder that was best at divination.

The two reached a stalemate, momentarily unable to resolve the problem of trusting one another.

At this moment, on the roof to the left, a hoarse and muffled voice sounded.

"I can be your 'witness.'"

"Gehrman Sparrow" and Panatiya turned their heads at the same time and looked over. Mr. A's figure grew out from the shadows as he wore a blood-red hooded robe.

"How will you bear 'witness'?" Klein made Senor ask.

Mr. A pulled down his hood and said with a deep chuckle, "I'll use flesh and blood magic to drill into your body and control your condition. Once you stop controlling the Spirit Body Threads, or if you try to use Paper Figurine Substitutes, I'll immediately give a warning or attempt to stop you.

"Once that 'door' you speak of opens, I'll leave your body and pass through the door before my Spirit Body Threads are affected."

Do you think "Gehrman Sparrow" is an idiot? Klein made his marionette curl his lips.

"Based on what I know, Rose Bishops can hide in the bodies of others, but the host will immediately die once they leave."

"No, using that method is to evade investigations; therefore, there's a need to fuse with the host's flesh and blood. But there's no need to do so in this situation. I'll silently wait inside your stomach," Mr. A explained in detail.

No, it's not my stomach. It's Senor's stomach… Klein made Gehrman Sparrow take out a gold coin and pretend to attempt a divination.

This crazy adventurer muttered under his breath as the gold coin in between his fingers was flipped.

With a ping, the gold coin flew into the air and landed in his palm.

"Gehrman Sparrow" carefully glanced at it.

"From the looks of it, you aren't lying.

"However, you will have to leave my body before I show the special symbol to Lady Despair."

If this wasn't done, "Gehrman Sparrow" might end up being murdered by their collusion. After all, if Panatiya obtained the door-opening symbol while wielding the obsidian rock, given enough time, she didn't need to worry about any anomalies with her Spirit Body Threads. Then, she wouldn't need help from "Gehrman Sparrow" at all. Mr. A's existence was only to prevent the use of Paper Figurine Substitutes.

However, "Gehrman Sparrow" didn't need to be too worried if Mr. A came out ahead of time. He wasn't even afraid that Panatiya would lose decorum after knowing the door-opening symbol, because if that happened, he could rely on Paper Figurine Substitutes to avoid certain death. On the other hand, Panatiya wouldn't carry out a pursuit in the cathedral. This was because she would end up being hung up with the passage of time; hence, she needed to seize the opportunity to escape immediately!

Besides, there was no way to take the obsidian rock. "Gehrman Sparrow" would then have no chance of any subsequent escape attempts.

Although the details of this plan were still flawed, it fully considered the situation of all three parties. Panatiya raised her hand and grabbed at the hair that was sliding down her sideburns when she suddenly asked, "If I were to escape first, aren't you afraid that I'll ambush you?"

This was also a problem that Gehrman Sparrow was previously worried about.

Klein immediately made his marionette curl his lips and say,

"I'm afraid.

"But I still have other means of escape. I'll take the risk."

Panatiya took two steps in an irritated manner before finally saying, "We shall do it as agreed then."

After making up her mind, her smile became extremely relaxed.

"You really are a special man, a man that made me see hope. After we leave, I don't mind letting you experience what extreme pleasure is if you aren't afraid."

"Gehrman Sparrow" shifted his gaze away with great effort before looking at Mr. A.

"I have no more questions."

With the sound of howling wind, Mr. A flew down and landed not far from "Gehrman Sparrow."

His figure, along with his "clothes," rapidly melted away, turning into a sticky glob of flesh and blood.

Right on the heels of that, the flesh and blood piled onto one another and kept compressing into a "tiny stream" that had the thickness of an arm. Then, it flowed towards "Gehrman Sparrow."

Far away in a building, Klein felt somewhat disgusted as he retched. Then, he made "Gehrman Sparrow" open his mouth.

The "flesh and blood" stream climbed up the marionette's body and drilled into its mouth. The slightly warm but slippery feeling passed through the gullet and entered the stomach.

It's heavy… However, Mr. A's flesh and blood is helping to hold up the stomach, preventing it from sagging too much… Klein inspected the marionette and made him look up at the shrouded crimson moon and say to Panatiya, "Let's begin."

"Alright." Panatiya, who could hardly withstand her urges, impatiently walked towards the cathedral's entrance.

Klein made "Gehrman Sparrow" follow by her side and first plucked off his hair before making two meat tendrils grow out from his arm before ripping it out. It made blood gush out.

If someone very familiar with me were here, they would definitely notice a problem because I can't deal harm to my own body so decisively… Hmm, perhaps in the eyes of others, the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, can probably do such a deed easily… As Klein noticed a problem and gained experience from his conclusion, he made the marionette pass through the ajar main door of the ancient cathedral. He then handed the hair and flesh to Panatiya.

Panatiya slowed down her pace as she took out an ugly, palm-sized puppet and wiped the flesh over it and tied the hair around its thin neck.

She held the cursed puppet in one hand and finally stepped through the cathedral's door. Klein immediately got "Gehrman Sparrow" to control their Spirit Body Threads. As for Mr. A, as he had overlapped with the marionette, it wasn't too much of a hassle.

Hmm, even I can do it. With the powers showcased by Zaratul, "He" totally has the capability to help Beyonders that are not from the Seer pathway to resolve the loss of control over Spirit Body Threads in the cathedral. This way, as long as "He" wants the Demoness of Despair to enter, "He" could've opened the door a long time ago… Why didn't "He" do it? "He" is unable to communicate with others beyond the cathedral? That's why Seer pathway Beyonders who aren't Marionettists or higher can't walk to "Him"? Klein used his marionette's senses to analyze the situation remotely.

And inside the cathedral, the corpses remained dangling in midair. Their heads were bowed and their eyes were rolled back. From time to time, they would sway with the wind, producing the ravings "Hornacis… Flegrea…”

When Panatiya saw this scene, her body instantly stiffened, but she quickly composed herself. Together with "Gehrman Sparrow," they walked under the "gazes" of the hanged.

Before long, they saw the pitch-black altar and the statue of the ancient god's descendant.

Zaratul remained sitting diagonally behind the statue, wearing a hood and sporting a white beard.

When "Gehrman Sparrow" and Panatiya approached, "He" slowly lifted his head and chuckled.

"Very good. Beyonders from the Seer pathway need to know how to use their brain and not always think of fighting."

"He" seemed to have foreseen that all of the paper figurines of "Gehrman Sparrow" would be destroyed. "He" directly reached out "His" wrinkled palm and grasped at something. "His" grab pulled out a yellowish-brown goatskin and a quill filled with ink and a bottle of ink.

This made Panatiya involuntarily twitch her brows.

Zaratul picked up the quill and scribbled words and symbols before rolling it up and handing it to "Gehrman Sparrow."

"That's the door-opening symbol, as well as the Bizarro Sorcerer potion formula you want.

"They can only last for forty-five minutes and cannot be taken out."

Klein avoided the Demoness of Despair and unfolded the goatskin, allowing the potion formula and the door-opening symbol to appear before his eyes.

Suddenly, his pupils constricted and nearly froze.

The door-opening symbol and the symbol provided by the Antigonus family's notebook via the Misfortune Cloth Puppet were mostly the same. It was a vertical eye made up of many mysterious labels!

However, there were tiny differences in the details. A crescent pattern had switched spots with a dotted-line label!

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CHAPTER 842
BEHIND THE DOOR

At that instant, the first thought that surfaced in Klein's mind was: As expected, Zaratul has a ploy!

Right on the heels of that, he was thankful that he had obtained the correct door-opening symbol from the Antigonus family's notebook ahead of time. With this newfound confidence, he didn't panic and become at a loss.

Zaratul returned the quill and ink bottle to the past, and he lifted his head. Scanning "Gehrman Sparrow" and Panatiya, he said with a sigh, "All the conditions are in place. You can now open the door."

Upon saying that, he fixed his gaze on "Gehrman Sparrow" and chuckled.

"Don't forget to take my urn with you."

Just as he said that, his entire body suddenly crumbled into countless points of light and scattered into the surroundings, fusing into the void. It was as though he had long rotted and turned to dust.

Left in the spot where he was sitting, there was a tin urn. Its surface had ancient patterns that didn't look anything special.

Klein made "Gehrman Sparrow" take two steps forward, bend down, and pick up the tin urn. He found it heavy, nothing like something that was fake.

He used the hand holding the goatskin to open the lid and saw that it was filled with grayish-white powder and particles. It didn't have a lustrous glow.

It really is just ordinary ashes? Then who helped cremate Zaratul? He cremated himself? After "Gehrman Sparrow" closed the lid, he casually used this goatskin-wielding hand to take out a piece of flesh from a pocket and swallowed it.

Panatiya noticed this action as she squinted her eyes at him as though she was asking what he was doing.

Klein stuffed the fish into the marionette's mouth as he deliberately adjusted his breathing and said, "I'm a little nervous.

"I'm not sure if this door-opening symbol works."

Panatiya had already confirmed that he was eating ordinary fish meat. Although it looked somewhat disgusting, the half-crazy her had lacked the patience to make a further distinction. She moved her gaze away and looked at the urn and smiled.

"If it's useless, we can share it.

"I'll have one scoop a day, and it will last a very long time."

This Demoness's mental state is really abnormal… Klein silently sighed. Passing by the Eraser angel statue suspected to be the Mother of the Sky, "Gehrman Sparrow" came in front of the wall.

Then, he turned his body to the side and pointed to the inset and said to Panatiya, "Place that obsidian rock inside."

Panatiya smiled gorgeously as she said with dull eyes, "Let me see the door-opening symbol first."

There's no need to be so wary of me. If I really wanted to harm you, I can immediately give up my marionette, and you wouldn't have the time to escape this cathedral. You'll definitely be hung up. When the time comes, I'll saunter in, pick up the obsidian rock, and open the door to leave…

However, the symbol given by Zaratul is really problematic. It's best I find a person to bear the brunt of it… Klein's mind whirred as he made "Gehrman Sparrow" lift his palm and pat his abdomen while opening his mouth.

A blob of indistinct flesh and blood surged out, piling up ahead and turning into the beautiful feminine Mr. A.

Upon seeing this scene, "Gehrman Sparrow" flicked the goatskin and unrolled it.

The special symbol was with the Bizarro Sorcerer potion formula as they were reflected in the eyes of Panatiya and Mr. A.

Panatiya's eyes darted about before she smiled coquettishly and said, "Open the door. You leave first."

She had confirmed that "Gehrman Sparrow" was still helping her control her Spirit Body Threads, so there was plenty of time for her to wait.

As she spoke, she threw the ugly puppet stained with blood and tied up hair at him.

She's also afraid of an accident… As Klein got "Gehrman Sparrow" to catch the puppet, he watched the Demoness of Despair take a few steps forward and insert the obsidian rock into the recess.

The two fused together perfectly, not leaving any protrusions.

The wall rapidly emitted light and gradually turned transparent. It could be seen that the outside was paved in stone slabs. There were walls with holes and clouds floating in midair.

As Panatiya took a step to the side, "Gehrman Sparrow" held the puppet, goatskin, and urn in his left hand and reached out his right palm. He then

used his finger as a pen and drew the vertical line made up of several secret symbols on the transparent wall.

During this process, Klein was in a dilemma. He wasn't sure if he should draw Zaratul's symbol or the Antigonus family's one.

Although he believed that Zaratul was problematic and had a scheme, he felt that he had belittled this powerful figure after calming down. If Zaratul's sole purpose was to harm him and everyone else with him, there was no need for him to mention the opening of the door. All he needed to do was wait patiently to achieve his goals.

Furthermore, with the gray fog's aura completely severed and screened from Klein by the foggy town, he couldn't figure out why Zaratul would target him.

Therefore, his final judgment was that Zaratul's goal was to coax someone into opening the door to allow "Him" to obtain something or escape something. As for whether there was danger after the door opening, that wasn't within "His" considerations. If scattering the ashes was genuine and rather important, it was likely to be relatively safe after heading out. In short, danger was at every turn.

That also meant that Zaratul's door-opening symbol was real, and the probability that it didn't carry any danger was 50%.

And on the other hand, the Antigonus family's notebook wasn't necessarily "kind-hearted." The scene that Klein had seen from the divinations he did above the gray fog, and the information he obtained from Zaratul, and the fact that Zaratul had lost control and gone mad, he could basically determine that the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range's Antigonus family's treasure might very well be an enticing trap. Then, whether there was any latent risks in the complex picture provided by the notebook, that was something that needed consideration.

On the one hand it's a tiger, and on the other hand it's a wolf. It's the ultimate choice of the lesser evil… Also, the Antigonus family's symbol is for entering the treasure trove. It doesn't mean that it can be used to leave… As Klein contemplated, he didn't stop drawing while he quickly approached the part which was different.

At this moment, he stole a glance at Panatiya and discovered that her eyes had a glint in them as she wore a smile. It felt like she had the urge to try.

She… If she's normal, as a senior Instigator, she should be able to control her expressions… Besides, she just saw the door-opening symbol as well… Klein's heart stirred as he let the marionette draw the symbol provided by Zaratul.

Soon, the complicated vertical eye was drawn.

Pure light enveloped the area as they traversed the patterns and finally gathered together.

Amidst a spectacular blast of light, an illusory, double door filled with secrecy appeared on the wall. Due to the push from "Gehrman Sparrow," it slowly opened.

Behind the door was the ancient stone tiles and hole-ridden walls they had previously seen. Everything was very silent and there were zero abnormalities.

At this moment, Panatiya's figure suddenly shattered, turning into mirror fragments.

At the same time, the lady in a pure white robe appeared in front of "Gehrman Sparrow" and passed through the door.

And in her hand, there was an additional ugly puppet stained with blood, its neck coiled with a strand of hair.

As for the one in "Gehrman Sparrow"'s hand, it had degenerated into a piece of glass.

In terms of magical illusions, a Demoness of Despair was several times superior to Klein.

After Panatiya passed through the door first, she half-turned around and faced "Gehrman Sparrow," revealing a crazy and teasing smile. Black flames soared from her palm as she ignited the puppet.

At that moment, it was as though she was saying, "Despair! Plunge into the deepest pit of despair just as hope arrives!"

Only then did Klein realize that the curse couldn't be diverted or weathered by Paper Figurine Substitutes!

Panatiya immediately turned around, preparing to depart from the foggy town and the ancient cathedral, afraid that an accident would happen.

At that moment, her eyes suddenly froze.

Her body crumbled, transforming into one mirror after another. However, she wasn't able to put a distance further than ten meters between her and the door.

In just a second or two, Panatiya let out a sharp cry as invisible threads and thick, black hair curled around her, binding her within. Her exterior was covered in black flames as she froze into layers of ice.

Suddenly, all of this disintegrated. Demoness of Despair Panatiya's eyes effused clear, deep despair and regret.

Her expression rapidly turned stiff as her neck seemed to be held up by an invisible hand. Her entire body rose into the air and hung there, her eyes rolling back bit by bit, but her looks remained immaculate.

On the side of the door, "Gehrman Sparrow"'s body had been enveloped in black flames and began melting like wax. As for Mr. A who had planned on flying through the door, he began retching, vomiting one fresh mushroom after another. His body began to sprout mushrooms as if a drizzle had just passed.

Before "Gehrman Sparrow" lost his vision, the scene behind the door pulled close, presenting an empty foyer.

No, it wasn't empty. Hanging in midair were even more corpses. They were of all ages and sexes. Some were dressed exquisitely, others gorgeously, ancient, or casually.

These corpses were like the ones hanging in the cathedral. They all floated up as they came and went as though they were acting in a grand musical, accurately reflecting a musical of the daily lives and details a town should have!

Klein saw that, behind these hanged corpses, there was a transparent and slimy tentacle. It was covered in complex patterns with secrecy hidden within. It was as though it could drive anyone crazy.

Countless tentacles extended deep into the foyer, and there sat an ancient, huge stone chair. Its surface was inlaid with dull gold and gems.

This… Klein tensed up as he didn't hesitate to close his eyes and cut his connection with the marionette!

In his mind, the scene that he had seen from his previous divination surfaced.

Seated on the huge chair were countless translucent maggots that clustered together. They squirmed slowly as they grew freely, extending out nearly invisible tentacles.

And the final scene that was embedded in the marionette's vision was at the bottom of the ancient chair. A tarot card sat there silently.

Its surface was also that of Roselle. The emperor was wearing a gorgeous head accessory and colorful clothes. It held a stick with luggage hanging from it as though he was on a long trip.

He had a visionary look, and beside him was a puppy. At the corner were shiny words: "Sequence 0: The Fool!"

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CHAPTER 843
MAGICAL MUSHROOM

"Sequence 0: The Fool!"

After discerning the words on the tarot card, Klein once again felt the same feeling he had when he heard Zaratul say his name.

At that moment, he felt the strong call of destiny. He felt that everything had been arranged from the beginning, just like 0-08.

He began to suspect that his original judgment, believing that the female beast tamer from the traveling circus that had visited Tingen and performed a tarot divination for him wasn't an ordinary person.

As his thoughts raced, Klein viewed it from another angle and came up with a new idea. Gradually, he stopped being that horrified, fearful, and depressed.

Perhaps it wasn't a machination but the changes that I brought about myself.

This is because of the ritual that resulted in my transmigration. I had a connection with the mysterious space above the gray fog. Fate would naturally be affected as a result. More precisely, as a visitor from another world, I never had my "fate" here. The current trajectory I've taken is a result of my character, the encounters of the original Klein, the influence of the gray fog, and the surrounding environment.

The mysterious space above the gray fog is clearly strongly tied to the Seer pathway. And this pathway's Sequence 0 is The Fool. When projected into reality, and in front of a divination, I'll definitely get The Fool as my card!

Similarly, this resulted in me later using The Fool as my name.

Klein's mood calmed down bit by bit, believing that this was the most plausible explanation.

Using Occam's Razor to eliminate all presently unknown factors, I can still obtain a reasonable explanation. That means that it's quite likely to be the case… Klein forced himself to stop thinking about questions he couldn't provide certain answers to. He then turned his attention to what had just happened.

That huge chair and that cluster of translucent maggots were what I saw when I made a divination above the gray fog.

From carefully considering and inferring things from this harrowing scene, it might very well be an angel from the Seer pathway, an angel that had lost control and turned into a monster!

Zaratul "Himself"?

Or the powerful entity from the Antigonus family from the Fourth Epoch?

If it's the former, that corroborates with Arrodes and Will Auceptin. Zaratul is already Sequence 1 and has lost control and gone made. "He" broke down into a monster. This matches… This can also explain why Zaratul only wishes for the door to be opened. It's because once the door of secrets is opened, the two sides will have a connection, allowing "Him" to recover from "His" present state bit by bit. "His" repeated emphasis on "His" ashes was just a pretense.

But herein lies the problem. The environment Zaratul is located in, as presented by Arrodes, doesn't resemble the ancient palace at the mountain peak. Otherwise, I would've recognized it back then.

What if that's the angel from the Antigonus family who's living as an abject existence, one that made Zaratul suffer after "He" came to the Hornacis

mountain range after obtaining the notebook from Roselle? "He" had a part of him separated from "Him" without realizing it; thus, causing "Him" to go mad during the advancement. Regardless, "He" is a Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries. After all, Zaratul was already a Miracle Invoker back then…

From this angle, Zaratul's goal might very well be the opening of the door, allowing the foggy town's history and fate to become mixed with the outside world, preventing "Him" from being dissociated again.

Regardless, that cluster of translucent maggots is probably a Sequence 1 that lost control. No wonder the Demoness of Despair faced a breakdown the moment she saw "Him." She only managed to struggle a little before being hung up, turning into a marionette that's being hung up to dry. Thankfully, I was lacking in clues back then, and the scenes I saw through divination wasn't clear enough. Otherwise, I would've suffered a terrible blow from witnessing a complete and crazy Mythical Creature. I would've lost control and mutated…

Wait, no matter how strong "He" is, can "He" be stronger than the Eternal Blazing Sun and the True Creator? Even if a Seer pathway Beyonder has a certain resistance against the mysterious space above the gray fog, it would at best make "Them" be at the same level. In other words, as long as I endured the pain, with the prerequisites met, I have one chance of prying on its secrets, and a complete Mythical Creature's state is mixed in with the relevant knowledge.

Who knows, I might be able to get one or two High-Sequence formulas, just like how I obtained the Unshadowed from the Eternal Blazing Sun back then.

At this thought, Klein couldn't help but have a scene surface in his mind.

The Fool above the gray fog was silently reaching out his thieving hands once again.

While reeling in joy, Klein also found it a great pity because, with his present level, strength, and items, he had no way to head to the ancient chair with the translucent maggots and pick up The Fool card.

To see an item that one desired the most but not being able to obtain it was often painful.

Phew… At least I've already obtained the Bizarro Sorcerer potion formula. In the future, I still have once chance of prying on its secrets. The risk I took this time wasn't in vain. All the gold pounds I spent and the marionette I lost wasn't in vain either… Hmm, Zaratul likely wouldn't give a fake formula. To "Him," there's no need for him to lie to a Sequence 5 Beyonder who might not walk out alive. Besides, if "He" was lying, he had to be wary of me already knowing the Bizarro Sorcerer potion formula. The reason why I asked might only be to determine if "He" was worth trusting… I'll divine this later when I'm back above the gray fog… Klein heaved a sigh of relief, and seeing that there hadn't been any anomalies outside for quite a while, he decided to immediately approach the pitch-black cathedral and observe the changes inside.

To him, all the problems that he thought about weren't pressing issues. The pressing issue was to leave the secret world, to leave this foggy town!

When he came out of the building he was in, Klein, who was wearing an ancient triangular hat and dark red coat, carefully came to the entrance of the ancient cathedral. He carefully passed through the ajar door and walked in.

The corpses that looked and dressed differently were no different from before. They remained hanging in midair, swaying with the wind and producing the ravings of "Hornacis… Flegrea…”

Klein walked under them as his eyes got accustomed to the dim environment, allowing him to see more.

The half demonic wolf-and half-human statue was still standing there without any signs of damage. The obsidian rock and the tin urn were behind the statue without any signs of cracking.

Klein first heaved a sigh of relief as he began to observe his surroundings when his gaze froze.

In a dark corner stood a gigantic mushroom taller than he was.

The mushroom's cap had scarlet-red like blood with interspersed white patterns. Its body was formed out of similar tiny mushrooms. Their patterns drew out a face—Mr. A's face.

However, Mr. A's "eyes" were blank. It didn't have the glint that one would call human. There were mushrooms growing from both sides of the stem, forming into long arms. And on the left palm was a thin human-skinned glove. Both parties had seemed to fuse as one.

…What kind of abomination is that… Klein involuntarily took a step back. He found his knowledge in mysticism completely lacking at that moment in time.

He began taking actions to protect himself. While doing so, having not deactivated his corresponding visions, he discovered that the terrifying mushroom didn't have any Spirit Body Threads. It appeared to have long been dead, and its only movements were the results of spasming nerves.

Suddenly, Klein had a theory.

Mr. A, who had been infested with mushrooms, didn't manage to escape in time and had seen the cluster of translucent maggots. He had seen a complete Mythical Creature, causing his mind to instantly die as his body collapsed completely. This also resulted in a terrifying mutation. It then merged with Senor who had disintegrated from the curse, becoming a never-seen-before mushroom monster!

Also, Creeping Hunger has been swallowed… This "mushroom" is really disgusting. I'll throw Frank into the sea if he ever mentions mushrooms again… Klein's eyes darted around slightly as he subconsciously headed for the obsidian rock. He planned on ignoring the "mushroom" and first escape.

At this moment, he found his mind turning adrift. Everything around him seemed to turn into a blur.

Suddenly, Klein realized that he was being forcefully pulled into a dream!

He immediately escaped the dream and saw the nearly two-meter-tall "mushroom" sliding over slowly. In its hand was a great sword that was a combination of scarlet magma and blue-hot flames.

It can use Sword of Lava… Klein didn't hesitate as he opened his mouth and let out a sound: "Bang!"

The extremely penetrative Air Bullet hit the "mushroom" who had slowed down due to it being engaged in controlling dreams. The bullet drilled through its cap, tearing open a huge wound.

Underneath the wound was human flesh and tiny spores. They quickly squirmed and restored the "body."

To think that's possible… Klein felt a strong sense of danger as he hurriedly lunged to the side, rolling several times in the process.

The "mushroom" sped up suddenly as the Sword of Lava in its hand dragged scarlet and blue flames, cleaving down at the spot Klein had been standing at. It caused the floor tiles to rupture as flames scattered.

At this moment, Klein snapped his fingers, igniting the tiny mushrooms that formed the monster.

Then, he ran towards the back of the statue in an attempt to obtain the obsidian rock.

But finding his thoughts go adrift for a moment, Klein realized that he was going in the wrong direction.

He was rushing towards the entrance.

It can distort my will? Klein's heart tightened as he noticed through the corner of his eye that the surface of the gigantic "mushroom" was covered in a layer of frost. The frost had extinguished the soaring scarlet flames.

As his thoughts raced, Klein ran towards the door and snapped his fingers, igniting the tree leaves outside.

In situations with zero understanding about his enemy, and him having not made any preparations, he believed that a Magician had to choose to retreat and avoid dangers for the time being.

More importantly, his strongest Marionettist powers were useless because the gigantic "mushroom" didn't have any Spirit Body Threads!

Scarlet flames soared up like water, enveloping Klein's body. He quickly appeared in the flames outside as he jumped towards the ground.

He was just about to distance himself when he heard a howling wind.

The red-capped "mushroom" had come out of the cathedral with the auspices of a strong gust of wind!

It can even fly! Klein snapped his fingers, using Flaming Jump to open up a gap.

Meanwhile, he discovered his nose was itching as he wanted to sneeze.

I'm also sick… How am I supposed to fight? I don't have any mystical items, and I haven't been able to fully express my strengths as a Marionettist… It really is a magical mushroom! Klein was at a loss on whether to laugh or cry when he hid inside a building.

Suddenly, he felt his body become somewhat cold as his mind naturally reflected his present appearance.

His ancient triangular hat, dark red coat, white pants, and black boots had vanished. All he had on him was a pair of briefs to uphold his last bit of dignity.

This… Thirty minutes are up. The spell for summoning Senor from the past has ended… Klein instantly understood the reason as he began thinking.

That "mushroom" which fused with parts of Admiral of Blood has likely disappeared as well…

Also, in another fifteen minutes, the effects of the "fish" will disappear. It will lack the main element that forms it…

Klein couldn't help but curl his lips. He immediately used flames and leaped out. Indeed, as he expected, the gigantic "mushroom" had a ridiculous hole in part of its stem. Furthermore, it couldn't fix it, causing its speed to slow and become impeded.

Come on, let's play hide-and-seek… Klein silently said as he began circling the town's streets, using the flames and buildings to engage in a merry chase with the gigantic "mushroom."

During this process, the crimson moon didn't turn clear at all.

After more than ten minutes, the terrifying "mushroom" finally lost its ability to move as it collapsed on the street.

Klein heaved a sigh of relief as he slowly and carefully approached. He saw that the flesh and blood of the "mushroom" was gathering together as points of light converged. Soon, all that was left was a thin human-skinned glove.

This… because of the mutation brought about by the Sequence 1 angel, Creeping Hunger fused with Mr. A? It's an upgraded version of Creeping

Hunger? Klein bent his back as he carefully picked up the human-skinned glove.

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CHAPTER 844
WHICH SYMBOL

The thin human-skinned glove didn't look any different from the past, but Klein didn't dare to be too careless. He used divination to make a crude inspection.

Apart from the five fingers, the palm and the back of the palm can each Graze one more soul…

Currently, all seven spots are filled. It has signs of similar Beyonder characteristics fusing together…

It also seems to have the powers of flesh and blood magic…

The speed of switching souls has sped up significantly…

It has to eat a person a day, or else it will eat its owner. Heh, Creeping Hunger, you are swelling in self-importance again. You need to reflect on yourself above the gray fog later.

I'm temporarily unable to obtain any revelations for the rest. After I leave this place, I'll head above the gray fog to make a more accurate divination.

Yes, I'm still not sure if there are any other side effects. All I know is that it wouldn't cause me any harm for the time being.

Also, Mr. X who was Grazed wasn't affected. Traveler's Traveling and Door Opening still work.

Klein heaved a sigh of relief as he wore the upgraded Creeping Hunger. Then, he rushed for the cathedral, hoping to leave as soon as possible.

During his merry chase with the gigantic "mushroom," he hadn't forgotten to cast an illusion on himself to make him wear a trench coat and a top hat.

As for the Beyonder characteristic that Senor left behind, Klein suspected that it was likely in the hands of Demoness of Despair Panatiya. And this demigod was being hung inside the ancient palace, under the watch of the cluster of maggots.

Sigh, flesh can be slowly eaten to be stored for the future, but Beyonder characteristics will definitely have appeared and taken form after this much time. Even if Demoness of Despair didn't care too much about it and threw it somewhere, in this place that isn't connected to the spirit world and highly restricts divination, I'm unable to quickly locate it. And in this sort of environment, who knows what sorts of anomalies will happen next. Who knows if that obsidian rock will automatically teleport and disappear. Thus, I need to make every second count and escape as quickly as possible… Klein returned to the cathedral with a clear line of thought.

Although he had promised Miss Sharron to sell Senor's Beyonder characteristic to Maric, the ingredient itself was corrupted to begin with, making it difficult to use for the concocting of a potion. Secondly, his safety was a lot more important.

It's not like it cannot be resolved. I can just hunt another Wraith or find Will Auceptin's help to shatter the Beyonder characteristic in Maric's hands and allow it to be purified. Hmm, this will have to wait until a particular infant is born… Klein mumbled silently as he passed through the swaying corpses and came to the side of the stone statue.

Along the way, he found the iron cigar case which he had used to put the marionette in. It hadn't been devoured by the "mushroom." Azik's copper whistle and the Loen gold coin inside weren't damaged either.

Putting these items away, Klein controlled his Spirit Body Threads to prevent himself from floating to the top of the cathedral as he bent down to pick up the obsidian rock.

After confirming that the important item wasn't damaged, he felt a lot calmer. He then inspected Zaratul's tin urn.

When he opened the lid and took a careful look, Klein's pupils constricted as his gaze instantly froze.

All the ashes inside were gone!

There wasn't any left inside!

Zaratul achieved "His" goal? Should I say as expected… Klein threw away the thin urn while feeling doubtful. He stood up straight and inserted the obsidian rock into the wall at the back.

The wall emitted light again as it turned transparent, allowing people to see the ancient stone slabs outside, the holed walls, and the floating clouds.

At the thought of the cluster of terrifying maggots, Klein wasn't in a rush to draw the symbol provided by the Antigonus family's notebook. He first raised his right hand and snapped his fingers.

He had ignited a tree outside the cathedral, in preparation to escape with Flaming Jump the moment something wasn't right.

After making his preparations, Klein used his finger and quickly outlined the vertical eye formed of many secret symbols. Compared to the previous one, a crescent and dotted line had swapped places.

With his final stroke, the pure beams of light bloomed as they followed the vertical eye's patterns before blasting into a radiant light!

The entire cathedral turned ethereal as it shook.

Klein felt as though he had instantly arrived at the top where the corpses were being hung. In front of him was a pair of illusory double doors. Behind the door was a familiar ancient palace. It was where Panatiya and the other corpses were gently swaying.

Translucent tentacles with strange and mysterious patterns swarmed over and slammed on the door but were unable to open it. All it could do was use some of its strength to "grab" Klein's Spirit Body Threads!

Klein didn't hesitate to snap his fingers. While pulling at his Spirit Body Threads, he leaped to the flames outside the cathedral.

Right on the heels of that, he snapped his fingers repeatedly and flashed away, escaping to the farthest point of the foggy town.

After the ethereal feeling of the pitch-black cathedral vanished, Klein paused and frowned.

That also leads to the palace with the rampaging angel…

The symbol provided by the Antigonus family's notebook is as much of a trap as Zaratul's was!

However, this symbol only seems capable of triggering the door to escape, but it's unable to open it. Otherwise, I might not have been able to escape…

It's the symbol for entry, while Zaratul's one was for exiting?

What should I do… How do I leave?

Klein subconsciously surveyed the ghastly silent town which was shrouded in fog, and he forced himself to calm down. He began to think about how he could escape.

Perhaps that's not the only wall that allows me to leave, but it's unlikely. All these years, there have been batches of people coming to the foggy town. If

there are any clues outside the cathedral, they should have long found it.

Try another symbol?

What should I try…

Klein fell into deep thought as he analyzed the intricacies to see if he could be inspired.

This place is related to the Nation of the Evernight and the Antigonus family. As for the monster on the huge throne in the ancient palace, it's definitely a rampaging angel from the Seer pathway, regardless of "His" identity…

Zaratul, who's also involved in this matter, is similarly an angel of the Seer pathway. The Antigonus family's notebook which provided the symbol is also directly tied to this pathway…

Therefore, the correct door-opening symbol is likely related to the Seer pathway?

Sequence 0 of the Seer pathway is likely called The Fool… This can be initially confirmed; otherwise, that owner of the Card of Blasphemy wouldn't have been lured to the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range and become a hanger…

The Fool… The Fool…

As he ruminated over the word, Klein suddenly thought of himself. He thought of the mysterious symbol behind his high-back chair that represented himself above the gray fog!

Perhaps I can give it a try? Klein pondered for a few seconds before deciding to make a bold attempt. After all, he was temporarily out of ideas.

He returned to the spired cathedral, and under the gaze of the hanged corpses, he walked to the wall behind the statue and picked up the obsidian rock that had fallen once again.

After the obsidian rock was inserted, the door rapidly turned transparent. As Klein snapped his fingers to light another tree, he took a deep breath. He drew The Fool's symbol that was made up of the Pupil-less Eye and the partially Contorted Lines.

Soon, he completed the symbol as he found himself feeling anxious.

But this time, nothing happened to the transparent door.

It doesn't work… Klein's expression turned wry as he suspected that he would be trapped in there, engaging in murderous battles with Beyonders who later entered, doing so until he starved to death or was eaten.

He shook his head to dispel his emotions of despair. He began running through ideas in search of other clues.

This place is related to the Nation of the Evernight and is related to the Antigonus family, and they were obliterated by the Church of Evernight.

The one who sent me here is the Eraser angel who's suspected to be the Mother of the Sky. "She" was active in the basement of the Church of Evernight's Saint Samuel Cathedral…

The reason why people vanish if they don't sleep at night in the ruins of the battle of gods is said to be a result of the remnant aura and strength of a deity from the Evernight domain.

Therefore, this is clearly related to the Evernight's authority or even the Evernight Goddess, uh—areas related to the Goddess.

The more Klein thought about it, the more he lacked confidence. He was originally analyzing the problem from an objective angle, but he had

unknowingly changed the way he addressed the Evernight Goddess.

And this led him to a new idea.

Perhaps I can try the label corresponding to the Dark Sacred Emblem or the symbol that represents the Goddess in mysticism?

Out of options, Klein exhaled and raised his right hand again, drawing the simplified picture of the Dark Sacred Emblem.

Suddenly, the watery scene behind the transparent door shook as a change occurred.

Although he could still see the ancient palace and the hole-ridden wall, they were very far away and could only be faintly made out!

Behind the door was a bottomless cliff with jagged rocks. It was amidst the clouds in the sky with stars and the crimson moon that hadn't been concealed by the sunlight. It was like some part of a mountaintop!

…It really works… Klein stared at this scene with a dumbfounded expression as he subconsciously reached out with his palms and pushed the door open.

There was a cold breeze outside that produced a howl.

Klein was just about to take a step out when he fell into thought and paused.

Then, he flipped a gold coin and did a divination. He received a revelation that there was no danger outside.

Following that, he drew a crimson moon on his chest in a feigned manner.

After doing this, Klein stepped out with his right foot and passed through the illusory door.

His vision went dark as he saw an endless night and resplendent stars. Following that, he found himself on a mountaintop. Apart from the unmelted snow, jagged rocks, and morning sunlight, there was nothing.

I'm out… I'm safe? Klein didn't observe his surroundings as he directly used Creeping Hunger to turn transparent as he attempted using Traveling.

If this succeeded, it would mean that he had escaped the foggy town and returned to the real world. He could then leave the location he was at to avoid any danger. If he were to fail, he would quickly take note of the situation and be wary of any sudden attacks.

After a moment, Klein's body turned faint as he vanished from the spot. The colors in front of him saturated as countless, indescribable shadows appeared.

He had succeeded in entering the spirit world!

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CHAPTER 845
RETURN

It really is the spirit world… Klein was delighted as he inwardly muttered to himself.

Without needing further confirmation, his spirituality and spiritual perception had told him that this was the real spirit world!

And this meant that he had returned to the real world, the place with all kinds of delicacies.

I nearly cried tears of joy… Klein inwardly made a self-deprecating comment as he considered where he was supposed to head to next.

From the position of the stars, moon, and sun, it's still morning. If there's no time difference between the real world and the foggy town, it's at most 7:30 a.m., or maybe earlier. At this point, the servants must've discovered the disappearance of their mate, and they would definitely inform the priests and bishops.

Even if they have received the corresponding training and would report to their superiors according to the protocol, they will have to first eliminate the possibility that someone was skiving away or having a stomachache. They would need more than ten minutes before confirming this and begin taking the necessary actions.

And after the report to their superiors, the priests and bishops wouldn't be able to instantly tell the severity of the matter. They would only believe that the servant had escaped, and they wouldn't quickly connect this matter to

the Keepers. After they do a divination or investigation to figure out the truth, it would be twenty to thirty minutes later.

That also means that they likely haven't begun their search in the surrounding area to find the intruder. The identity of Dwayne Dantès hasn't been exposed yet.

Hmm, if the Bizarro Sorcerer potion formula given by Zaratul is real, then the identity of Dwayne Dantès still has many uses. If I can still keep the identity going, I should try harder to not abandon it.

Besides, the only things that I'm wearing, which are real, are my glove and underwear. If I head elsewhere, I'll be a pervert…

Klein already had a choice he was leaning towards. He took out the iron cigar case, which appeared to be inside his pocket, but was actually lodged under a rubber band. He opened it and took out the gold coin inside.

"Returning to 160 Böklund Street is dangerous," Klein muttered seven times, and with a flick, he saw it slowly spin in the spirit world, wobbling up and down, left and right, before landing on his palm.

This time, it was tails, indicating a negative response!

Klein nodded indiscernibly and immediately traveled towards Backlund.

After three stops, his figure finally appeared in his room at 160 Böklund Street. The curtains were drawn tightly and it was dim. It was very suitable for sleeping.

And on the bed, Dwayne Dantès was lying on the bed facing up. His hands were grabbing the ends of the blanket near his neck.

From the looks of it, the investigation hasn't reached me… This appearance is ridiculous… Klein secretly heaved a sigh of relief and saw "Dwayne Dantès" dissipate and turn into a palm-sized mirror.

Water ripples appeared on the mirror's surface as silver light bloomed and turned into Loenese text:

"Exalted Great Master, did you encounter something? Your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, failed to sense you before!"

"It wasn't anything important," Klein answered perfunctorily.

This made him confirm that Arrodes was unable to pry into the secrets that happened in the foggy town. After all, this fellow was able to present the environment where the rampaging Zaratul was.

It really is related to the authorities of a deity? Klein's mind stirred as he asked, "Did anyone look for me?"

"No, no one came to disturb you." The silver on the mirror's surface changed and produced new words.

Klein felt truly relieved as he said to Arrodes, "You may leave. I'll summon you again if needed."

"Alright, Master. Goodbye, Master~" Like before, Arrodes produced a drawing of a hand waving on the mirror.

After the aqueous light vanished, the mirror was restored to normal. Klein walked to the bedside and pulled out the pajamas underneath and wore it.

Then, he took out candles and other items before entering the bathroom. He set up a sacrificial ritual, preparing to send Creeping Hunger, Azik's copper whistle, the iron cigar case, and the various mysticism materials above the gray fog to avoid any investigations he might face.

After doing all of this, Klein didn't delay and sat at The Fool's seat. He conjured the Bizarro Sorcerer's potion formula in front of him.

"Sequence 4: Bizarro Sorcerer.

"Main ingredient: Bizarro Bane's main eye, the true soul body of a Spirit World Plunderer.

"Supplementary ingredients: 200 ml of a Bizarro Bane's blood, 30 grams of a Spirit World Plunderer, 10 grams of Red-hair Birch bark. One segment of golden grapevines, fingernail-sized Self-made Rubber Mask.

"Advancement ritual: Relying on one's strength and strategy, orchestrate a grand performance before many spectators to kill a Beyonder creature at the level of a demigod. Then, at the end of the performance, consume the potion."

Klein didn't consider what this ritual actually meant. Beneath the potion formula, he wrote a corresponding statement.

Following that, he summoned a spirit pendulum from the junk pile. Holding it in his left hand, he began a divination.

Before long, Klein opened his eyes and saw the dangling topaz rotating clockwise.

This meant that the Bizarro Sorcerer potion formula he had was genuine!

Phew… Klein exhaled as he took the opportunity to determine what kind of changes Creeping Hunger had experienced, as well as what the various negative side effects were.

After a dream divination and several direct attempts, he figured out the exact situation in less than two minutes.

Creeping Hunger could now Graze seven souls. During each Grazing process, it could obtain two or three Beyonder powers. One of them can be chosen by the wearer.

There are currently eight souls inside Creeping Hunger. The others completely dissipated from the mutation brought about by the Attendant of

Mysteries. And due to the excessive number of souls, it caused a "congestion," making some of the powers unusable. One soul needs to be released to restore it back to normal.

At present, the first of the eight souls is Baron of Corruption, which is Wormtongue Mithor. He fused with the Beyonder characteristics of the same pathway that Mr. A had Grazed. Apart from Distortion and Bribe—Weaken, there's another area of effect Beyonder power called Corrosion. It can turn the hearts of people within ten meters dark and greedy, making them make irrational choices.

The second is Desire Apostle Kircheis. He fused with Mr. A's Devil and replaced Danger Premonition, which requires advanced activation before being useful, with Sulfur Fireball. And Language of Foulness—Slow and Sword of Lava have been enhanced.

Third is Traveler, Mr. X Lewis Wien. He fused with Mr. A's Scribe. While keeping Traveling and Door-Opening, it has obtained the Beyonder power of Record. However, there's a change. It's unable to record ordinary Beyonder powers, and it can only be used against targets at the demigod level. The chance of success has been increased. Although it's still very troublesome, eight times or so would be needed as long as I'm not too unlucky. In addition, it cannot record more than two demigod-level Beyonder powers, and cannot exceed Sequence 3.

Fourth is Zombie Maveti. There hasn't been any change. It's still the original Zombie Strength, Ice Control and Zombie Manipulation.

Fifth is an unknown Demoness of Affliction. She can give the user a rather powerful sense of charm. In addition, one's appearance would receive an adjustment to a certain degree. In addition, she can provide an ailment that covers 50 meters. Creatures within that range will slowly be infected, and the effects slowly become severe. In the beginning, it might be oversensitive skin, a cold, or a fever. But twenty to thirty seconds later, it might very well turn into serious illnesses like pneumonia. After two or three minutes, one can suddenly suffer cardiac arrest or a brain aneurysm.

Sixth is an unknown Wind-blessed. There are three Beyonder powers—Short-distance Flight, Dive, and Water Control.

Seventh is an unknown Soul Assurer with the two Beyonder powers of forcefully pulling one into a dream and causing a Spirit Body to sleep.

Eighth is an unknown Doctor with the three Beyonder powers of distinguishing the time, treatment of serious ailments, and stitching souls.

At the same time, Creeping Hunger itself has Shadow Lurking and Flesh Bomb. Furthermore, it has the chance and strength to barely Graze a Sequence 4 saint.

It has instantly become so much stronger… As Klein was secretly delighted, he also frowned at the negative side effects.

Now, Creeping Hunger had to eat a living person every day, otherwise it would devour the wearer. At the same time, it would praise the True Creator from time to time in the wearer's mind. It would bring about chaotic thoughts and a headache. Apart from those two, it was also still afraid of mushrooms. No powers could be used if mushrooms appeared within five meters of it.

To randomly praise the True Creator is really troublesome. Same for eating a living person every day… I'll first throw it above the gray fog and let it calm down for a few days. Perhaps there might be some changes. If that really doesn't work, I can only write to Mr. Azik… Klein quickly made up his mind and didn't hesitate to release the Soul Assurer's soul.

He also planned on swapping the Wind-blessed and Doctor later. The Demoness of Affliction depended on the circumstances.

To the side of the bronze table, the Soul Assurer's spirit surfaced. But due to the mutation, it couldn't be maintained once it lost its host. It rapidly dissipated.

His Beyonder characteristic was produced. It was entirely black in color. At its core was pure shimmering light that looked like a night sky with embedded stars.

After doing this, Klein didn't hesitate to throw Creeping Hunger and the other items into the junk pile. He then quickly returned to the real world, ended the ceremony, and cleared up any traces.

Following that, he washed his face and brushed his teeth to make Dwayne Dantès look sharp.

After leaving the bathroom, Klein, in his pajamas, walked to the door with his usual expression. He pulled open the door and said to his valet outside, "Prepare a set of clothes that's suitable for home wear."

"Yes, sir." Richardson didn't ask why as he immediately walked to the wardrobe.

Only at this point, with him seeing his servant's back, did Klein confirm that he was out of harm's way and had returned back to his normal life.

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CHAPTER 846
FIND THE TARGET

Saint Samuel Cathedral, behind Chanis Gate.

Backlund Archbishop, Saint Anthony, stood at the staircase connecting the two different stories and watched as the Nighthawk deacons rushed about. Many of them wore red gloves.

As a spokesperson for the Church of Evernight in the kingdom's capital, Saint Anthony had a clean-shaven face. His face didn't betray his mood, and his deep black eyes similarly hid any upheavals he had. But everyone who passed by him would feel their souls tremble as an indescribable sense of horror arose in their hearts.

"Your Grace, an inventory count has been made. None of the mysticism ingredients are missing, including the potion main ingredients and Beyonder characteristics…”

"Your Grace, all the potion formulas are in their original locations. It can be preliminarily determined that no one had gone through them in the last eight hours…”

"Your Grace, all of the prisoners imprisoned on the first level are accounted for. None of them escaped, nor did anyone pass away…”

"Your Grace, none of the information or books suffered any damage or were moved…”

"Your Grace, the Grade 2 and Grade 3 Sealed Artifacts are all present. None of them have been taken away…”

"Your Grace, the three Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts remain in their sealed states. None of them show signs of having left their confines…”

"Your Grace, the core seal remains intact and didn't suffer any damage…”

"Your Grace, it has been confirmed that there are no new items in here. There are no remnant setups that bring about danger…”

"Your Grace, we didn't find the enemy who disguised himself as a Keeper. H-he seems to have evaporated into thin air…”

One deacon after another came over to make a report as the matter gradually turned somewhat odd.

They found it unimaginable that a scheming and powerful Beyonder would take such an immense risk and set up such a tight plan and use all kinds of means to pass through Chanis Gate. Yet, nothing was taken, and the perpetrator had left after circling the area once!

This made it seem like the person was only trying to prove themselves, or it was someone who had specially come to find flaws in the surveillance of Chanis Gate for the Church.

The deacon who led a Red Gloves team surveyed the area and deliberated as he came up with a theory.

"Your Grace, could it be the requirements of an advancement ritual of some Sequence?"

Having been on a mission to capture Devils, he was accustomed to making such guesses. And from Sequence 5, different pathways and different Sequences had different advancement rituals. The ones that the Church of Evernight was aware of wasn't a large number.

If that were the case, Soest could already see the infiltrator's mockery grin that said, "I'm free to go anywhere, even if it's the Church of Evernight's

Chanis Gate. It's no different from a department store. Those Nighthawks will only become raged after the matter, feeling useless."

He has to be caught! Soest silently clenched his red-gloved hand.

Saint Anthony was just about to say something when Nighthawk deacon, Daly Simone, raised a second possibility.

"Perhaps the infiltrator had attempted to take some Sealed Artifact away and suffered the negative effects. He died on the spot and was cleanly devoured?"

Saint Anthony nodded in thought and said, "I'll head to basement three to take a look."

With that said, he steadily walked to basement two, and in a secret location, activated the path to basement three.

The other deacons were lacking in rank or clearance, so all they could do was wait in their spots.

Saint Anthony quickly arrived at basement three which didn't span too big an area. He basically confirmed that Sealed Artifacts 1-29 and 1-80 hadn't undergone any abnormal changes.

Following the strict protocols, he observed 1-80 with 1-29 and found 0-17 lying inside with eyes half-open, just like always.

During this process, Saint Anthony approached thrice and opened a distance from it thrice. Sometimes, he changed where he stood, and at other times, he cloaked himself in the darkness of the night. He didn't dare skip the necessary steps.

Even as a saint, he didn't dare belittle any of the items in here. Ignoring the powers that would break out of its vessel, temporary causing the seal on 0-17, even 1-29 and 1-80, which were rather dangerous items, to become

ineffective. Saint Anthony didn't wish to degenerate into an amnesiac who had to relearn how to eat and drink, much less become part of a dream that existed between reality and illusions.

There's nothing wrong… Anthony heaved a silent sigh of relief. He began restoring the two Sealed Artifacts to their original states.

A few minutes later, the Nighthawk deacons saw the archbishop return.

"The infiltrator might have died from touching a Sealed Artifact," Saint Anthony said, his pronunciation of "died" being somewhat muffled.

He didn't give any additional explanations as he instructed, "Regardless, this matter needs to be investigated. The infiltrator might have a partner!

"To be able to infiltrate Saint Samuel Cathedral without causing a stir, it means that the target is very familiar with this place and is familiar with the recent duty shifts of the Keepers. He's very familiar with how Nighthawks handle and take over matters, and has the ability or an item to change his appearance. In addition, he had obtained the help from a Beyonder with a sacred Evernight pathway item or has one himself.

"Putting all these conditions together, investigate the servants and priests to see if they have encountered any indistinct spirit channeling or enticement. Check if the bishops have betrayed the Goddess, as well as the believers who have recently come to the cathedral on a regular basis… At the same time, check on all the believers and the surroundings of their residences. Perhaps they had unexpectedly divulged something and had something stolen. I'll carry out the investigations pertaining to you.

"Also, find the missing servant and see if there are any clues."

"Yes, Your Grace," Soest and the other Nighthawk deacons answered in unison.

…

In the office with a tense mood, Leonard Mitchell wasn't having his feet up on the table like usual. He sat very properly and wore a rather solemn expression.

This was the second time he had encountered a matter that targeted items behind Chanis Gate. It invoked the memories that he buried deep inside his heart.

And more importantly, he had encountered the fake Keeper before without realizing the problem!

I-if I were a little stronger and had better observation skills, perhaps it might not have… Leonard Mitchell's lips pursed tightly as he looked at the documents in front of him, but he wasn't reading a single word. This continued until his teammates entered.

"That Keeper has awoken. He didn't see the infiltrator and only knew that he encountered the possession ability of a Wraith," the Red Glove that entered said to everyone in the room.

"How can a Wraith move about inside the cathedral?" Many Red Gloves raised the question, but no one had an answer.

Perhaps that Wraith believes in the Goddess… Leonard mumbled inwardly. While no one was paying attention to him in the corner, he suppressed his voice and seemed to mutter, "Old Man, didn't you discover anything abnormal back then?"

The slightly aged voice sounded in his mind:

"It's not like I'll observe the outside world all the time, especially when I'm near Chanis Gate."

Leonard didn't dare ask further as he joined in the discussion with his teammates.

Before long, the Red Gloves team captain, Soest, entered the room and threw a stack of dossiers on the desk.

"These are the targets we need to investigate. The bishops have provided the names of the believers who have frequently come to the cathedral recently."

Leonard glanced at it, and towards the back was a dossier with a familiar name: Dwayne Dantès!

This… this old fellow that survived from the Fourth Epoch came to a nearby street for less than two months, and Chanis Gate was infiltrated? Isn't that too much of a coincidence? Besides, he has been frequently coming to Saint Samuel Cathedral. He might be observing the situation and figuring out the patterns… Old Man's excuse wasn't too convincing, but if the infiltrator was Dwayne Dantès, then everything makes sense. He's afraid that he would expose himself and pretended not to discover anything abnormal… Leonard's mind instantly filled with many ideas as he asked in deliberation, "Captain Soest, what did the infiltrator take? What clues did he leave behind?"

Soest surveyed the room and said, "Nothing was taken or left behind. It was like no one stepped inside. His Grace suspects that he died or was vaporized from contact with some Sealed Artifact. Our priority is to find his partner."

No, Dwayne Dantès wouldn't die that easily! He's a monster who has lived since the Fourth Epoch… However, why did he carry out the infiltration? Leonard frowned slightly as he hesitated for a moment. Then, he proactively included Dwayne Dantès into the investigation targets for himself and two other teammates.

After the Red Gloves and local Nighthawks began taking action, Leonard found an excuse to head to the washroom first. He suppressed his voice and asked, "What are your thoughts about Dwayne Dantès?"

He didn't expose his parasite's lie.

The elderly voice chuckled and said, "Didn't I tell you? I don't know much about him. I only know that there's something special about him. His aura has something ancient about it.

"However, the case you previously investigated gave me some inspiration. I suspect that Dwayne Dantès might be related to that matter. He might be a proxy of some existence."

"What matter? Which existence?" Leonard muttered softly in surprise.

In his mind, the ancient voice replied with an odd tone, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era."

…

160 Böklund Street.

Klein had his breakfast and returned to the balcony's half-open room. He sat in his reclining chair and raised his hand to rub his temples.

After his tense mood subsided, Klein discovered that his mind had turned somewhat adrift. He would often see the hanging corpses in the ancient cathedral, as well as the cluster of translucent maggots that remained unclear in his deepest memories. Illusory voices would seem to constantly echo in his ears: "Hornacis… Flegrea…”

Although I had quickly cut the connection with my marionette, I had suffered some of the effects. My soul has been slightly corrupted… As expected of a real Mythical Creature… After the preliminary investigations are done, I'll have to find a way to resolve the remnant problems… Klein slowly heaved a sigh of relief and used Cogitation to calm himself.

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CHAPTER 847
THE NAME HIDDEN IN THE DOSSIERS

A carriage passed by Böklund Street as Leonard Mitchell and two Red Gloves teammates discussed the target they were investigating this time—Dwayne Dantès.

"I still haven't had any direct contact with this gentleman. I've only investigated his servants and neighbors," Cindy, who had long wine-red hair, introduced her findings. "For now, it has been confirmed that Dwayne Dantès has acted the same since last night to this morning. He went to his bedroom to sleep at eleven and finished washing up at half-past seven in the morning. At times, he would have some supper and end the day after midnight. At times, he would wake up before seven and head out for a stroll, but that's not the norm."

Another Red Glove, Bob, nodded and said, "From this point of view, there's nothing wrong with Dwayne Dantès."

Leonard Mitchell, who sat in a seemingly casual manner, immediately said with a smile, "But the reverse can also be true.

"According to what we've currently gathered, the missing servant was likely replaced between 11:20 and 11:35 last night. The infiltrator entered Chanis Gate at six in the morning, and we discovered the problem at 7:20 a.m. without finding the target.

"It can thus be said that during the infiltration, Dwayne Dantès was sleeping and lacked an alibi."

"What you say makes sense…" Cindy glanced at Leonard in surprise.

Her impression of this teammate of hers was one who often had a judgment or question that pointed at the core of the problem. However, he seldom described his logic in great detail. He was more like a desultory poet who occasionally had epiphanies.

Bob, who had a sharp chin, frowned as he shook his head.

"If that's the case, everyone on this name list cannot be cleared of suspicion. They were sleeping with no one watching them. Even if they have wives or husbands, they would similarly be sleeping at such times.

"Also, I don't believe an infiltrator would be so bold. He had already entered Chanis Gate and managed to successfully escape, completing an unimaginable feat; yet, he stays nearby and hasn't abandoned his identity or gone far away. How is this possible?

"The risk involved cannot be predicted unless he's also planning something else. Or he can't bear to part with certain things, but what can compare with infiltrating Chanis Gate? What can compare with those Sealed Artifacts, ingredients, and formulas?"

If I didn't know that Dwayne Dantès was problematic in the first place, I would've come to the same conclusion… Leonard had already thought of an explanation as he crossed his right leg.

"I'm just saying why we can't so easily strike off Dwayne Dantès from the suspects.

"Besides, Captain Soest has said it. The infiltrator might have already died behind Chanis Gate. Even if Dwayne Dantès isn't involved, he might very well be an accomplice.

"Hmm… Don't you find it too much of a coincidence? He moved in for less than two months, and the Church encountered something that might never

happen in centuries. Besides, he has been visiting Saint Samuel Cathedral too frequently. He had ample opportunities to figure out the corresponding situation.

"Also, during this period of time, there was a strange sewer explosion along Böklund Street."

Cindy bunched up her long, wine-red hair and said, "You've convinced me. This should be a target that we put our focus on."

Bob pulled at the ends of his left palm's red glove and said, "There are indeed many coincidences.

"However, coincidences might not be equivalent to problems. Even if Dwayne Dantès goes to the cathedral daily and listens to the bishop's preachings, all he could do is understand the layout and not obtain deeper information, such as when the Keepers will head to Chanis Gate and how the handover is done with the Nighthawks."

"Therefore, he's more likely to be one of the accomplices," Leonard said with a shrug.

He similarly didn't understand how Dwayne Dantès would understand the internal protocols of the Nighthawks so well.

Cindy echoed, "Regardless, we have to do a deeper investigation.

"Shall we wait till noon and directly enter Dwayne Dantès's dream to question him? Hmm, he has the habit of taking afternoon naps."

Leonard raised his right hand and waved it gently.

"There's no need to be in such a hurry.

"It's not like we've never done any routine inspections in the past or entered his dreams, but we didn't discover anything wrong.

"If there really is nothing wrong with him, we wouldn't gain anything from entering his dream again. If there's a problem with him, the fact that he didn't expose himself back then means he has the means to resist an inquiry during the dream. We will still be fooled by him if we enter his dream again.

"Therefore, we should monitor him and see what kind of people he interacts with, so as to prevent him from escaping while waiting for Desi's response about this tycoon's true identity. Once we discover any clues, we will request to use a higher-level investigation method than questioning him in dreams."

Cindy was once again surprised as she couldn't help but joke, "It's rare to see you analyze the situation so seriously."

Furthermore, his thought processes were extremely clear!

Leonard fell silent and gave a self-deprecating comment.

"Perhaps it's because I've encountered something similar."

Instantly, Cindy felt that Leonard's green eyes had turned darker.

She didn't speak further.

"Let's take turns to monitor Dwayne Dantès. I'll go first."

"Alright." Leonard nodded and turned to Bob. "Get the case files on the sewer explosion. Let's see if we can discover any problems. I'll head back to read through the corresponding dossiers and see if there are any other abnormalities on this street."

After splitting the work, the three Red Gloves began their work. Leonard returned to Saint Samuel Cathedral's basement and obtained the information involving Böklund Street and the cases that the Aurora Order had actively or passively involved themselves in for the past three years.

The latter was something that sparked off the clue provided by the Parasite in him. It gave him an idea.

"Since The Fool's existence and the corresponding honorific name initially came from the Aurora Order, it means that the Aurora Order was involved in something or had suffered some setbacks. It might be related to the organization that believes in The Fool!"

After returning to the office, Leonard held back his desultory attitude as he very seriously read through the thick dossiers.

In the dossiers related to the Aurora Order, there was the Lanevus case he was most familiar with. This True Creator's descent had failed terribly because of some baffling report. A mysterious person had appeared to kill the main criminal. He was suspected to be related to Hero Bandit Black Emperor. As he targeted evil criminals, he would scatter tarot cards over the target's corpse. That person wasn't able to do it for Desire Apostle Jason Beria only because Leonard had rushed over too quickly.

Similarly, Leonard once again saw the name, "Sherlock Moriarty," appear in the periphery of the case.

Aurora Order's Mr. X was assassinated at the gathering he convened. There were traces of powers at the demigod level left at the scene… At this point in time, Dwayne Dantès had already arrived in Backlund. It matches perfectly…

Aurora Order's Mr. A and the Demoness Sect cooperated to create the Great Smog of Backlund. This person vanished as a result…

Aurora Order's Mr. A had assassinated the Intis ambassador…

…

Leonard read case after case, but he didn't find anything of use.

He rubbed his temples and decided to attack it from a different angle. He began from the cases related to Hero Bandit Black Emperor.

Lanevus case… First murder scene with the tarot cards thrown as a ritual… And The Fool is the beginning of the tarot cards…

Capim's case… From the strength and level showcased by Hero Bandit Black Emperor, he won't and wouldn't mimic others… He similarly scattered tarot cards on the corpse…

Desire Apostle Jason Beria… I saw Hero Bandit Black Emperor with my own eyes, preventing him from scattering the cards in time…

Apart from major events and evil criminals, what other connection do these three cases have? Leonard had previously considered the relevant questions and was certain that Detective Sherlock Moriarty had been partially involved in the Lanevus and Capim cases.

Then what about the Desire Apostle case?

Leonard found the addendum and began leafing through them. Finally, he spotted a line in an inconspicuous spot:

…People attacked involved Isengard Stanton, Sherlock Moriarty…

Leonard's expression slowly turned excited as though he had discovered a breakthrough.

He flipped through the Aurora Order dossier and didn't miss out any of the names involved. He kept expanding his search and requested for all the dossiers that involved every name.

"Aurora Order's Mr. A assassinated the Intis ambassador… The Intis ambassador was in charge of the conflict over the difference engine manuscripts… The clues to the manuscripts came from a spy who usually acted as a private detective…

"It is reported that another private detective was embroiled in this matter and had nearly been killed by a gang member under the command of the Intis ambassador… Another private detective…" Leonard suddenly stood up as he left Saint Samuel Cathedral and headed for the police station that handled the case back then.

Although most of the dossiers had been taken away by MI9, Leonard still found the name of the person who had made the police report: "Sherlock Moriarty!"

I now have reason to believe that this great detective was also involved in the Great Smog of Backlund. Among the various people who are involved, his name appears, right at the periphery of the matter! He and Dwayne Dantès all belong to a secret organization that believes in The Fool? Leonard thought as the corners of his lips curled up. He decided to immediately search for more information to verify his conjecture.

…

160 Böklund Street, inside the master bedroom.

Klein didn't have any Nighthawks enter his dream during his afternoon nap, but he once again "returned" to the foggy town. He saw Demoness of Despair Panatiya with her smile showcasing blood-colored flesh in between the gaps of her teeth. He saw her slowly being hung up as her eyes rolled back in despair before her head drooped down.

The hung corpses, the horrifying gigantic mushroom, the cluster of countless translucent maggots kept appearing one after another, waking Klein up from his dream.

As he rubbed his temples, Klein found that his mind was in a terrible condition. And this wasn't a problem that could be resolved by the gray fog.

He fell into deep thought and entered his bathroom and arrived above the gray fog. He conjured Gehrman and made him pray:

“…Please pass on my question to Miss Justice about when she will be free. I wish to receive some psychotherapy."

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CHAPTER 848
GETTING CAUGHT IN THE CROSSFIRE

Backlund, Empress Borough, Inside the Hall family's luxurious mansion.

Audrey had just tried on three selections of evening gowns today, and she was sitting on a cushioned chair, wondering how they could be matched with her accessories and which one she was more inclined towards. She also pondered over her mother's opinion.

At this moment, she suddenly saw an endless grayish-white and a blurry figure watching down at everything from high above appear before her eyes.

Immediately after that, she saw another figure. It was a praying figure that had been shrouded by the gray fog. Her ears resounded with the corresponding words.

Instead of being alarmed, Audrey was delighted. Her unease and worry that there wasn't a Tarot Gathering today was instantly quelled.

As expected, it was nothing! Oh, Mr. World really has a psychological problem. He must've been under immense stress recently. It's no wonder he booked an appointment in advance… Audrey sighed as she began to consider when she was free.

As she pondered, she scanned the maids who were busy in her room and the golden retriever, Susie, who was sitting by the door.

Audrey's lips curled up slightly in an irresistible manner as she bowed her head and secretly prayed in response:

“…Please tell Mr. World that I'm currently free. He can determine the time and location. Uh, as long as it's not night time and doesn't exceed the boroughs west of Backlund…”

In regards to this, the golden retriever who was observing the maids' work seemed to sense someone looking at her. She suspiciously turned her head and looked in Audrey's direction. However, it failed to discover any problems.

…

Above the gray fog, inside the palace that looked like a giant's residence.

She's free at any time… Periods when it's convenient to head out… Won't leave places she's familiar with… Klein rubbed his temples as he interpreted Miss Justice's reply.

His first reaction was that it was best done today or tomorrow, and to have her determine the location. Then, he could use Creeping Hunger to Teleport there, but he soon thought of a problem.

Dwayne Dantès was part of the Nighthawks' investigations. It was very possible that he was being monitored; therefore, rashly Traveling could easily expose him.

Wait a few days, or… Klein seriously thought about it as he conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow and prayed once again:

“…Please inform Miss Justice that let's do it today. Above the gray fog."

…

Ah? Audrey's eyes widened. She found that the answer provided by Mr. World exceeded her expectations.

How was she supposed to get Susie to be her stand-in!?

Besides, there are many details that I'm unable to see or clearly sense while inside Mr. Fool's palace. It will seriously hamper any psychotherapy… Audrey calmed her sense of alarm as she posed her doubts from a position of viability and requested Mr. Fool to pass it on to Mr. World.

Before long, she received a reply again.

“…I will request Mr. Fool to remove those restrictions. We'll use other means to conceal our true appearances…”

That can be done? This is the special treatment one gets from being Mr. Fool's Blessed? Hmm, our continuous communication is almost like a conversation. I've really troubled Mr. Fool. And "He" seems to almost allow us to indulge in it… Audrey's thoughts raced as she stopped finding excuses.

“…Alright. Let's do it between 11:30 to 12:30 tonight…”

She didn't believe that she would have anywhere to be alone before the end of her birthday ball.

…

At the same time, in a building at 39 Böklund Street.

Hazel was looking at the selected evening gown in boredom as she listened to her mother's repeated exhortations.

She was to accompany her parents to attend Miss Audrey Hall's birthday ball.

Just as Hazel's thoughts were wandering and her mind gradually turning blank, she saw a grayish-white rat appear by the door. It was frantically waving its paws.

This… Hazel patiently listened to her mother repeat herself one more time before finding an excuse to return to her bedroom.

After she closed and locked her door, the grayish-white rat appeared from somewhere and arrived by her feet. It sat there in a rather comical manner.

"I've discovered something wrong with the surroundings!"

The rat had sent vibrations in the air to speak with human words!

Hazel wasn't surprised at that as she asked in puzzlement, "What's wrong?"

The grayish-white rat raised its right forepaw and pointed out the window.

"There are Beyonders from the Church of Evernight investigating this street. It's at a rather large scale."

"What are they looking for?" Hazel asked with a slight frown.

The grayish-white rat slowly inhaled and said, "How would I know? But it's definitely something very serious.

"This way, they might very well discover something wrong with you."

Hazel asked, feeling somewhat worried and confused, "How did they make the discovery? Weren't the clues in the sewers blasted away? Weren't the corresponding problems dealt with?"

The grayish-white was momentarily unsure about what to say. A few seconds later, it vaguely replied, "Official Beyonders have plenty of strange but effective investigation methods… In short, I'll have to deal with your dream. This is where it's easiest to divulge things."

Hazel looked down at the rat as her knitted brows relaxed.

"Alright then…”

Don't look so unwilling! It wasn't easy for me to accumulate this bit of strength, and now it's going to waste once again! Is this street cursed? First it was that Demoness with a strange condition. Following that Hero Bandit Black Emperor appeared. Now, there's some baffling and unknown situation that made the Nighthawks pay serious attention to this street! the grayish-white rat squeaked in frustration.

…

At half-past seven in the evening, Hazel accompanied her parents, Member of Parliament Macht and Lady Riana, to Empress Borough and entered the Hall family's residence.

As it was a birthday ball today, she didn't manage to directly meet Miss Audrey Hall. All she did was quietly stay by her parents side as they exchanged pleasantries with Earl Hall, Lady Caitlyn, and Lord Hibbert Hall.

To her, these respected aristocrats were, in essence, the same as commoners. Therefore, she didn't appear notably reserved. Her actions and tone were rather liberal.

If it wasn't because of her mother's repeated exhortations, Hazel even believed that the beautiful dance floor, the murals with high artistic value, and the elegant and outstanding statues were more worthy of respect.

As she smiled at the people she knew and didn't know, Hazel finally waited until the ball began. She saw the star of tonight's show. Miss Audrey Hall held the arms of the earl and earl's wife as she walked out of the room on the second floor before arriving at the railings that faced the dance floor.

Hazel scanned her and habitually ignored her appearance as she observed the matching of her gown and accessories.

However, her gaze wasn't able to move away. On the chandelier hanging high above, whale oil candles produced light that came with dreamy colors. When shining on the eighteen-year-old Audrey, it made her emerald-like eyes, pure and indescribable face, and lustrous gold hair seem to glow. It made her gown and accessories lose their luster.

Hazel was momentarily caught in a daze. She failed to hear what Earl Hall had said until the melody filled the floor as she snapped out of her daze when Audrey Hall began the opening dance with the earl.

The always proud her had suddenly felt a little inferior. She felt that even if this striking lady didn't possess any Beyonder powers, there was no way Audrey was inferior to her.

Hazel pursed her lips and looked around. She realized that everyone's gaze had been grabbed. The only difference was that they all had different feelings about the situation.

Phew… Hazel heaved a sigh of relief.

That night, she didn't act that arrogantly again. However, she yearned to leave at every minute of the night. She wanted to head home to busy herself with her matters to obtain more magical and powerful abilities.

Finally, the ball came to an end as Hazel's family bade farewell to the family and walked to the door.

On the way out, Hazel couldn't help but look back. She saw Miss Audrey standing along the sides of the dance floor with a faint and beautiful smile as she expressed her gratitude to each and every guest that was about to leave.

She seemed to remain under the spotlight.

…

After the end of the birthday ball, Audrey took off her accessories and changed into her sleeping gown before entering her bathroom.

As she looked at the white steam emanate with her bathrobe beside her, Audrey wasn't in a rush to soak herself inside. She first sat in the corner and prayed to Mr. Fool to indicate that she was ready.

In about ten seconds, she saw crimson light surge at her like a tidal wave, drowning her.

Above the gray fog, Audrey appeared by the side of the long bronze table.

This time, she didn't see Mr. Fool who was enshrouded in gray fog. She discovered an ancient confessional—it was a brown crate that was one and a half times the height of a person. There were doors on both sides, and a wooden plank separated the area in between them.

I thought Mr. World would request Mr. Fool to conjure a wall which we will use to communicate across… Although it's essentially the same, a confessional is cramped and dark. He really doesn't know how to consider a lady's feelings! Yes, I would find it odd if Mr. World did that… As Audrey suffused a smile, she walked to the ajar door of the confessional. She bent her back and entered before sitting down with her legs bent sideways.

After closing the wooden door, Audrey, who was treating a patient in the true sense of the word for the first time, suddenly felt a little excited.

Immersed in darkness, the environment and her mood made her loosen up from the many rules she had to abide by. She curled her lips and reached out her fingers and gently tapped on the wooden partition.

"Hello~ Mr. World, are you there?"

Sitting cross-legged opposite her, Klein was infected by Miss Justice's cheerful tone. His emotions relaxed as he said, "You may begin."

This time, he didn't use the gray fog to enshroud himself but had turned himself into Gehrman Sparrow.

Indeed, Mr. World's mental state isn't too good. He's too tense and worried… Audrey sensed him first and then used a Psychiatrist's Placate.

A gentle, invisible wave emanated over as Klein instantly felt a cool, refreshing morning breeze blow at him during a hot summer day. The frustrations and feverish feelings within him suddenly vanished.

Seeing Mr. World having made an obvious recovery, she secretly heaved a sigh of relief and asked softly, "Have you had any nightmares lately?"

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CHAPTER 849
CONSULTATION FEES

Nightmare? Klein deliberated for two seconds and said, "Yes.

"I dream of a town that's enshrouded in fog. The crimson moon in the sky would be clear and blurred at random.

"In the middle of the town is a black cathedral. Corpses are hung up inside. They wear clothes from different eras as they sway in the wind and produce strange sounds.

"Apart from that, there's a beautiful lady whose gaps in her teeth were filled with blood-colored human flesh, a mushroom man formed of countless tiny mushrooms…”

To treat his psychological problems, Klein reconstructed his dream in a rather complete manner. However, he didn't say that he had encountered those things in reality, nor divulge that he knew the beautiful lady's identity and the strange mushroom's origins. At the same time, he hid the existence of the cluster of translucent maggots and Zaratul.

Audrey listened intently and seriously. Based on her Beyonder intuition and knowledge from mysticism and psychological, she said as she contemplated, "Mr. World, I can imagine such a terrifying and sinister dream. I can also experience the immense horror that it brings you."

Seeing that there wasn't any rebuttal from the other side of the wooden partition, Audrey grew in confidence. She silently did another round of Placate and began "Guiding."

"The horror that appears in dreams will often stem from feelings hidden deep in one's heart. And there are only two sources of horror in one's heart. One is the unknown, and the second is what cannot be resisted.

"The terrifying things you see in your dream are only superficial. What you are really afraid of is what they represent and symbolize—the truth hidden behind them."

As she spoke, Audrey suddenly asked, "What is it?"

Klein was gradually relaxing and scrutinizing himself as he took in Miss Justice's gentle and sweet voice. When he suddenly heard this question, he subconsciously answered, "The existence that created all of that."

He paused and hesitantly added, "They are both an unknown and also cannot be resisted."

At this point, Klein knew why he was having nightmares, as well as the true reason for his terrible mental state.

He instinctively felt horrified over certain matters and instinctively had latent negative emotions.

The former included the cluster of translucent maggots and Zaratul's terrifying performance. There was also the Eraser angel's baffling actions and the fact that using the Dark Sacred Emblem was the key to opening the door. They separately created a mood of despair that seemed impossible to resist, as well as the feeling of not knowing who was friend or foe, and their ploys.

Yes, I'm fearful that the cluster of translucent maggots that's suspected to be a Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries of the Seer pathway. I'm fearful of Zaratul who has accomplished an unknown objective by "opening" the door. I'm fearful of the Goddess whose thoughts are an unknown, as well as the Eraser angel… Klein slowly exhaled as he admitted his fears.

Audrey used Placate once again and discovered that Mr. World's tense mind had essentially relaxed. She was delighted as she boldly said, "One of the biggest sources of fear is a lack of confidence. Try recalling if you had any oversight or had committed any mistakes in the related matter. This results in your spirit repeatedly warning you and hinting to you. It eventually transformed into part of the nightmare."

Oversight and mistakes. Warning from my spirit… Klein pondered over Miss Justice's words and seriously began organizing the details of the matters that resulted in his horror.

Soon, his expression turned heavy, bit by bit, as he discovered a problem.

I swore an oath with the Goddess bearing witness via the holy sword. Although I hadn't become a Clown, with the gray fog's powers yet to have entered the real world, preventing me from being noticed by special deities, demigods, and spirit world creatures. However, I couldn't fool fate, which would also be Beyonders of the Monster pathway.

And the Goddess has another title. "She" is the Empress of Misfortune and Horror. "She" wields control over misfortune and is one of the deities in the domain of fate!

Therefore, I was noticed from back then?

Klein's heart sank bit by bit as the horror that stemmed from the unknown was greatly alleviated.

He didn't reply nor did he wait for Miss Justice to speak again. He switched to asking, "If you will face one or even many difficult-to-challenge enemies, what would you do?"

Audrey wasn't annoyed by her patient's question. Instead, she felt that it was a good sign. After some deliberation, she said, "First avoid them and hide. Try harder to improve yourself.

"What if the time won from avoiding and hiding isn't enough to make you grow to a level that is sufficient enough to face your enemies?" Klein pressed, "What if the gap between the two is difficult to bridge?"

Audrey answered him seriously while also consoling him, "Find enough helpers."

Helpers… Names suddenly flashed across Klein's mind as his heart felt a lot more settled. he then continued asking, "What if the enemies cannot be resisted even with helpers?

"What if there are helpers who are plotting something that might be beneficial to you, but they might also bring you harm?"

Audrey drew a blank, and after a few seconds of thought, she replied, "You can pray to a deity."

She nearly said to The World: you can seek Mr. Fool's help.

And from the question and answer session, Audrey was able to confirm a matter. The mental problems that Mr. World was suffering stemmed from powerful and terrifying enemies, but there was a worry that, at a deeper level, the "helpers" had unknown stances.

Pray to a deity… Klein didn't dare to directly say: what if deities couldn't resolve it because the thoughts of deities are even harder to fathom. After all, this was The Fool's kingdom, and he was a Blessed.

He organized his words and said, "Deities can only provide help in certain areas. And what if that isn't enough?"

"…”

Audrey originally wanted to say that there was always a way and that good was bound to defeat evil, but she couldn't convince herself of it. She

couldn't provide any relevant case studies, so eventually, she pursed her lips and said, "I don't know…”

In the confessional, it was a still darkness. The two temporarily stopped speaking as they fell into their respective inner struggles.

Finally, Audrey broke the silence and looked at the wooden partition.

"Regardless, something needs to be done. Work hard at it. You can't just give up like that and not put up a fight."

That's right… At the very least, I still have many secrets and things to rely on… Klein closed his eyes as he leaned on the wooden plank. His thoughts slowly rewound from the most recent events as he was no longer constantly tense and often frustrated.

Audrey sensed his change and immediately added a Placate. With that, Klein's mental condition was completely restored back to normal.

"I feel much better. Thank you for your treatment. What kind of consultation fee do you want?" Klein offered.

Actually, I should be the one thanking you for providing me an opportunity to handle a case… Audrey didn't really wish to collect any fees as she looked at the wooden partition in the darkness. She couldn't help but recall Mr. World's usual gloominess and coldness, as well as his experienced and ruthless demeanor.

Hmm… His mental problems likely also have to do with his personality… Audrey suddenly had an idea as she smiled.

"The consultation fee that I charge isn't much at all.

"Yeah, wish me happiness!"

…What's going on? Klein was momentarily stunned. He nearly forgot he was wearing the facade of Gehrman Sparrow.

This was a request he had never heard of before.

Klein hesitated for a moment. Finally, he pretended to coldly say with The World's identity, "Since you requested…

"I wish you happiness."

Audrey's smile turned into a beaming smile.

"I wish you happiness too!

"Mr. World, don't always keep everything inside. Smile more and be happier. It can eliminate most of the latent problems.

"Alright, your mental problems have been resolved, but you will need a follow-up appointment in a few days or by next week."

Klein was at a loss for an answer as he tersely acknowledged in affirmation.

Then, he heard the door on the other side creak open. With The Fool's angle, he saw Miss Justice retreat from the confessional and straighten her body.

After sending her to the real world, Klein didn't dare stay above the gray fog for too long. He quickly left and got into bed.

At that moment, his mental condition had been restored. With his body and mind at ease, he realized something. He had digested quite a bit of his Marionettist potion! The progress had surpassed his expectations.

This is because I relied on my marionette to fool a demigod, Panatiya, and orchestrated her and Mr. A to complete my planned out performance at the foggy town? Therefore, apart from "trying to hide behind the shadows" and

"let every marionette have their own persona to make it more realistic," the Marionettist principles include "use one's marionette as a guide to control the enemy to play the role of a puppet?" Klein thought as he muttered inwardly in thought. He believed that he could digest the potion before the end of the year.

He exhaled with mixed feelings as he turned his head and looked at the crimson moonlight that penetrated the curtains as he silently said, That missing servant should've been found. The clues I left behind should've been discovered as well…

…

In the basement of Saint Samuel Cathedral, Leonard, Cindy, Bob, and company looked at Captain Soest who had returned from a meeting as they patiently waited for him to introduce new clues.

Soest drank a mouthful of aromatic coffee and said, "The missing servant has been found.

"And in the room he was left in, there were some clothes left behind by the infiltrator.

"It has been confirmed that it belongs to the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, who had previously been active at sea."

Why did it involve another crazy adventurer… Leonard was somewhat puzzled as he directly asked, "When did he come to Backlund?"

"No one knows. The only thing that can be confirmed is that this crazy adventurer had appeared at sea in the recent few weeks and had hunted a few pirates," Soest said in an unhurried tone. "The Church of Storms knows more. MI9 also seems to know quite a bit. The higher-ups will send people to liaise with them."

Just as Soest finished his briefing, a telegram was sent over.

It came from the Nighthawks in Desi. The content which was decoded read:

"Dwayne Dantès's present identity is fake. In the past ten years he spent in the Southern Continent, he had relied on adventuring to amass a significant amount of wealth… Further confirmation will require some time. As this place is very chaotic and there are often wars, the jurisdiction of zones are frequently changed."

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CHAPTER 850
THE DEVIL IS IN THE DETAILS

"Sounds like a contrived story. Ever since the new sea route was discovered, there has been no end to stories of people becoming rich from taking risks," Soest casually commented on the content of the telegram. As he thought, he looked towards a particular Red Glove. "I recall that we had investigated Dwayne Dantès before and had an exchange with him in his dream."

"Yes," the Red Glove who was responsible for the task nodded and replied. "I didn't directly ask him about such matters, but I could tell that Dwayne Dantès was very familiar with the Southern Continent. He had plenty of experience there."

Heh heh, that might be information that Dwayne Dantès deliberately revealed to you… Leonard had his doubts regarding the contents of the telegram, believing that this was another layer of disguise from an undying monster who had lived since the Fourth Epoch.

However, he didn't inform his teammates about his conjectures, because he had no basis for them.

Soest didn't pay great attention to the matter as he said, "Do you have any problems with the clues related to Gehrman Sparrow?"

"Since this crazy adventurer was still at sea in recent weeks, when did he come to Backlund?" As a Nightmare, Cindy repeated her doubts, "What I'm concerned about isn't the exact time, but whether he has the time to travel to Backlund. After all, we're rather far from the sea."

Soest nodded gently and said, "In the meeting, a deacon raised this question. According to the time and venue of Gehrman Sparrow's last sighting, he normally has no way to arrive in Backlund last night and complete an infiltration.

"Of course, I'm referring to normal circumstances.

"The missing servant told us that when he was sweeping the square, he suddenly lost control of his body. He froze on the spot and was unable to cry for help. Then, he saw bright colors like an abstract oil painting, and he felt that his body was floating upwards.

"Later, he lost consciousness, and after awakening, he found himself in a room in East Borough.

"The former matches with the Keeper's description of being possessed by a Wraith. The latter is suspected to be a Traveler's Teleport.

"If it really is Teleport, then Gehrman Sparrow can appear in Backlund at any moment."

As elites of the Nighthawks, the Red Gloves knew about the various Beyonder pathways far better than their colleagues which were at the same level. They were no strangers to Wraiths and Travelers.

After listening to the captain's explanation, another Red Glove added in thought, "It's rumored that Admiral of Blood, who was hunted by Gehrman Sparrow, is a Wraith."

The details matched!

And as for Gehrman Sparrow being able to obtain the powers to become a Wraith, it wasn't unacceptable. The easiest method was to find an Artisan to make one's prey into a mystical item.

Cindy recalled even more information with this stimulus.

"It's said that Gehrman Sparrow has the ability to change his appearance… And the infiltrator had disguised himself as the Keeper."

Another detail matched!

"Excellent thinking," Soest raised his hand to rub this temples. "According to these details, we can come to a preliminary consensus that the infiltrator is Gehrman Sparrow. And this way, the name list we came up with might be erroneous. Gehrman Sparrow doesn't need a companion to frequently come to the cathedral to pray to gather information. He can change his appearance every day and enter to figure out the situation. This will be more indiscreet than using a companion."

As the largest and most holy Church of Evernight cathedral in Backlund, the number of believers that came to Saint Samuel Cathedral on a daily basis was too numerous to count. No bishop could remember every unfamiliar face that they once met.

"That also means that the names we have here are meaningless?" Leonard raised his hand to rub his brows, sounding rather desultory.

"That's somewhat obvious. Our focus now should be on Gehrman Sparrow. The other targets can be placed aside as we perform the most basic level of surveillance." Having said that, Soest clapped and said, "Alright, get busy."

Leonard didn't have any objections. He happened to hope to find the Machinery Hivemind, Mandated Punishers, and MI9 to gather some information.

…

On Tuesday morning, Klein woke up naturally, feeling relaxed and calm. He had the feeling of joyful emotions slowly coming to life.

A Psychiatrist's Beyonder powers are quite useful after all… It really matches the extremely infectious optimism that Miss Justice brings with

her… Klein got out of bed and drew the curtains.

He leisurely took in the scenery outside and the scattering golden sunlight. He regained his drive and began formulating his plans for the next couple months and even the year.

First, get a new marionette.

Second, use the identity of Dwayne Dantès and the control over a marionette to orchestrate scripts to expedite the digestion of the potion.

Third, during this process, slowly gather the ingredients needed for the Bizarro Sorcerer potion. In that regard, I can ask Little Sun about the Bizarro Bane to see if he has any clues. I'll seek Mr. Azik's help regarding the Spirit World Plunderer. After all, the Underworld is part of the spirit world.

Fourth, I'll continue investigating the Great Smog of Backlund and find the true culprit. This includes Ince Zangwill, as well as the demigod that killed Crazy Captain. There aren't any targets more suitable than them for my advancement ritual. However, I have to be careful of 0-08. I have to constantly keep watch of any intentional coincidences… Hmm, I'll just dabble in the matter in an ordinary manner and mainly provide support. The dangerous investigations can be handed to Demoness Trissy.

Klein's thought processes slowly became clear. Although he still felt worried and fearful, this no longer affected his mental state and capacity to take action.

Retracting his gaze from outside the balcony, Klein walked into the bathroom and washed up.

Soon, he opened the door while feeling highly spirited, and he saw his valet, Richardson, and butler, Walter, waiting outside.

The gentleman was wearing white gloves as he politely bowed and said, "Good morning, sir. There's only one item on your schedule today. It's to join an event at the East Balam Military Veterans Mess with Member of Parliament Macht at three in the afternoon.

"He's a new member of parliament, so by accepting his invitation, it will also indicate your political inclinations. You still have the opportunity to be hesitant about it."

Klein thought for a moment before saying, "There's no need. It's my choice."

He paused and asked in an inquiring tone, "It will be my first time visiting the East Balam Military Veterans Mess. What should I take note of?"

"Praise their work that they have established in East Balam. Use this opportunity to make some donations. There's no need to give too much or little. 500 pounds is a rather suitable sum," Walter provided his opinion.

500 pounds… Seriously, no matter which circle I enter, I'll have to spend large sums of money… Sigh, this is because Dwayne Dantès doesn't have any birthright or background. He can only open a path with cash… Klein nodded gently and agreed with his butler's suggestion.

At the same time, he quickly did a count of his present assets.

The Artisan hasn't completed the work regarding the Ocean Songster, but the money for Mentor of Confusion and Druid has been obtained. That's a total of 16,000 pounds…

With the cash I originally had on hand, subtracting the 13,000 pounds I used to purchase 3% of the Coim Company's shares, as well as the daily expenses of a tycoon's household and the donations at the cathedral, there's still 23,985 pounds and 5 gold coins left…

In addition, I still owe Miss Messenger 3,413 gold coins…

500 pounds has already exceeded 2% of the cash I have on hand…

Klein didn't speak further as he walked out of his bedroom, going to the second floor where the dining room was in order to have his breakfast.

…

In the basement of Saint Samuel Cathedral, Leonard Mitchell returned to his office earlier than his teammates.

He had already obtained the relevant information and had learned of an inconspicuous matter.

Prince Edessak, who passed away in the Great Smog of Backlund, had once hired a private detective to investigate the death of equestrian teacher, Talim Dumont.

And that private detective's name was: Sherlock Moriarty!

As expected! There are hints of him being involved with the Great Smog of Backlund! Leonard was delighted as he excitedly ruffled his hair.

Following that, he pounded down at the documents on his desk with his fist, planning to seek out even more clues.

However, he suddenly fell silent for about eight seconds before raising his cup in embarrassment and drank a mouthful of coffee. He mumbled inwardly, What did I want to do. I forgot about it after the pounding…

After some careful recall, Leonard finally recalled what it was. He pulled out his drawer and took out a deck of tarot cards.

Then, he found The Fool card and placed it on a piece of paper. On it, he wrote three names:

"Sherlock Moriarty, Gehrman Sparrow, Dwayne Dantès."

After some hesitation, Leonard drew a line linking the three names to The Fool card, indicating that they might very well be members of a secret organization that believed in The Fool.

Among them, he was most unsure of Gehrman Sparrow's identity as he wrote a question mark.

Later, Leonard took out The Emperor card and stuck it beside the name, "Sherlock Moriarty." He labeled it "suspected to be."

Gehrman Sparrow and Dwayne Dantès each correspond to a card? Leonard muttered silently. He took out the crazy adventurer's records and began reading them seriously.

Suddenly, he found a date very familiar.

Early January!

Gehrman Sparrow's first appearance was in early January!

No way… Leonard drew a gasp as he flipped through another set of documents. At the end of it were the words:

"At the end of December, Sherlock Moriarty left Backlund and headed south for a vacation. He has yet to return."

End of December… Early January… Backlund… Pritz Harbor… Gehrman Sparrow can change his appearance… No way? Leonard mumbled inwardly as he drew a dotted equality sign between "Sherlock Moriarty" and "Gehrman Sparrow."

This great detective is the key… Leonard found Sherlock Moriarty's portrait that he had drawn via a ritual as he carefully looked at it.

After considering the point that "looks could be changed," he began imagining the detective in different disguises.

As he did it, Leonard's gaze froze bit by bit as he couldn't help but frown.

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CHAPTER 851
DWAYNE DANTÈS'S NEW BUSINESS

Leonard stared intently at the portrait of Sherlock Moriarty. His brain had just imagined what the latter would look like without glasses or a beard.

Although this could be quite different from the actual situation and was more of a product of imagination, Leonard increasingly found Sherlock Moriarty very familiar, as though he had known him before.

"How is that possible? He's long dead! And I buried him with my own hands!" Leonard couldn't help but shake his head as he muttered with a scoff.

Just as he said that, his expression froze because the person in his memories held a huge secret.

This person had strangely escaped the influence of 2-049 without the help of others!

This person used 2-049's uniqueness to finish off a Sequence 7 Beyonder, and back then, he was only a Seer who isn't good at combat!

This person had managed to summarize the acting method within a very short amount of time, and he had advanced to Sequence 8 at an extraordinary pace!

This person possessed a High-Sequence Sun domain charm and had used it with Captain Dunn Smith who wielded a saint's ashes, successfully

finishing off Megose who was pregnant with an evil god's spawn!

This person's Sequence 8 Beyonder characteristic had been taken away by Ince Zangwill, but Captain Dunn Smith's Sequence 7 Beyonder characteristic was left behind!

Perhaps, it wasn't because Ince Zangwill had taken away the Beyonder characteristic which had appeared, causing it to be missing from the scene, but that it had never formed to begin with! Leonard Mitchell suddenly jolted to his senses as he observed Sherlock Moriarty's portrait again.

Ten seconds later, he squeezed the words through his clenched teeth: "Klein Moretti…”

He found that the mysterious detective, Sherlock Moriarty, looked more and more like his former teammate, the hero who saved Tingen, Klein Moretti!

And this was under the scenario of him being without the clear discrepancies of glasses and a beard!

Leonard's had fingers clenched tightly at some point in time as his joints suffused with a whiteness. After a moment, he let out a clear pant as he picked up Sherlock Moriarty's dossier again.

This time, he flipped with a target in mind, roughly to the time when Sherlock first appeared in Backlund: Early September!

And this wasn't long after Klein Moretti had been buried!

Leonard Mitchell's green eyes turned dark as he instinctively flipped through the dossier.

Then, he saw a name: Lanevus!

This was one of the masterminds behind the evil god's descent in Tingen City. He was one of the main murderers who led to the death of Dunn Smith

and Klein Moretti, and the other Nighthawks.

And Sherlock Moriarty's second record in Backlund was his investigations at the dock for a serial murder; thus, bumping into the disguised Lanevus!

After this, the True Creator's plan of descending was foiled, and Lanevus died in the sewers. His body was scattered with tarot cards, making it identical in style to the subsequent Hero Bandit Black Emperor.

He didn't forget the harm that swindler brought… Leonard whispered silently, his expression softening.

He quickly flipped through the documents and sat in his chair, motionless for an extended period of time. It was as though he had fallen asleep from the shadows brought about by the light.

After a few minutes, Leonard finally moved. He leaned into the chair and said in a deep voice, "Old Man, do you think this detective, Sherlock Moriarty, resembles my teammate back in Tingen City, Klein Moretti?"

In his mind, the aged voice said after some hesitation, "The one who joined the Nighthawks because of the Antigonus family's notebook?"

"Yes…” Leonard answered in a heavy voice.

In his body, the Parasite said after two seconds, "There's some resemblance."

After receiving the reply, Leonard once again fell silent. After a long while, he took out a gold pocket watch and snapped it open to determine that it was still morning.

Leonard snapped the pocket watch closed and stood up, nearly overturning the stack of documents.

He hurriedly reached out his hand and held onto the documents. Then, he left behind a note, saying that he had found certain clues and planned to head out to do some investigations; thus, making it possible that he would return very late.

Let me see if someone is pretending to be Tingen City's hero, or if you've always been wearing masks—a secret organization member who sneaked into the Nighthawks. Your true motives aren't much loftier than Ince Zangwill. You were also targeting something behind Chanis Gate… Leonard no longer had that aloof attitude as his eyes narrowed as he quickly left Saint Samuel Cathedral's basement.

…

In Hillston Borough, outside a building with quite a unique architecture.

Dwayne Dantès got off his carriage and saw the building that was built in the style of the late Fourth Epoch.

The building was mostly comprised of huge stone slabs, creating a total of four stories. The windows on each level were like a door and it was matched with a tiny balcony.

Its entire facade had been weathered by the elements, revealing a sandy-yellow color. The stone columns and arches held up a refined porch that made it seem rather magnificent.

This was the East Balam Military Veterans Mess.

Klein waved his cane and pointed at the building before him and said with a smile, "It has quite a historic feel."

Member of Parliament Macht nodded in reply.

"Even though it's a building built in an ancient style, it still has more than a hundred years of history…”

As he spoke, he led Dwayne Dantès into the club and said to the lady at the reception, "Dwayne Dantès, unofficial member. I'll be his recommender."

With that said, he turned to the tycoon and explained, "Not only have you not served in East Balam, but you have never participated in the wars that happened there. You don't even have a military background, so there's no way for you to be an official member.

"However, even being an unofficial member will allow you free entry and the use of the various facilities. You will be able to enjoy the delicious food and alcohol, and get to know different friends."

"That's exactly what I was hoping for." Klein nodded with a smile.

After the beautiful lady who was of Southern Continent descent finished the registration, Macht added, "There's no admission fee. It's 60 pounds a year for the membership."

With that said, he chuckled and said, "It's not expensive, even more so for you. Here, you will get to come into contact with all kinds of weapons. There are enough shooting ranges to provide you with shooting practice. You can even learn horse-riding…"

At a club of this level, 60 pounds really isn't expensive. After all, generals often appear here, and they have many famous chefs… Klein didn't speak further as he took out his wallet. He counted 60 pounds and gave it to the receptionist, obtaining a badge with the logo of a forest, ocean, and blades.

"This is a place filled with glory. I'm deeply impressed with your contributions in East Balam." As Klein wore the badge with a number on its back, he said to Macht, "If I wish to contribute to the cause, who should I look for?"

Macht pointed at the receptionist.

"Just give it to her.

"She will jot it down and announce it on the notice board over there."

Klein nodded slightly and said, "Alright."

He then turned his head and made Richardson take out the 500 pounds he had already prepared.

After giving the donation, Klein passed through the beautifully decorated foyer with Macht, arriving at a room that resembled an activity room. As for his valet, Richardson remained outside in the break room. There were snacks, tea, and coffee there.

In the small room, through Macht's introductions, Klein got to know five officers who were either still in service or were retired. Apart from a particular House of Commons member of parliament, the highest-ranking epaulet was Colonel Calvin. He was presently working at the Loen Kingdom's Ministry of Defense. However, his actual position was unknown.

According to what Klein knew, for quasi-high-ranking members of the military at the rank of colonel, they were mostly Beyonders—Mid-Sequence Beyonders!

Macht, Calvin, and company quickly began chatting. Klein didn't interject as he seriously listened to their conversations, occasionally echoing a sentence or two.

In this relaxed atmosphere, Calvin suddenly turned his head and said to Dwayne Dantès, "I heard you were often active in West Balam?"

The colonel had a long face like a donkey's, but it didn't look comical at all. His gaze was rather deep.

Klein smiled and replied, "Yes, that place is more chaotic than East Balam."

Calvin laughed when he heard that.

"Of course. Intis made too many mistakes over there."

He paused and continued asking, "How is your relationship with the people from Intis over there?"

Klein didn't understand the colonel's motive as he bit the bullet and said, "It's alright. They're all very greedy."

In fact, he didn't know a single one. He had only heard Anderson mention a few names and their corresponding matters.

Calvin nodded and raised another question.

"Are you familiar with the tribes over there, as well as the Resistance?"

“…I know some," Klein answered vaguely.

He only knew one Intis military leader of the Resistance. It was the former Intis princess, Queen Mystic Bernadette.

Calvin laughed as he took a sip from his cup of red wine.

During this process, no one spoke, including Macht.

After putting down his cup, Calvin looked at Dwayne Dantès again and said, "This is the thing: every year, we would obsolete many rifles and cannons. And directly destroying them or processing them is too much of a waste or costs too much. It's not a good solution.

"I'm not sure if you're interested in buying a batch and selling it to West Balam. You can sell it to the regions ruled by Intis, selling them to the tribes and Resistance.

"Trust me. This is definitely a very lucrative business. Of course, it's also very dangerous. If you're caught by Intis in West Balam, we will disavow you."

This… is making me an arms dealer? This is one of the most lucrative businesses… Although I'm not familiar with West Balam at all and lack any connections, I can sell it to Queen Mystic or the Resistance at the Rorsted Archipelago… Klein was tempted as he deliberately wore a mixed and hesitant expression.

"I've never done such things before, but it's definitely attractive enough."

Calvin laughed and said, "There's no need to rush to a decision. This is a very important matter that requires serious thought.

"Just give your answer to Macht before the end of the week."

Klein secretly heaved a sigh of relief and nodded with a smile.

"Alright."

…

Tingen City. Raphael Cemetery.

Although the afternoon sun was rather strong, this place remained gloomy and cold.

Leonard was standing in front of a grave, staring silently at the tombstone.

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CHAPTER 852
STRAIGHT TO THE POINT

The sun hung brightly in midair. In a dark, silent corner of the cemetery, Leonard Mitchell suddenly raised the shovel beside him.

The two mounds of soil at the side gradually raised in height as the coffin pit became obvious. From time to time, there would be passersby, but they didn't notice anything, as though a dream was happening over there.

Finally, Leonard threw the shovel and bent down. He reached out and grabbed the ends of the coffin lid with both hands.

Using immense strength, he pulled open the heavy wooden lid and discovered that the thick, long nails had fallen off at some point in time. There was nothing inside the pitch-black coffin.

Nothing!

Leonard continued keeping his body hunched as he silently watched this scene without any further movement. He stood there like a petrified statue for a very long time.

…

In his hazy dream, Klein saw a tombstone with an epitaph. It stood silently among many other tombstones as it was dyed in crimson moonlight.

This scene shattered immediately as Klein snapped awake. He confirmed that he was still Dwayne Dantès and that he was still inside 160 Böklund Street's master bedroom.

The dream seems to be telling me something… As a Seer, Klein treated every dream seriously. This was no exception. He focused and shook himself out of his state of drowsiness before attempting to make an interpretation.

That's likely a tomb…

This represents a particular deceased or something related to resurrection…

The crimson moonlight represents the Goddess, corresponding to the Church of Evernight and the Nighthawks… If I were to directly see the moon, it might involve the Primordial Moon, Vampire Ancestor Lilith, and the Mother Tree of Desire…

The tomb was dyed with a color almost resembling blood. This symbolizes something bad…

As Klein did an interpretation of the dream, he gathered all the content and attempted to make an effective, meaningful conclusion.

After some serious thought, he began to believe that the dream's revelation was referring to the past him and the Church of Evernight.

After making the connections with what had happened the past few days, Klein slowly came to an answer.

As Dwayne Dantès has repeated headed for Saint Samuel Cathedral, he must've been added to a list of suspects. If Leonard hasn't left Backlund, this must've garnered his attention. After all, he knows that Dwayne Dantès isn't a simple person and has mysterious origins…

As an angel from the Marauder pathway, Leonard's grandpa probably discovered that the gray fog and the Seer pathway has intricate ties, and knows that the corresponding Sequence 0 is called The Fool…

This way, they will naturally be able to make connections with the honorific name of The Fool that was previously spread, and they would believe that I'm a member of a secret organization that worships The Fool. And developing on this clue, it can also involve the person who killed Lanevus and Hero Bandit Black Emperor who used tarot cards…

Along with the Gehrman Sparrow clues I deliberately left behind, as well as Leonard's previous investigations into Sherlock Moriarty, it's not impossible for him to put things together and find what's highly dubious.

And in the beginning, Sherlock Moriarty's disguise wasn't too good. As long as Leonard investigates seriously, it wouldn't be difficult to discover that the great detective resembled his former colleague… So, he went to Tingen to dig up the grave for confirmation?

As he thought about the matter, Klein pulled a back cushion over and sat up. He felt that he had already found the answer to his dream.

He began seriously analyzing what could happen afterwards, considering if he should abandon the identity of Dwayne Dantès.

Leonard has no way of conveying his theories and conclusion to the other Nighthawks because he won't be able to explain the key points for his inference. This will expose his own secret…

Based on my experience and my understanding of him, he will steer the matter via different means. This will be more complicated and troublesome, wasting even more time. Before that happens, I should find him and give him another warning. It should snuff out whatever is on his mind. After all, the Church didn't suffer any material loss, nor did anyone die.

Yes, for Dwayne Dantès, I have taken note of the time. I specially created tracks of my activity in the Southern Continent over the past few months, staggering it with the decline of Gehrman Sparrow's sightings. And this involves the Intis colony, so it will be rather difficult to verify the matter…

That also means that Leonard has, at best, figured out that Gehrman Sparrow equals Sherlock Moriarty equals Klein Moretti. He will just believe that I'm in cahoots with "them," part of a secret organization that believes in The Fool…

Heh heh, to him, Dwayne Dantès is a powerful, mysterious Beyonder who can sense the grandpa in him, a demigod. This is an obvious discrepancy with the other identities.

Klein soon came up with countermeasures as he turned his attention to the matter he encountered at East Balam Military Veterans Mess in the afternoon.

Why would they directly seek me out for such a private arms deal?

I just established a friendship with Macht and hadn't experienced any tests. I don't deserve such trust…

Perhaps it's a test?

In the beginning, it will just be rifles and cannons. The quantity would probably be limited. Nor will it involve high-quality items. Furthermore, I'll need to come up with the cash before receiving the goods. If I have any real problems, they wouldn't suffer any losses. They will only suffer the repercussions of a small batch of weapons falling into hands within their own domain of control.

Yes… to them, a tycoon like me, with a complicated background and a deep understanding of West Balam, really is an excellent candidate. First, I have the money. Second, I have the guts. Third, I have the resources and social connections, allowing the arms to be sold to suitable factions. Fourth, I have no background in the upper echelons of the kingdom. I can always be made the scapegoat and be abandoned.

They must've sent people to monitor me in secret… As long as this "business" is smoothly completed, I'll be a close partner with the military…

This will aid in my investigations of the truth behind the Great Smog of Backlund…

The problem I have now is that I have zero actual knowledge of West Balam's Resistance and various tribes… I've no idea where that fellow, Anderson, is. I don't have his method of contact either…

Hmm, Danitz might be aware of the situation in West Balam… Same for Ma'am Hermit. Likewise for Queen Mystic who's backing her… I'll first gather intelligence from these channels…

Having made up his mind, Klein's working brain slowed down as a sense of drowsiness washed over him again. He let his body slide down bit by bit as he got under the blankets.

…

In the basement of Saint Samuel Cathedral, Leonard, who had returned from Tingen, managed to be in time for the team's internal meeting.

Soest first briefed them on the conclusion of the archbishop and what the other local Nighthawk teams had obtained.

"With the help from the Holy Cathedral, Saint Anthony has confirmed that the infiltrator is Gehrman Sparrow. The conclusion is that this crazy criminal is still alive but doesn't exist in this world.

"This is truly a contradictory statement. I don't understand it as well. His Grace didn't explain anything either.

"In short, our focus will be on the investigation of Gehrman Sparrow.

"According to the information provided by MI9, Gehrman Sparrow is a fake identity. He originally came from Backlund…”

After Soest finished the briefing, he asked, "Do you have anything to add?"

Leonard opened his mouth and was just about to say something, but his eyes shimmered twice before he fell silent again.

Soest turned his head and glanced at him, calling him out by name.

"Leonard, did you discover any clues?"

Leonard remained silent for a second before shrugging.

"That clue has been eliminated."

Soest didn't ask further as he looked at the other teammates.

After a series of supplementary information and analysis, he began assigning missions to his Red Gloves team.

After everything was assigned, Leonard Mitchell held a name list that required him to enter their dreams for a cross-check. He returned to the break room above and threw his body into bed.

He sat there silently as he raised his hand to comb his hair, preparing to begin taking action.

However, the first dream he entered wasn't anyone in the name list.

His target was Dwayne Dantès!

After repeated considerations, he decided to speak to this secret organization member, an undying monster from the Fourth Epoch, face to face. He wanted to see what information he could sound out.

This looked somewhat rash, but with both parties knowing each other's secrets, it was still a good choice.

…

160 Böklund Street. Klein's drowsy mind suddenly became clear as he knew that someone had entered his dream.

He pondered silently, sitting in a reclining chair and turning his head to look at the balcony. He saw a black-haired, green-eyed man wearing a white shirt and black vest nimbly leap inside. He was none other than Leonard Mitchell.

I haven't gone looking for you, and here you are coming to my doorstep… The other Nighthawks would politely knock on the door before entering. Only you would jump into balconies… Klein lampooned as he looked at the poet approach him.

At this moment, in Leonard's eyes, Dwayne Dantès was still wearing a formal suit in the dream. His sideburns were gray, and he had an angular face with an immense amount of charm.

At this moment, the tycoon wore a smile, as though he wasn't hiding the fact that he remained lucid and that he wasn't affected by a Nightmare.

"Didn't Pallez Zoroast teach you some manners?" Klein said with a tone he believed matched Leonard's impression of him.

Pallez Zoroast… He's warning me again… Leonard was taken aback as he remembered the name.

He quickly reined in his thoughts and bowed in a manner that lacked standards.

"Please pardon me for the intrusion. You are on our investigation list.

"Was the infiltration done by you guys? Is that your goal for coming to Backlund?"

"No." Klein in his Dwayne Dantès guise raised the cup of red wine and sipped it. "It's not us, but just him alone."

He put on an act that he wasn't afraid of Leonard knowing.

"Gehrman Sparrow?" Leonard asked in a deep tone.

Klein glanced at him with his deep blue eyes that seemed to have seen the vicissitudes of life.

"Isn't that obvious?"

"What does he actually want to do? He didn't take anything away," Leonard took the opportunity to ask.

Klein raised his hand to stroke his white sideburns and chuckled.

"What do you think is the answer?"

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CHAPTER 853 COMPARISON OF EXPERIENCE IN SOPHISTRY

What do I think? If I were to know the answer, why would I be here? I'd have long handed this information to my superiors! Leonard silently mumbled as he deliberated over his words.

During this process, he discovered that, although he was standing straight and looking down on Dwayne Dantès, the tycoon who was sitting leisurely in the reclining chair held the aura of having the advantage. It was like a high-ranking personage casually listening to his subordinate's reports.

This made Leonard feel a little uneasy. He subconsciously surveyed the area and pulled a chair over as he leaned back into it, half out of habit and half as a deliberate action.

"I believe he, or all of you are searching for something.

"Back in Tingen, he infiltrated the Nighthawks to search for something. In Backlund, he also infiltrated Chanis Gate to search for that item!

"His search was fruitless the first time, so he escaped by feigning death by using Ince Zangwill's assault.

"He still failed to find it the second time. Hence, he didn't take anything and directly left Chanis Gate!"

While speaking, Leonard used a very certain tone to divulge that he had figured out that Gehrman Sparrow was Sherlock Moriarty and also Klein

Moretti. He wished to use the effect of pressure to make Dwayne Dantès not appear that calm or have any thoughts of resorting to sophistry.

Indeed, he went to dig my grave… Klein sighed inwardly as he chuckled. He picked up the glass of red wine and gently swirled it.

"Do you think that we would consecutively make two rash attempts before having any confirmed intelligence? You should know that such matters can only be done once. Once there's a failure, there's no way it can succeed again.

"Therefore, who would use an operation to verify one's guess when the target isn't clear?"

He has tacitly confirmed my explanation. Klein Moretti is Gehrman Sparrow, Hero Bandit Black Emperor, a member of the secret organization who believes in The Fool… Leonard tried hard not to frown as he crossed his right leg and said, "So, it's not that nothing was found, but that there was a failure due to other factors?

"During these two attempts, Tingen City's Saint Selena Cathedral and Backlund's Saint Samuel Cathedral only shared two common items: Sealed Artifact 2-049 and the Antigonus family's notebook.

"Antigonus family's notebook… That's it? Klein Moretti joined the Nighthawks because of it!"

Although the process of inference is wrong, the answer is actually correct… Klein chuckled and said, "Our brains aren't there just for show.

"If his goal was the Antigonus family's notebook, there was no need for him to join the Nighthawks. Before you obtained it, he had plenty of opportunities.

"And even after you obtained it, he had no lack of opportunities to obtain it. You should understand the situation back then better than I do.

"Also, since the target was the Antigonus family's notebook, why didn't he take it away?"

Upon being mocked by Dwayne Dantès, Leonard Mitchell realized that the theory he came up with on the spot was filled with logical contradictions. He felt ashamed as he showed some anger.

He slowly took a deep breath and said, "Then why would he infiltrate Chanis Gate using two different methods? And not only didn't he take something away, but he didn't even leave anything behind. He even entered a strange state."

Just as Leonard said that, he saw Dwayne Dantès with his gray sideburns produce a deep, profound smile.

"I'm not sure of the reason for the latter matters. Perhaps you should ask the Evernight Goddess."

Goddess… What does he mean? Leonard instantly felt alarmed and puzzled. He found it unimaginable as to what had happened behind Saint Samuel Cathedral's Chanis Gate.

Right on the heels of that, he heard Dwayne Dantès say with a deep laugh, "As for your first question, I believe you are mistaken about something.

"Our organization's members come from different places and join for different reasons, choosing to change their own faith in the process. As for what happened before that, their lives remain their own.

"Just like me. I had a past and have a present as well. The reason why I came here is because of the last name I gave myself."

Dantès… The Return of the Count… He joined the secret organization that worships The Fool for revenge, and came to Backlund? Leonard nodded in thought.

Klein paused for a few seconds as he casually sipped the red wine and wore a smile. He continued, "Similarly, he, who was resurrected because of the Antigonus family's notebook's curse, does it for vengeance as well."

Klein had deliberately mentioned his present last name, Dantès, and mentioned revenge. It was to preemptively distinguish himself from Gehrman Sparrow and Klein Moretti. It was to prevent Leonard from later finding similar objectives between the two and begin making a deeper connection from the similarities.

By personally mentioning it, it framed the listener's thought processes and made them subconsciously follow the logic of the content; thus, treating Dwayne Dantès and Klein Moretti as two completely different people. The only similarity was their thoughts of revenge. And in this world, there weren't only two avengers.

Leonard lowered his crossed right leg unknowingly as he leaned forward.

"Vengeance?

"Who does he wish to seek revenge on?"

After asking the question, the elegant and handsome middle-aged gentleman curled the corners of his lips.

"Lanevus and…

"Ince Zangwill."

"Ince Zangwill…” Leonard blurted out as he couldn't help but have his expression repeatedly change. Finally, he fell silent.

His green eyes looked ahead, unfocused; his thoughts a mystery.

Phew… After a long silence, Leonard exhaled and released his originally clenched hands.

He asked with his voice a little hoarse, "Lanevus was really killed by him?"

"Of course," Klein secretly sighed as he replied calmly.

Leonard's mouth gaped open as though he wished to say something, but he didn't. He tightly pursed his lips.

Realizing that his goals had been met, he immediately changed topics and chuckled.

"If you have a similar goal or require help, you can also chant 'His' honorific name. Perhaps you will receive a response."

"He"…That secret existence, The Fool? Leonard imagined that Dwayne Dantès was habitually proselytizing and attempting to develop the secret organization. Therefore, he didn't think further and replied with silence.

Klein then laughed.

"By the way, help me pass a message to Pallez Zoroast. One of our organization's members encountered Blasphemer Amon in the Forsaken Land of the Gods."

This piece of information contained massive amounts of information, so much that Leonard was temporarily at a loss for a response. His mind kept reverberating with the relevant information.

The Forsaken Land of the Gods? The Forsaken Land of the Gods that even the seven Churches are unable to find? Their secret organization actually has members who can enter the Forsaken Land of the Gods!

Blasphemer Amon… Old Man told me that he's hiding from a High-Sequence Beyonder with the last name Amon. He was heavily injured by Amon and had no choice but to parasitize me…

Dwayne Dantès's tone and attitude really is like an undying monster who lived from the Fourth Epoch. He's also at the same or a similar level as Old Man… In front of him, I really don't feel any sense of superiority. I even feel like I'm lacking confidence…

As his thoughts ran through his head, Leonard forced himself to focus.

"I'll pass on the message to him."

Hmm, based on the circumstances after Leonard enters the dreams of others, it can be determined that the grandpa doesn't completely control his senses. Otherwise, he would definitely have an abnormal reaction when he hears the name Blasphemer Amon… Previously, Will Auceptin's words also corroborates this point. Only when my dear poet encounters true danger would the grandpa sense it and take action… Very good. "He" isn't a full Parasite… As Klein interpreted the unspoken information, he smiled.

"You may leave. You can also relax. My goal isn't the Church of Evernight."

My coming goals, not the ones of the past… Klein silently added inwardly.

Leonard had already received enough information; thus, he didn't dare overstay his welcome. He got up and bowed.

Then, he left Dwayne Dantès's dream.

…

In a room on the back streets of Saint Samuel Cathedral, Leonard woke up and heard the aged voice from the Parasite in him echo in his mind:

"What did he say?"

Leonard deliberated over his words and said, "He directly admitted to being a member of that secret organization that believes in The Fool. Likewise for Klein Moretti whose alias is Gehrman Sparrow.

"Their goal is for vengeance, their own vengeance."

Pallez Zoroast fell silent for a second before saying, "Did he say how Klein Moretti could be resurrected? Or how did he fake his death to such an extent?"

Leonard recalled and said, "The explanation he gave was a curse from the Antigonus family's notebook."

Curse… At this point, Leonard discovered that Dwayne Dantès's choice of words was rather strange.

He had described the power of resurrecting the dead as a curse!

Pallez Zoroast didn't seem to have any questions about that. After a few seconds of silence, he said, "What else did he say?"

Leonard didn't hide it from him and said frankly, "He mentioned Blasphemer Amon, saying that a member of their organization met him in the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

"Old Man, is that the Amon you mentioned?"

The aged voice replied after a while, "Probably."

He paused for a moment before saying, "I believe that Dwayne Dantès, no —The Fool that's backing him, might be some old friend of mine…"

Old Man believes that he's at a higher level than Dwayne Dantès, or even higher… He's a Grounded Angel? Leonard thought and asked, "Which old friend?"

Pallez Zoroast didn't answer as he asked, "Are you going to find an opportunity to reveal the situation about Dwayne Dantès and Klein Moretti?"

Leonard suddenly fell silent and only heavily said more than ten seconds later, "Not for now.

"Perhaps he and I, and them, have the chance of working together…

"And the Church didn't suffer any material loss this time."

The Parasite inside him didn't say a word, as though he had fallen asleep.

Leonard slowly looked up and read the information in front of him. His eyes turned dark as he muttered, "He's overtaken me by leaps and bounds…”

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CHAPTER 854
CONFESSION

Early morning, 160 Böklund Street.

After Klein got out of bed and washed up, he didn't rush to leave the bathroom. He took four steps counterclockwise and headed above the gray fog.

He then conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow and made the fake person pray piously:

"Honorable Mr. Fool, please pass on the message to Danitz:

"I need him to provide me information on West Balam. It's best if he includes his social connections.

"Also, get him to be careful of the Church of Evernight for the time being."

…

Above the Golden Dream, Danitz, who saw the sun earlier than Backlund, was holding a cup of malt beer as he sat in the shadows, hiding away from the vile sunlight.

Lessons will begin in another fifteen minutes. Captain said that a treasure hunter must have a sufficiently good grasp of mathematics… Sigh, this is really such a headache, but it's also something to look forward to. Dogsh*t! Danitz placed one hand on his knee as he downed a mouthful of beer.

At this moment, the gray fog emanated in front of him. The blurry figure that looked down from above appeared as Danitz's ears resounded with Gehrman Sparrow's voice.

Information on West Balam? Although we've been there to search for lost ancient treasure and got to know a few tribal natives, that is pretty much it. There won't be much that I can tell him about… This is so troublesome. I'll have to do all sorts of work again. Why does Gehrman Sparrow get involved in so many things!? Danitz silently grumbled as he vigilantly glanced to his sides, afraid that the madman would suddenly appear.

He drew a breath upon considering how he wanted to become stronger. He didn't wish to be of no help when his captain met with danger, having to shamefully hide at the back. Danitz slapped his face a few times with his free hand before standing up.

He immediately left the shadows and found Iron Skin and Bucket. He asked them in detail about West Balam's situation and who he should ask for the various matters, only to obtain a unanimous answer: "Captain Edwina Edwards, or Anderson Hood who previously joined our bonfire on the ship."

Will she be suspicious if I directly ask Captain, making her believe that I have a secret and am secretly working for someone else… But, I've no idea where that fellow, Anderson, has gone to. Dogsh*t! Danitz fell into a dilemma as he couldn't help but think about something else, recalling Gehrman Sparrow's last words:

"Be careful of the Church of Evernight!"

Danitz wasn't a fool. He knew that a matter that the crazy adventurer emphasized was something important. It also meant that he believed that he had a high chance of being an important target of the Church of Evernight! He would be wildly pursued by the Red Gloves!

Apart from the Church of Evernight, the Church of Storms, and the military are targeting me as well. It's said that they have each sent a squad… Danitz thought as his heart palpitated.

He soon revealed a puzzled and bitter look as he muttered to himself, "But I haven't done anything…”

…

After passing the message about gathering information on West Balam to Admiral of Stars Cattleya, Klein left the area above the gray fog and returned to the real world. Like every other day, he had his breakfast and had lessons.

After he woke up from his afternoon nap, with Richardson's help, he changed into a formal suit for an excursion. He got into the carriage that had already been waiting for him at the door.

"Head to Saint Samuel Cathedral," Klein leaned on the carriage wall as he instructed the carriage driver.

He had decided to continue maintaining his identity as Dwayne Dantès. He believed that it was best if he didn't change his former persona. Therefore, he couldn't change the frequency of his trips to Saint Samuel Cathedral. Nor could he donate less.

Besides, this can effectively wipe away any suspicion they have of me. After all, it's hard to imagine that the criminal who infiltrated Chanis Gate hadn't stayed behind but would saunter into the cathedral as though nothing had happened… I'll have to thank Emperor Roselle for not plagiarizing criminal psychology. He didn't point out that intelligent criminals often return to their crime scene to admire their work and the helpless response of others… Klein mumbled inwardly as he took a sip of the black tea that Richardson had brewed.

After moistening his throat, he glanced at his valet and asked, seemingly casually, "What is your deepest impression of East and West Balam?"

Sitting beside him, Richardson didn't ask why. After some thought, he said, "East Balam is safer. West Balam is more chaotic."

After giving a simple answer, Richardson turned to look at his employer, only to see Dwayne Dantès with his eyes half-closed as though he wanted him to continue.

Richardson scratched his ear and deliberated over his words.

"There's also poverty, hunger, and whip abuse. Uh, people from East and West Balam originally worshiped Death. Later, due to the perks of believing in the deities like the Goddess, Lord of Storms, and the Eternal Blazing Sun, allowing them to boost their statuses and receive protection from the cathedral, there was a large-scale change of faith.

"However, as the number of believers increased, that special status was quickly removed. The people of the lower class began worshiping Death again in secret.

"It's more obvious for the more messy West Balam in regards to this point. The descendants of Death often receive a great deal of support…

"This is what my, my father of mine occasionally mentions after he's drunk."

Klein listened in silence and didn't stop his valet's recount, nor did he probe deeper.

Soon, the carriage arrived outside Saint Samuel Cathedral. Klein first took in the sight of the white flying pigeons before entering the prayer hall. He took off his hat and handed it together with his cane to Richardson.

He randomly found a seat and looked at the altar in the darkness. He watched the stars and the Dark Sacred Emblem as unease, embarrassment, and a lack of confidence arose in him.

If he had guessed correctly, ever since he made contact with the holy sword and made a vow, the Goddess had likely taken notice of him. Every time he entered the cathedral to pretend like he was praying, it had the feeling like the Emperor's new clothes.

I wonder what the Goddess's opinion on this is… And what position is the Church taking… Hmm, I'll probe first… Klein clasped his hands and held it to his nose, looking as though he was praying seriously.

After about eight minutes, he slowly got up, walked to the donation box, took out fifty pounds, and piously threw it in.

After doing that, Klein turned to the confessional along the sides of the hall and entered.

Unlike most ancient confessionals which were big wooden crates with two doors, the modern confessional was an independent spacious compartment. The confessor and the listening bishop were separated by a wooden partition, with each one of them having their seats.

Using the dim light, Klein sat on the chair and listened to the bishop say with his mellow voice, "Do you have something you would like to say? The Goddess cares about all 'Her' believers."

Klein raised his right hand and tapped his chest four times in a clockwise fashion.

"Praise the Lady.

"I wish to confess that two days ago, the military came to me, wishing that I can sell a batch of firearms and cannons to West Balam, to add coal to the chaos there…”

After he said that, the bishop on the other side didn't immediately give him an answer, as though he was alarmed by the arms dealing. He was momentarily unsure as to how to organize his words.

The confessional instantly ended up being wrapped in an awkward silence.

You became frightened just from that? Have you never encountered a confessor as frank as me? If I were to say that I'm currently plotting the murder of a demigod while hiding from the Mother Tree of Desire and the True Creator, wouldn't you be jumping up? Klein lampooned as he continued, "I did enjoy the adventurer's life when I was young. I obtained my wealth through metal, blood, and fire. But I'm already sick of that life. I only wish for a peaceful future.

"I originally wanted to decline the offer, but I'm unable to overcome the greed in my heart. This is a sufficiently enticing business, and it helps me in obtaining a firm footing in Backlund's high society.

"I confess that I ultimately chose the bustle and chaos."

The bishop on the other side finally had a response as he said with a gentle voice, "Don't be afraid. Don't waver. You don't have to feel guilt for a certain level of greed. As long as you don't harm the innocent or commit any of the crimes as written in the bible.

"Go, follow your inner heart and make the choice you wish to make the most. Only this way can you truly understand the teachings and understand the truth of those words.

"There's no need to be put in a difficult position. Remember this. No matter what you do, sincerely being contrite and penitent is worthy of praise and forgiveness.

"May the Goddess bless you."

"Praise the Lady!" Klein drew the crimson moon once again on his chest.

His visit to Saint Samuel Cathedral was to use the opportunity of a confession to inform the Church of his intentions of engaging in arms dealing. He wanted to know their reaction, so as to pry into the Goddess's attitude towards him.

Without saying anything extra, Klein slowly got up and left the confessional. He walked down the aisle and went towards his valet, Richardson.

At this moment, he saw a lady sitting in the corner of the prayer hall. She was wearing a hooded black robe, with blue eyeshadow and blush. She had quite an uncanny sense of beauty. She was none other than Spirit Medium Daly Simone.

Daly looked up and similarly noticed Dwayne Dantès. Her expression momentarily turned adrift as though she had fallen asleep while praying and had entered a dream.

Klein nodded at her indiscernibly as a polite gesture. Then, he took his hat and cane from Richardson as he unhurriedly walked out of the hall.

Daly retracted her gaze as she looked down at the pew in front of her before slowly closing her eyes.

Walking out Saint Samuel Cathedral, Klein stood by the side of the staircase and paused for two seconds.

The white pigeons suddenly flew up in the square up ahead, blocking the sights of all who were taking in the scene.

…

Less than thirty minutes later, in the basement, Leonard heard that Dwayne Dantès, who had previously been investigated, was about to cooperate with the officials. He was going to be a merchant who would sell arms to West Balam.

What is he trying to do? Leonard frowned, little by little, completely at a loss as to what the undying monster's thoughts were.

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CHAPTER 855
NEW VISITOR

As he returned from Saint Samuel Cathedral to 160 Böklund Street, Klein saw his white-gloved butler, Walter, walk up to him.

"Sir, someone delivered a name card. He said that his employer wishes to visit you from four to five," Walter said with a staid expression.

Klein tried figuring out who the visitor was, but he had no clue. He nodded gently and said, "Who's his employer?"

Walter darted his gaze around and saw that the other servants were rather far away. He then replied, "Baron Syndras."

Baron Syndras… That millionaire tycoon who obtained his aristocratic title with the help of the Conservative Party and Duke Negan, and is also one of the most famous bankers and entrepreneurs in the kingdom? I previously helped Ma'am Mary purchase the Coim Company shares. The competitor happens to be him and his friends… He's visiting me personally for that matter? It's only a transaction worth about 13,000 pounds. It shouldn't be something that requires him to go this far… As Klein's mind raced, he walked to the staircase that led to the second floor.

Walter walked half a step behind him as he said, "Sir, if you don't wish to meet Baron Syndras, I'll inform him that you got caught up at Saint Samuel Cathedral, listening to the bishop's preachings, and might return very late."

In between the lines, the butler was saying that Baron Syndras was a believer of the Lord of Storms. It was impossible for him to head directly to Saint Samuel Cathedral to seek him out.

Klein thought and smiled before gently saying, "This is a noble who has immense influence in the banking industry. I'll definitely come across him in the future, so I have to meet him.

"Hmm… Arrange the meeting to be at the small living room on the second floor where there's the most sunlight."

According to what Klein knew, Baron Syndras was the third-largest shareholder of Backlund Bank and the largest shareholder of Southville People's Bank. In Loen Kingdom's banking industry, he was definitely one of the few people with the greatest influence.

"Yes, sir." Walter didn't nag on.

At ten past four, Klein met the visitor who often appeared on the papers, in the predetermined living room.

The only thing that was different and deviated from his expectations was that Backlund turned cloudy after three. The weather had turned dark and began drizzling. It didn't bring in the bright and warm sunshine.

Baron Syndras was identical to how he looked on the papers. He had black hair mixed with some white hair that was neatly combed backward, revealing his broad forehead and receding hairline.

His face was rather round, but it lacked the flesh needed to support it. His cheekbones were rather high, and his wrinkles were obvious.

Unlike most Loenese his age, Baron Syndras didn't have any facial hair. He was clean-shaven, and his light-blue eyes were nearly colorless.

Beside him were a valet and bodyguard. They were the kind of people that didn't attract much attention. The former's greatest characteristic was his thin hair, while the latter had short hair if you didn't count the thick beard that reached down from his ears.

"Good afternoon, Lord Syndras. It's my honor to have you here as my guest." Klein held his hand to his chest as he bowed.

Usually, a host would mostly lean their bodies forward and reach out their right hand for a handshake when greeting a guest, but at this moment, he was in front of a noble; thus, requiring him to be more courteous.

Baron Syndras nodded gently as he smiled in response.

"You're being polite. I should've visited you a long time ago, Dwayne Dantès, an experienced gentleman who knows much about the Southern Continent."

After exchanging some pleasantries, the two took their seats while the valets and bodyguards settled by the side.

Klein was just about to say something when Baron Syndras said with a genial tone, "Dantès, I'm really impressed with people like you. Not everyone can obtain riches from the chaos in the Southern Continent. This requires plenty of guts and the courage to face adversity, as well as stunning judgment.

"Back when I was facing bankruptcy, I had entertained the idea of starting anew in the Southern Continent, but unfortunately, I'm not a brave man."

Although Baron Syndras later became a noble, he wasn't a commoner in the true sense of the word. His great grandfather and grandfather had benefited from the development of the colonies, earning them plenty of money from the sea trade. They were rather successful merchants. As for his father, he had invested in industries, building up his reputation and acquiring several factories.

When it came to his generation, he blitzed into the developing banking industry with his sizable wealth, becoming one of the earliest millionaires in Loen.

During this process, Baron Syndras had suffered three failures, but he overcame them, one after another. The most harrowing incident was when the Southville People's Bank he founded suffered from a reputation crisis. A bank run happened, nearly bankrupting him.

He keeps chatting about my experiences in the Southern Continent… Is he hinting to me that he has already discovered the problems with my background, and is using it as a warning? Heh, he probably never expected that the Southern Continent experience he keeps repeating is all fake… Klein scoffed inwardly, but he replied while looking absolutely normal, "That isn't courage but rashness.

"Most people who head to the Southern Continent do have the spirit of adventure, but that's all they have."

Without waiting for Baron Syndras to continue, he smiled and said, "I nearly hired Mr. Rebach some time ago as my butler. He said that you were an excellent employer."

Baron Syndras listened in silence before sighing.

"That is something that fills me with regret.

"Back then, I was very sincere in hoping that Rebach could continue being my butler, but he couldn't overcome the conflict within our positions."

Upon saying that, Syndras looked at the handsome and elegant Dwayne Dantès, picked up the black tea that had been served by a servant, and took a sip.

"I also sincerely hope that we can be friends. I hope you can transfer the Coim Company's 3% to me.

"I will give you an offer you can't resist."

Here it comes… But I have a contract with Ma'am Mary… Klein fell silent for two seconds and said with a smiling sigh, "I deeply value my trustworthiness."

Upon hearing such an answer, Syndras didn't show any obvious anger. He smiled, curious and surprised, "Aren't you going to listen to my offer?"

Klein deliberately spread out his hands with a wry smile.

"I'm afraid I will find it irresistible."

"Haha." Syndras immediately laughed and slowly stood up. "You're as humorous as they say. At the same time, you have a firm will that the rumors fail to mention."

He looked at his bodyguard and valet before saying to Dwayne Dantès with a smile, "Being a partner with you is definitely better than being a competitor. Alright, it's time that I leave. There are many things that require my attention."

Is this sincere praise, or a veiled threat? Klein wasn't a Spectator, so he wasn't able to interpret the subtleties. All he could do was shamelessly reply, "Likewise. I look forward to having the opportunity to cooperate with you in other domains, Lord Syndras."

Dressed in a formal suit and a tie, Baron Syndras smiled and nodded. Without saying another word, he was led out of the main door by Dwayne Dantès and his butler and valet.

As he watched the luxurious carriage disappear into the distance, Butler Walter suddenly said, "Sir, should I hire some temporary bodyguards?"

Ah? Klein nearly failed to understand his butler.

Seeing his employer's expression remain unperturbed, Walter added, "At times, competition in business can endanger one's personal safety."

Mr. Butler also noticed the veiled threats by Baron Syndras? Klein curled the corners of his lips and said, "I'm not too worried because this is Backlund."

Because my name is known at the Church of Evernight. Because I'm about to cooperate with the military… Therefore, I'm not afraid of suffering any form of retaliation in the Beyonder domain, and I'm not afraid that matters will develop like with the Intis ambassador. Besides, Baron Syndras is a successful man with status and power. He won't be that rash… Klein thought inwardly.

When Walter attempted to continue, Klein chuckled and said, "However, being careful is forever a good habit.

"Hmm… You can hire two bodyguards. Let them secretly provide me with protection. Try to not have them be discovered by the servants at home."

"Yes, sir," Walter immediately replied.

Klein thought for a moment and said, "Make a trip to Member of Parliament Macht's place. Invite him to dinner at the Intis Srenzo Restaurant tomorrow along with his wife and daughter. If they have a prior commitment, we can postpone it to another day."

He planned on informing Macht that he planned on taking the military's test and completing the small arms deal.

The most convenient method was to visit Macht at his residence and mention it in passing, but considering how there might be a demigod of the Marauder pathway around Hazel, any close contact might result in the aura of the gray fog on him being detected. Therefore, Klein changed his plans and decided to have the venue to be at a restaurant.

This way, based on his judgment, the demigod which had failed to parasitize Hazel was unlikely to accompany her.

…

Xio hid in the shadows of the woods as she watched a brown carriage slowly drive past and turn into a particular street in Empress Borough.

There was an obvious coat of arms on the carriage. It was mainly a flower and two rings. They belonged to the captain of the Loen Kingdom's royal guards, Viscount Stratford.

Realizing that she had made zero discoveries, she gloomily left her hiding spot and took a nearby public carriage. She returned straight to the Backlund Bridge area and walked into East Borough.

Upon coming to the Dharavi Street's bar, Xio easily walked to the bar counter as the drunkards avoided her. She directly asked the bartender who was wiping a cup, "Any new jobs?"

The bartender immediately smiled.

"Yes. Butler Walter, who previously offered a 200-pound bounty for a few cheats, has offered a new job. It's very simple. Secretly protect his employer for a few days. The payment will be discussed face-to-face. It will definitely be a handsome reward.

"He was very pleased with your efficiency during the last mission. He requested that we give you priority.

"How about it? Are you interested?"

Xio had a rather deep impression of the butler and his employer because they had spent 200 pounds to seek out cheats who had only scammed 1,000 pounds of cloth.

Very generous, and he's quick to pay… Xio did a slight recall before nodding and saying, "Alright."

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CHAPTER 856
BODYGUARDS ARRIVE

In an apartment in Cherwood Borough.

Just as Xio entered, she caught the scent of fried food. She couldn't help but twitch her nose and looked towards the kitchen.

"Fors?"

"Would there be anyone else?" Fors peeked her head out from the kitchen and asked with a smile.

Xio put down the papers in her hand, half-surprised and half-grumbling, "Do you still remember how long it's been since you stepped into a kitchen? Eh, making toast in the morning doesn't count."

Fors returned to the kitchen, leaving only her voice behind.

"I choose the food outside because they're better. And now, the surrounding streets don't have any good fried chicken.

"I suddenly had cravings for it. When it comes to Intis cuisine, I like it the most!"

Xio walked to the kitchen and leaned against the door frame as she watched Fors busily prepare dinner. She deliberated and said, "I received a job. 100 pounds a day. Ranging from three to five days, but I need another helper.

"Weren't you previously lacking in money. Why don't we do it together?"

Actually, my financial situation has improved… However, a mission that pays 50 pounds a day isn't bad. I'll save up as much as I can. There will be plenty of places that require me to spend money in the future… As Fors watched her oil-filled pot, she asked, "What kind of job is it?"

She had already calculated how much she could receive.

Xio combed her slightly coarse blonde hair and said, "Secretly protect a tycoon named Dwayne Dantès."

"What did he encounter? Will it be very dangerous?" Fors asked cautiously.

Xio recalled and said, "Apparently there was some kind of business conflict, and his competitor has threatened him.

"This isn't anything dangerous. As you are aware, the powerful Beyonders in Backlund wouldn't dare to take any risks, as it's easy to expose themselves, causing them to be targeted by the Nighthawks and Mandated Punishers."

"Perhaps the other party is a lunatic? You can't rule that out." While retorting, Fors naturally thought of The World Gehrman Sparrow. This gentleman was a lunatic who dared to pull off major upsets in Backlund!

She paused and scooped up the pieces of fried chicken.

"Since you've already accepted the mission and I have nothing coming up recently, let's do it together.

"It's good too. We will be protecting him in secret, so no one will discover that I'm a bodyguard. Otherwise, I'll have no way of participating in those literature saloons. Heh heh, actually, I can tell them that I'm experiencing life and gathering material. My next novel will be about a female bodyguard and her male employer!"

Xio was already used to Fors's penchant for letting her thoughts wander. She scrunched up her nose and said, "Let's head over after dinner."

…

160 Böklund Street. Klein had set up a ritual in the master bedroom's bathroom and headed above the gray fog.

He planned on handling some random matters before the bodyguards hired by Butler Walter came—it wouldn't be convenient for him to do them in the coming days.

And among these random matters, the most important task was to confirm the situation with the Creeping Hunger.

Sitting behind the seat belonging to The Fool, Klein made the human-skinned glove fly out from the junk pile.

After a series of divinations, he discovered that the Creeping Hunger was rather stubborn this time. None of the negative side effects had changed.

It's a result of Mr. A's corruption, so it's absolutely not giving up its praise of the True Creator? The corners of Klein's mouth twitched as he seriously considered the solution to this matter.

Find another way to threaten it? No, how can I call it threatening? Under the premise of being proactive, I will be engaging in friendly communication with it… Klein rapped the corner of the long mottled table and muttered silently, I'll be writing to Mr. Azik later anyway. I can also mention in passing that the Creeping Hunger's seal is no longer effective.

I can also bring some mushrooms along with me. No, that wouldn't work. Although it will stop the Creeping Hunger from praising the True Creator, it will make it unusable. Hmm… I'll get a few of the original mutated mushrooms from Frank to see if there are other effects…

After determining his thought process, Klein threw Azik's copper whistle and the adventurer's harmonica through the Door of Sacrifice and Bestowment before returning to the real world. He packed up the ritual items and wiped away any traces of the ritual.

After leaving the bathroom, Klein walked to his study desk, taking out a fountain pen and paper as he deliberated over the things to say.

"Dear Mr. Azik… It's been a while since I've written to you. I wonder how you've been recently…

"…Due to certain unforeseen circumstances, your seal on the Creeping Hunger is no longer effective. Can you give me the corresponding method? I wish to apply the seal on it again…

"…Have you heard of creatures known as Spirit World Plunderers? What level are they, and what kinds of characteristics do they have? Where are they usually active in?"

"…I might be heading to the Southern Continent in the near future. If I obtain any new information on Death, I'll write to you as soon as possible…"

Putting down the fountain pen and reading it twice, Klein folded the letter and blew the copper whistle.

Silently, white bones spewed out from the floor, gushing out like a fountain into midair, forming a giant skeleton that was nearly four meters tall.

The skeleton lowered its head to glance at Dwayne Dantès before bending its back, bending its right arm and spreading open its palm.

This messenger is becoming more polite… Klein nodded in satisfaction, handing it the letter.

The skeleton messenger didn't stay, and it immediately disintegrated, pouring down like a waterfall before rapidly vanishing.

Klein silently heaved a sigh of relief as he retracted his gaze and continued writing a letter to Frank.

“…The dried mushrooms you provided were pretty good. Do you still have more?

“…Do you find the idea I previously mentioned viable? If you encounter any difficulties during the research process, you can write to me…”

After folding the letter, Klein blew into the adventurer's harmonica.

He saw Miss Messenger Reinette Tinekerr appear by his side. She still lacked a head as she wore a complicated black dress while holding four beautiful blonde, red-eyed heads.

"Can you lock onto Frank Lee?" Klein asked rather confidently. After all, Miss Messenger was unlike ordinary messengers. She was a spirit world creature at the demigod level.

Under normal circumstances, a messenger could only locate the contractor or the person who held the summoning ritual. As for the latter, there was a limitation. Once the ritual was too far away, the messenger wouldn't be able to find them.

Reinette Tinekerr's four heads turned in unison and looked at Klein.

"Yes…” "It's that…” "Man…” "Who wants…” "To…” "Plant…” "Everything…” "Right?"

"…”

What did Frank do to leave such a deep impression on Miss Messenger… Back when I replied, she even said that she hoped that he wasn't dead…

Klein nodded seriously.

"Yes."

Reinette Tinekerr's four heads spoke one after another.

"Can…" "Locate…" "I labeled…" "Him…"

Ah? Klein turned agape, nearly forgetting his motives.

Poor Frank, no, the great and powerful Frank. He actually got Miss Messenger to specially label him… May the Goddess watch over him… Klein silently exhaled and handed the letter to Reinette Tinekerr.

"Please hand it to Frank.

"He will pay you the gold coin."

One of the heads in Reinette Tinekerr's hand opened its mouth and bit down on the letter. Then, it directly entered the spirit world, unable to be sensed again.

After dealing with these matters, Klein left the copper whistle and harmonica on him. He went downstairs to have dinner.

Midway, Walter entered and whispered into Dwayne Dantès's ear, "The bodyguards have arrived. It's that Miss Xio and her friend from before. I will arrange for them to secretly provide you protection."

Miss Xio and her friend? Don't tell me it's Miss Magician… Klein was momentarily at a loss for words as all he could do was gently nod, acknowledging the new tidbit of information.

His spirituality actually didn't sense that someone had "infiltrated" his house. However, this was very normal since it wasn't time for most people to sleep for the night. When it was that period of time, any abnormalities

became rather obvious. Therefore, unless Klein specially used his spirituality to leave undetectable marks at key spots, or if the intruder had plenty of ill intentions towards him, he would find it difficult to notice them.

…

In a bedroom on the third floor, Xio and Fors each took a window. Through the glass, they looked down at the garden.

"This is my dream house. When I have enough money, I'll buy a house just like this in a scenic area. No, I'll still choose Backlund. There are more delicacies here, and it's more convenient," Fors said sincerely.

With that said, she sighed inwardly.

Unfortunately, I have the curse of the full moon. I can only continue improving myself. Otherwise, I'd have kept a house instead of selling it for cash…

Xio traced her friend's gaze and looked outside, whispering, "I lived in such a residence when I was little…”

Fors stole a glance at Xio. As she had no idea what to say, she changed topics.

"How should we provide him with protection?"

Xio retracted her gaze.

"When Mr. Dwayne Dantès is home and without guests, we'll just hide in the room and watch the surroundings to prevent anyone from infiltrating…

"When there are guests, we'll head to the adjacent room and keep close attention to any developments. We'll open the door at any moment to save him…

"If Mr. Dwayne Dantès were to head out, the butler will inform us ahead of time. I'll hide underneath the carriage to protect him while you'll follow on another carriage…”

"Xio, you're becoming more and more professional!" Fors seriously praised her before chuckling. "I saw Mr. Dwayne Dantès's portrait just now. If you hadn't told me that the danger arose because of a business conflict, I would've suspected that the problem arose because of love…”

Before Fors finished her sentence, she suddenly saw a carriage stop outside the compound. Following that, a few policemen in black-and-white checkered uniforms got out of the carriage.

What's happening? She looked at her friend and found Xio looking equally puzzled.

…

Inside the living room on the second floor, Klein met the four officers.

"Mr. Dwayne Dantès, do you know Mr. Cuarón?"

Cuarón? Klein tried recalling and remembered that it was the gentleman who had sold him the Coim Company shares.

"Yes, what happened to him?" Klein asked calmly.

The officer that led the team replied in a rather polite manner, "He committed suicide."

"In addition, he left behind a will, accusing you of forcing him to sell his shares and torturing him using all kinds of underhanded means, causing him to suffer from severe depression.

"And his family has provided proof regarding the contents of his will."

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CHAPTER 857
POIGNANT

Cuarón committed suicide? His will accused me of forcing him to sell his shares? His family can even provide evidence? As Klein listened to the officer's description, he digested the relevant information and produced questions in his mind.

After he understood the situation, his first reaction was: *Baron Syndras has taken action!*

This powerful banker didn't hesitate to carry out his follow-up action against me after failing to cooperate with me, treating me as an enemy. He didn't hold back!

Furthermore, he has clearly gathered enough information to know that Dwayne Dantès is involved with the Church of Evernight and Member of Parliament Macht and the faction backing him. If he were to directly deal with me, it would easily attract unwanted trouble. Therefore, he chose to strike at the other end of the transaction, Cuarón. This will be more indirect and safer, but it would be equally treacherous and ruthless.

This is an utter disregard of an ordinary person's life… Klein suddenly recalled the innocent people who collapsed during the Great Smog of Backlund. He couldn't help but feel a sense of rage surge within him as it bubbled to the surface but was ice-cold.

Klein used his Clown powers to control his facial expression, making him look even more surprised as he asked, seemingly finding the situation incomprehensible, "Are you certain you aren't joking?"

The leading officer nodded solemnly.

"If we didn't have sufficient clues to support it, we wouldn't disturb a gentleman like you.

"Mr. Dwayne Dantès, I'll have to trouble you to follow us to the station for further investigations."

Despite looking unperturbed, Klein's mind was racing. Just as he was about to say something, he suddenly noticed something illogical.

Regardless, murder is a serious crime in the current Loen Kingdom. With Baron Syndras's identity, status, and social connections, he will have at least a few dozen effective means to deal with a foreign tycoon that just came to Backlund two months ago. There's no need to go this far.

After all, as a member of high society, he will more or less understand or be in contact with Beyonder powers. He knows that there are all kinds of incredible means to pursue the true murderer. Unless he's completely confident, taking the risk to frame someone for murder is definitely the worst choice.

If Syndras were to use his authority to suppress the investigations of the official Beyonders, it will definitely be more effective and simpler to employ other means!

Even if he temporarily isn't aware that I'm about to work with the military, he's definitely aware of my connection with the Church of Evernight and Member of Parliament Macht. He wouldn't do things in such a simple and brazen manner… Most importantly, even if he's the kind of murderer who would kill for 3% shares, why didn't he do it earlier? He could've held Cuarón at gunpoint early on, resolving the matter without causing any fuss… Klein glanced at the officers in front of him while in thought without immediately giving an answer.

And in an adjacent room, Xio and Fors were leaning against the wall. Using the latter's ability to open a small door, they didn't miss any parts of the entire conversation.

"What do we do? If the police want to arrest him, do we still provide protection?" Fors, who lacked the experience of a bounty hunter, hurriedly suppressed her voice as she asked her friend.

She never expected that the business conflict would result in a case of murder and suspicion of framing. The enemy she had imagined had transformed from an infiltrating murderous bandit into a police officer. She was momentarily unsure of what to do.

Xio was also in a dilemma.

"Usually, a bodyguard will only deal with illegal encroachers.

"But… They have given a sufficiently sizable remuneration."

Fors was surprised and amused by the response as she asked, "If he really is imprisoned, are you thinking of breaking him out of jail?

"Let's put aside the problem of danger. That way, you too would be wanted, and you won't be able to be a bounty hunter again. When the time comes, do you plan on fleeing elsewhere with this gentleman?"

As she spoke, Fors, who had already come up with a story, discovered that Dwayne Dantès had a response.

This elegant gentleman with white sideburns turned to look at Walter and said with a calm and gentle voice, "Two matters. First, visit Baron Syndras and tell him that someone is trying to frame him."

Walter revealed a rare look of surprise and confusion, finding his employer's instructions incomprehensible.

From his point of view, this matter was highly likely to be machinated by Baron Syndras. It was pointless visiting him, as it would only result in mockery.

Klein smiled.

"He was a guest recently, and he had threatened me for the shares. Following that, Mr. Cuarón met with his demise. I find it hard to believe that he wouldn't be under suspicion. Therefore, I believe that it's necessary to warn him. This is what a gentleman should do."

The officers were slightly perturbed by what was said. They had the inexplicable feeling that the matter was more complicated than they had imagined. As for Walter, he was somewhat enlightened as he replied, "Yes, sir. I'll immediately visit Baron Syndras and inform your friends and his of this matter."

This way, if this wasn't done by Baron Syndras, all subsequent trouble would be dealt with by him. If he were the mastermind behind this, by involving him in the name of kindly warning him and spreading the news, it could create sufficient pressure from public opinion. It would make it easier for Member of Parliament Macht and company to "rescue" him.

Smart… A good butler really helps… Klein silently praised him as he continued, "Second, please call for my lawyer to handle this tiny inconvenience."

After instructing his butler and valet, Klein looked at the few officers in front of him.

"Alright, I'll follow you back to the station. I won't make things difficult for you.

"However, I wouldn't answer any of your questions before my lawyer arrives."

The leading officer heaved a sigh of relief as he said with a nod, "Thank you for your cooperation, Mr. Dantès."

At this moment, in the adjacent room, Fors hurriedly said, "Are we following?"

"Yes. I'll hide underneath the carriage now and follow it to the station. We can't be certain that those police officers are real ones!" Xio replied rather cautiously.

She paused, seizing the moment to ask, "What else do you wish to say?"

Fors thought for a moment and poignantly said, "Nobles and tycoons are truly terrifying!"

Xio was taken aback. She didn't speak further as she walked to the window. Supporting herself with one hand, she nimbly jumped down, landing in the shadows of the building.

A few minutes later, Klein and two officers boarded a carriage belonging to Dwayne Dantès.

When he sat down, he looked at the thick carpet, his expression the same as before.

…

At the police station, Klein was directly brought to an interrogation room. However, he didn't give a response, regardless of what the officer asked.

Only when his lawyer arrived did he give an account. He said that he had only met Cuarón once. He also mentioned that the negotiation of the share purchase was completely handled by a professional team; hence, he didn't personally involve himself in it.

He repeated his statements, saying that he was unaware of anything else. This left the interrogator at a loss until he was called out of the room.

After a while, the officer responsible for recording the statement walked in and said, "Alright, you may leave. A gentleman with an honorable status has vouched for you and paid for your bail."

Klein didn't immediately stand up as he continued sitting in the chair. He looked up and asked, "Who is it?"

The officer said with a respectful tone, "Baron Syndras."

Klein immediately revealed a smile as he slowly got up. He left the interrogation room with his lawyer before meeting up with his butler and valet.

At the entrance to the police station, he met Baron Syndras once again.

This powerful banker's hair was still neatly combed back, with silver and black interweaving with each other. Beside him was a valet and his bearded bodyguard.

"Thank you for your warning, Dantès. Few people would be so calm and sharp when they encounter such a sudden turn of events," Syndras smiled as he took two steps forward, reached out his palm, and shook Klein's hand.

Klein replied with a smile, "I was simply trusting your character."

Syndras obviously didn't believe such lip service. He found an excuse and, with his bodyguard, boarded Dwayne Dantès's carriage.

As for his valet, he sent him off to his luxurious carriage to instruct the carriage driver to follow behind.

As parasol trees flew past outside the carriage window, Syndras spoke first.

"Dantès, how did you come to such a judgment?"

Klein glanced at his butler and valet beside him and chuckled.

"Two points. First, I believe that you will have a better solution. You wouldn't do something this violent."

Syndras drank a mouthful of white wine on the carriage as he chuckled.

"Indeed."

"…” The corners of Klein's mouth twitched as he said, "I'm very curious as to what kind of methods you would employ."

He had only asked in passing, without the extravagant hopes of obtaining an answer. However, Syndras chuckled and said,

"With matters developing this far, it doesn't matter if I tell you.

"It's very simple: isn't your goal to enter high society? I planned to hire women of different ages. They will accuse you on different social occasions that you toyed with their feelings and bodies, but you refuse to be responsible for your actions. If necessary, I'll find a few toddling children to clasp you around the legs, calling you PA 1. Perhaps I might get some civilians to accuse you of seducing their wives and destroying their marriage.

"This is Loen, a rather conservative place. No one would wish to have such a person as a friend. Likewise, the Church of Evernight who values 'marriage' and 'family' will also distance itself from you.

"It will be difficult to clear the air on such matters; yet, it wouldn't be a big deal. They wouldn't use their resources to help do an investigation for you. By the time you eventually find a loophole, your image would be hardened and known by all. How many people do you think will believe your

explanations? You are just a newcomer and have yet to build a reputation. You aren't that trustworthy.

"Of course, if you were willing to accept my conditions, I'd stake my reputation for you.

"That will be the first step. Now, it wouldn't happen."

Klein was almost stunned by what he heard. He found himself too inexperienced compared to a seasoned banker who had established a commercial empire for himself.

"I believe I should thank you," he replied with an unfazed smile. "Second, if you really wanted the 3% shares, I wouldn't be your match when it comes to wealth. It would ultimately be better to force Mr. Cuarón rather than killing him after the sale is completed."

Syndras raised his right hand and pressed his fingers to the corner of his forehead as he chuckled.

"No, you're mistaken. I was bent on obtaining the 3% share.

"However, you're right about one thing. I did prepare an irresistible offer for Cuarón, but he suddenly made a decision and completed the deal with you at an extremely fast speed. It caught me by surprise."

Klein narrowed his eyes slightly as he suddenly fell silent.

…

Returning to 160 Böklund Street, Xio circled the area and entered the third floor again, seeing Fors who had easily entered by using Door Opening.

"How is it? Nothing happened, right?" Fors, who had only followed from a distance away, asked curiously.

Xio shook her head in a slightly wooden manner.

"No."

She then revealed a poignant expression.

"Nobles and tycoons are truly terrifying."

Footnotes:

Ch 857 Footnote 1

This is referencing Mark Twain's "Running for Governor," a common piece of literature taught to Chinese middle-school students.

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CHAPTER 858
GENEROUS

On the tiny balcony of the master bedroom, Klein stood behind a railing in the form of Dwayne Dantès. He silently watched Baron Syndras's luxurious carriage depart.

His mind was still resonating with the conversation he just had. He believed that there had been a secret plot behind the acquiring of the Coim Company's shares from the very beginning.

According to Syndras, although the Coim Company has great potential and bright prospects, its current value is only limited to Backlund. It's constrained by many conditions, making it not worthy for a powerful banker to place such great importance on it that he had to take on a stance of being hell-bent on acquiring it. After all, even if he didn't succeed, it would only be a difference in monetary profit. It wouldn't result in any losses.

For the seller, Cuarón, it's very normal to be under external stress to sell his shares for cash. It's also very normal for him to be unwilling to see "Moneybags" Baron Syndras from the Conservative Party. But herein lies the problem. As a businessman, faced with a deal that isn't considered important, the political inclinations are something to be considered when prices are similar. There's no reason to reject the possibility of receiving an extremely high premium. Yet, he had deliberately rushed to close the deal with Dwayne Dantès before Syndras could make his final offer. It's as if he has a grudge with money or views the Conservative Party with extreme prejudice. And this doesn't match the current political climate. The Loen Kingdom's internal politics hasn't reached such a splintered state.

From the looks of it, someone is forcing Syndras to do this, and someone had designed a trap, using Cuarón's 3% shares as the bait and me as the cover to lure Syndras into the trap, wishing to achieve a certain goal… Klein looked at the street lamps under the night sky as he sighed poignantly.

Based on my assumption, if I hadn't discovered the problem tonight and hadn't sent someone to Syndras, the subsequent developments would definitely have me crushed by all kinds of seemingly incriminating evidence. And when the military or the Church of Evernight intervenes, there will undoubtedly be a twist in the evidence, incriminating Syndras.

During this process, just a tiny misjudgment on Syndras's part will result in him treating Dwayne Dantès as an accomplice of the mastermind behind this ploy. He would use a rather intense method in response, hammering the final nail in my coffin.

As for who the mastermind was and their true goals, Klein had no idea. All he could do was confirm that Ma'am Mary likely wasn't aware of the truth. She was only used due to her anxiousness to preserve her control over the Coim Company. In short, she wasn't qualified to be deeply involved in the mastermind's ploy.

Environment protection… New Party… Conservative Party… Bankers… Acquisition… Framing… One word after another surfaced in Klein's mind, seemingly allowing him to see through the present calm in Backlund. He saw the dangerous stirrings that were hidden beneath the surface.

They existed for a long time and hadn't been quelled because of the Great Smog. It was even possible that it was just an extension of the tragedy.

When all of these meshed together, mixed with the tense international environment, Klein suddenly thought of a word: "Revolution!"

In that second, Klein seemed to catch a whiff of the impending storm.

Together with the prophecy of the apocalypse, I wonder how much chaos and madness are brewing in secret… Currently, my main goal is to start from the military and investigate the truth behind the Great Smog of Backlund. If I were to get caught up in this maelstrom, there's a high chance I'll get involved in unnecessary trouble. Perhaps it might expose my Sequence powers, preventing me from continuing my act as Dwayne Dantès.… Klein retracted his gaze, having made up his decision.

It was to quickly extricate himself from the matter!

As for Syndras's safety, he wasn't too worried. First, the former had the Conservative Party backing him, and he had his own faction. With him on alert, it would be difficult for him to suffer any further harm. Second, Klein didn't have any deep ties with him; thus, providing a warning had already spoken volumes of his character.

As for the truth behind Cuarón's death, he had no right to carry out any investigations. All he could do was trust in the Nighthawks' rich experience and the myriad of means to have a chance of finding the real clues.

*How should I extricate myself? As long as the shares are with me, it implies that I'll ultimately remain center stage… Get Ma'am Mary to acquire it ahead of time? That will be very difficult. She likely doesn't have the funds… Sell it to Syndras? That will be in violation of the contract… *Amidst Klein's flurry of thoughts, he gradually had an idea.

His facial muscles twitched a little for some baffling reason before they relaxed. This was because what he wanted to do was something he had planned on doing but lacked the ability to do so. Furthermore, it would also benefit him by establishing an image, bettering his chances of entering high society.

…

In the room adjacent to the balcony, Xio and Fors were observing the streets and garden. One of them was looking at the crimson moon that was half-

hidden behind the thick clouds. There was a prolonged silence.

Only when Dwayne Dantès's lights were extinguished did Fors turn to look at her friend. She said in excitement and clear poignancy, "Being a tycoon sure isn't easy…

"If you were him, you might've gone bankrupt in three days and be sent to jail."

Xio shot her a glance and said, "I can hire a powerful butler, a professional lawyer, and a capable business secretary to help me."

Fors didn't continue putting her down as she said with a smile, "If I were you, I would change all of it to cash, bonds, and property. I'll use the annual income they bring about to maintain a decent life."

Just as she said that, she saw Xio frown slightly. She cast her gaze towards the first floor.

"What happened?" Fors tensed up.

Xio observed for a few seconds before saying, "My spiritual perception tells me that an item or matter related to black magic has appeared."

One of the biggest advantages of a Sheriff was that when they were close enough, they could sense matters related to evil, chaos, and madness that weren't screened.

"Black magic?" Fors was considered a senior Beyonder, so she wasn't unfamiliar with that.

Strictly speaking, anything that didn't pass through the seven orthodox deities was considered as black magic. It included ritualistic magic that prayed to secret existences.

In the typical sense, black magic referred to the use of flesh and blood, hair, and all kinds of strange items to cast strange spells. It partially involved evil gods, one's Beyonder powers, the spirituality of the materials used, and the correct symbols and magic labels.

Xio nodded heavily and said, "Yes, it's on the first floor. I plan on taking a look. Stay here to protect Mr. Dantès."

Fors kept silent for two seconds and nodded without wasting any time.

"Okay."

After Xio left the balcony's half-open room, Fors took out Leymano's Travels from a hidden pouch, prepared to immediately take action if anything amiss happened.

Elsewhere, Xio nimbly and briskly arrived at the first floor. Following her senses, she arrived outside a room.

After confirming that the target was inside, Xio was surprised as her expression gradually darkened.

If she didn't remember wrongly, this room likely belonged to Butler Walter who had hired her!

During her momentary daze, the black magic item or matter which triggered her spiritual perception vanished. Calm returned to the room as though nothing abnormal had happened.

Xio hurriedly pressed her ear to the door and carefully listened, confirming that there was the breathing of a human inside.

After waiting for a while and seeing that Walter wasn't doing anything else, she returned to the third floor with a look of suspicion. She recounted her findings to her friend and finally said, "Do we feign ignorance, or think of a way to remind Mr. Dantès?"

Fors thought and said, "Perhaps the butler doesn't have any ill intentions?

"Let's keep observing."

After deciding on their stance, she tsked in wonder.

"I have to say that Mr. Dwayne Dantès is a really pitiful person. Not only was he used by others to harm Baron Syndras and get framed, nearly throwing him into jail and losing his reputation, but he also has a butler who researches black magic with an unknown motive. Sigh, I hope he doesn't lose his life because of that. On this front, he's only a helpless commoner."

Xio nodded in agreement.

"If we're unable to determine the butler's intentions after three days are over, we can leave a slip for him to warn him."

…

The next morning, Klein glanced at Walter in a normal fashion after having breakfast before leaving home with Richardson. He rode a cathedral to Saint Samuel Cathedral.

After the preaching and prayers, Klein didn't make any donations. Instead, he directly came to Bishop Elektra.

"Is there something?" Although this bishop was under immense stress due to the infiltration of Chanis Gate, he was still rather friendly when dealing with the faithful.

Klein smiled and replied, "I've recently been involved in certain matters and have come to recognize my true self."

Without waiting for Elektra to inquire, he continued, "I wish to establish a foundation that targets the poor. I hope that they can receive help from the Church.

"I will place the Coim Company shares I have on hand into this foundation, so as to kickstart this initiative using all the funds obtainable from the contract.

Elektra was nearly stupefied by what he heard because it was definitely a sizable sum.

Although it wasn't public knowledge how much Dwayne Dantès spent on acquiring the 3% shares, just from the relevant sources of information, it was estimated to be over 10,000 pounds. Furthermore, the future returns were nothing to scoff at!

And back then, Ma'am Mary had been pursued by many men of status who had wealth in the range of tens of thousands of pounds.

Therefore, for Dwayne Dantès to suddenly donate more than ten thousand pounds was definitely considered a generous move. In the whole of the Church of Evernight, apart from donations from a deceased's will, there were only a handful of one-time donations that exceeded this amount!

"This is an act that deserves all kinds of praise," Elektra said from the bottom of his heart. "However, I have the obligation to remind you that you shouldn't do something that exceeds your reach."

Klein smiled and replied, "This isn't a small sum for me as well, but it's still acceptable. It wouldn't affect my life and business."

Elektra's smile gradually turned warm as he said with a nod, "The Goddess will definitely watch you."

Upon hearing this blessing, Klein's expression nearly froze.

Elektra continued, "I will report the matter to His Grace and try to organize a charity party for this foundation. When the time comes, I'll invite the Goddess's faithful from different domains. They will include powerful

aristocrats and their families. Let's see if there are more people who are willing to participate."

He knew very well that Dwayne Dantès was attempting to enter high society; therefore, he had deliberately made mention of powerful aristocrats.

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CHAPTER 859
NEW MUSHROOMS

In the bottom cabin of the Future where it was pitch-black.

Frank Lee lit a candle which illuminated a table covered with flesh, mushrooms, wheat, and fish.

He casually pushed the items away and cleared out a space that was just enough to accommodate a piece of paper.

Right on the heels of that, he spread out a piece of paper, picked up a fountain pen, and wrote with an excited expression:

"My dear friend, Gehrman Sparrow, I'm delighted to know that you found the dry mushrooms to be pretty good. Perhaps it's more useful than I imagined it to be. When I'm free, I'll take another look at them.

"As I've been fully focused, in both body and mind, in the experiment you mentioned, I've already stopped all other creations. Most of the mushrooms have been burned away by Nina, leaving me with the last three. I hope it will be of help to you.

"Placed together with them are my latest products. One of them is a type of mushroom that grows by feeding on flesh and blood. They have three breeds. The first is crossbred with wheat and can be ground into a mushroom powder that can be used to make bread. Another has the characteristic of being mixed with milk, allowing milk to be drawn from them. The last has been crossbred with fish. They come with a refreshing taste and it has a thick meaty texture.

"The things to take note of is that they are absolutely not to be eaten raw. They need to be cooked in 90°C hot water for at least five minutes so as to kill any living characteristics; otherwise, regardless of what it turns into, it will absorb the flesh and blood around it, including human organs.

"Another point. It's unable to distinguish between normal flesh and monster flesh, nor can they deal with the latter properly. They will accumulate with the corresponding toxicity and madness.

"I think they will experience different mutations because of the different types of monster flesh, producing different kinds of danger. However, I wasn't able to verify that, because I lack a sufficient number of monster corpses. If you were to obtain one while adventuring, please mail me one. I only need a tiny amount.

"As for any other problems that might exist, I'm not sure either. It's still a prototype, preventing further attempts and observation…

"I wish you all the best and to have a bountiful time adventuring. Sincerely, your friend, Frank Lee."

After putting down the fountain pen, Frank read his reply in its entirety before folding in satisfaction. He found a gold coin and placed it over the letter.

He quickly set up the messenger summoning ritual in preparation to chant the incantation.

At this moment, he subconsciously surveyed his surroundings and was stunned.

Then, Frank moved the nearby pile of soil out the door.

…

In Empress Borough, the opulent villa of Earl Hall.

Audrey was hiding in her room, observing the glass bottle in her hand.

In the bottle was a translucent, colorless, sticky liquid. It was like a mirror when still, completely reflecting everything within its vicinity. When undulations happened, a very tiny whirlpool would silently spin beneath the surface.

This was none other than the Hypnotist potion which she had just successfully concocted!

Audrey had already digested her Psychiatrist potion and planned on advancing to Sequence 6 before Backlund's Psychology Alchemists contacted her.

After using Placate to quell her mental state, Audrey gently bit down on her lip, raised the glass bottle, and downed the potion.

After a brief chill, she suddenly felt her mind seem to explode. Her body also seemed to be contaminated as it turned somewhat incorporeal.

At that moment, her Soul Body, Astral Projection, and Ether Body were being absorbed and assimilated by her Body of Heart and Mind. Her entire person was like an amalgamation of pure thoughts that began churning. She felt the boundless sea of collective subconscious which connected all living creatures, and she sensed the spirituality sky that stood in contrast.

Having experienced the sense of alarm she received during her Psychiatrist advancement, Audrey didn't panic. She ultimately maintained a sliver of lucidity and curbed her instinctive urge to fuse into the "sea." She allowed her consciousness to spread out in all directions before contracting like a rubber band.

After an unknown period of time, she finally found her inner self. She saw the back of her hand covered in dense, firm golden scales and saw that the hair on her shoulders turned luxuriant and heavy, as though they were really made of gold.

After these anomalies receded, Audrey quickly recovered. However, when she looked into the mirror, she found her green eyes appear clear, but deep down was a strange bottomless whirlpool. It made it difficult for others to shift their gaze away from them, easily drowning within them.

This is a sign of the dispersing spirituality that has yet to have been fully converged… Audrey slowly eased her brows as her smile turned bright.

She looked at herself in the mirror and nodded gently, finding it hard to hide her smile.

"Audrey, you are already a Sequence 6!"

After she calmed her emotions, she seriously introspected herself to determine her new Beyonder powers and the qualitative changes.

After some work, Audrey came to a rough understanding of the situation.

First, her constitution had received a significant enhancement. Be it her strength or agility, it had exceeded an ordinary person's. She could also form a layer of "Scales" over her skin, largely resisting and reducing any damage. Second was a qualitative change in Psychological Cue. It became a form of hypnosis within the non-combat domain. As long as she made the target focus on something, Audrey could open the door to their Body of Heart and Mind and directly alter their conscious and affect their subconscious.

This way, the target wouldn't notice that they were abiding by her arrangements, taking actions that didn't match their true intentions.

Of course, if Audrey's "arrangement" directly harmed the target's life or something he subconsciously placed great importance to, then the target would produce an intense resistance, causing the hypnosis to fail. In addition, if the target had a strong soul and firm body and mind, they would be able to resist the hypnosis to a certain extent.

Third, Battle Hypnotism. Audrey could forcefully hypnotize an enemy, making them do something abnormal, such as attacking their companions or avoid her, the Hypnotist. However, such hypnosis only lasted for short periods of time. The target would quickly snap awake and sense the problem. Similarly, it was unable to harm the target's life and make the enemy commit suicide.

Fourth was Psychological Invisibility. With one's control of the target's Body of Heart and Mind, allowing oneself to remain in the blind spot of one's consciousness, she could achieve the effect of invisibility despite someone standing in front of her without being able to sense her.

"Very impressive… My only regret is that I still lack Beyonder powers that can launch direct attacks…" Audrey puffed her cheeks in an indiscernible manner as she tried hard to converge her spirituality and make her eyes less intoxicating.

After mostly eliminating her abnormalities, she opened the door and let Susie in. With the help of her golden retriever, she began familiarizing herself with her new Beyonder powers.

Before long, her lady's maid, Annie, knocked on the door and entered with an invitation letter in hand.

"My Lady, the Church will be organizing a charity party on Saturday night for a newly established bursary foundation that's targeted at the poor. They have invited you."

Audrey didn't directly agree as she asked, "Did they invite my parents?"

"Yes, they were also invited, as well as Lord Hibbert," Annie replied honestly.

Audrey nodded and said with a smile, "Tell the Church that I'll be participating.

"Also, figure out the exact situation with the charity foundation so that I can better decide on the amount to donate."

…

In the evening at the Intis Srenzo Restaurant.

"This place is truly dazzling. It's much prettier than the living rooms and activity rooms of many nobles." Fors looked around as though she was here to gather material.

Although she had participated in many noble-organized literature saloons, she had always visited them at their residences and not at such top-end restaurants.

Xio grabbed at her coarse blonde hair.

"This is the style of Intis. It's different from us. It might look pretty, but it lacks substance."

"How does it lack substance? Look, those are all famous oil paintings and sculptures…" Fors deliberately retorted.

During this process, she suppressed her voice, as they hadn't entered by the main door.

As she spoke, she found the private room mentioned by Walter. Fors directly used Door Opening and pulled Xio in. They hid inside a pantry cupboard and waited for their target of protection, Dwayne Dantès, and his guests to arrive.

"How much do you think the 3% shares of Coim Company is worth?" Bored, Fors casually asked.

In the morning, she had entered Saint Samuel Cathedral with Xio to provide protection while feigning prayer.

Xio hesitated and said, "At least several thousand pounds. The bishop seemed to place a great deal of importance on the matter."

"How rich. Donating thousands of pounds just like that. Why doesn't he save poor people like us?" Fors said poignantly in a joking manner.

At this moment, the door to the room opened. Dwayne Dantès and Macht's family walked in and took their seats. The waiters also started rushing around.

Xio and Fors didn't speak further as they eavesdropped on the chit chat outside as they observed the surrounding situation. From time to time, their noses would twitch because of the food's fragrance.

Suddenly, Xio frowned as though she had sensed something before quickly easing her brows as though nothing had happened.

"What's wrong?" Fors leaned in towards her friend's ear and whispered.

Xio shook her head.

"Nothing. I was uptight, causing me to overreact."

At that moment, Klein put down his fork and knife, glancing to the side with a normal expression.

In his eyes which had his Spirit Vision activated, a blonde, red-eyed head had appeared out of the void. In its mouth was a thick letter.

Klein faintly caught the scent of milk, wheat, and fish.

The corners of his mouth twitched as he secretly reached out his left hand to grab the letter. And sitting in the other three seats, Macht, Riana, and Hazel didn't notice anything.

Klein stuffed the letter into his pocket without anyone noticing as a waiter walked out of the pantry, serving a new dish to the four customers. Among the dishes, two of them were butter-fried mushrooms.

Upon seeing this scene, Klein suddenly felt disgusted. His expression turned odd as his left palm that remained in his pocket trembled.

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CHAPTER 860
RUNAWAY HORSE

*Thankfully, it's not a mushroom dish I ordered, or else it would've been a waste of a dish… *Despite believing that he no longer affected by the trauma inflicted upon him by mushrooms, the smell that came with the letter successfully made him suffer a "relapse." Klein's expression rapidly restored itself as he retracted his left hand and placed it on the cup to his side, drinking the ice water inside.

"Please give me another cup." As though nothing had happened, he turned his head and instructed the waiter who was at the door.

At the same time, he pressed down his clothes and slowly got up while expressing his apologies before heading for a bathroom attached to the private room.

It was opposite the pantry, placed on either side of the main door.

Hiding in a cupboard, Fors heard footsteps approach as the bathroom's door opened and closed. She couldn't help but lean into Xio's ear and whisper in amusement, "It's the second time!

"They've been here for slightly more than thirty minutes, and Dwayne Dantès has already gone to the washroom twice!

"The first time was clearly to pee. If it's for the same reason, it means that this gentleman's kidneys, bladder, or prostate is problematic.

"He's coming out. He's coming out. He's really only peeing. Tsk, he seems to drink plenty of water usually and often heads to the bathroom. Sigh, it's

difficult being a tycoon, but it's even more difficult being a good-looking tycoon in particular!

Xio rolled her eyes.

"What has that got to do with you?

"Focus and be serious. We're on a mission!

"Also that bodyguard of the member of parliament named Macht seemed pretty strong. He's probably a Beyonder. We need to be careful."

Fors had no choice but to suppress her desire to chat as she shrank back.

"They're guarding the area outside without being wary of others passing through the walls. How unprofessional… Alright, we'll chat when we're back."

At that moment, Klein had returned to the table and sat back in his seat.

He drank a mouthful of ice water, sipped on some white wine, and said to Macht with a smile, "Having been here in Backlund for nearly two months, I've been busy getting used to the environment and hadn't found the time to start a new business. Every day I wake up seeing money flowing out without any coming in. Heh heh, it's about time I do something."

He indicated his willingness to participate in the arms dealing by cracking a joke.

Macht stroked his cup and said with a warm smile, "I can empathize with that. In the beginning, I was in such a stage as well.

"How much money do you have to spare? I can introduce you to some friends for a partnership."

Klein replied in a calm tone, "I'll be able to spare a maximum of 20,000 pounds at present."

"You're richer than I imagined," Macht said with a heartfelt sigh.

Under normal circumstances, a tycoon who had a liquidity of 20,000 pounds was definitely someone who's overall wealth was on the order of a hundred thousand pounds.

Not giving Dwayne Dantès a chance to be humble, he casually said, "Didn't you buy 3% of the Coim Company's shares before? You can pledge it for at least 10,000 pounds. That will give you some liquidity."

Klein immediately smiled and sighed.

"I have already donated those shares to the Church. I plan to establish a bursary foundation that's targeted at the poor."

"You donated it to the Church?" Macht had yet to meet the priests or bishops of Saint Samuel Cathedral today. Furthermore, he had been out and had yet to receive the invitation; therefore, he wasn't aware of the new development.

Ma'am Riana and Hazel, who were enjoying the delicious food, looked up as well, subconsciously casting their gazes at Dwayne Dantès.

At their level, it wasn't uncommon to have friends they knew that could donate 10,000 pounds, but very few could donate that much in one go. And among these few people, there might not even be one who was willing to donate such amounts!

No, there was one now—Dwayne Dantès!

"Yes." Klein nodded with his usual expression. "If not for the Goddess's blessings, I would have long died in the chaotic Southern Continent. And when I was young, if I had the chance to attend school and study, perhaps

my life would've been completely different. Thus, I wish to give those children who desire to change their fates some hope."

"Your character is as amazing as your generosity," Riana lowered her cutlery and praised sincerely. Hazel also nodded indiscernibly. The way she looked at Dwayne Dantès turned significantly gentler.

Seeing her parents begin an idle conversation over the charity, she excused herself and walked to the bathroom, seemingly pressing her right hand onto her abdomen.

When she arrived at the door, she was just about to turn right when she suddenly turned her head and looked at the cupboard beside the pantry.

She frowned slightly and revealed a look of confusion before retracting her gaze and opening the washroom's wooden door.

When Hazel came out after washing her hands, she had apparently forgotten the abnormality that had happened. She touched the necklace at her chest and returned to the dining table.

Dinner came to an end after the dishes and dessert were served. The four left the private room and met the two bodyguards outside with their servants. They were preparing to return home.

At this moment, Hazel suddenly paused and said, "I think I dropped my ear studs inside. Sorry about that. Please wait a moment."

Without waiting for Ma'am Riana to instruct a waitress to do the search, Hazel turned around and circled around the bend, returning to the room she had been in.

Hazel lowered her hand that held her left ear and directly entered the connected pantry until she was in front of the cupboard. She then placed her hand on it.

She had planned on opening the door to the cupboard at an extremely fast speed, but after some thought, she decided to be cautious by holding onto her necklace with one hand and turning her body sidewards to prevent any sudden attacks from whatever was inside.

As she held her breath, Hazel took the chance when the waiter was clearing the table inside to suddenly pull the door open, exposing whatever was inside.

However, apart from some spare cutlery and table cloth, there was nothing.

Hazel once again wore a look of puzzlement, as though she couldn't believe the scene before her eyes.

"I clearly sensed something very valuable inside…" she muttered under her breath and quickly closed the door before her maidservant chased up to her and walked out of the pantry.

…

Outside the Intis Srenzo Restaurant, Fors and Xio turned their heads simultaneously and looked inside.

"That girl actually noticed us?" Fors whispered in disbelief and amazement.

If she hadn't used Door Opening and sneaked out from the back of the cupboard, she and Xio would've been discovered, having no choice but to admit that they were secretly protecting Dwayne Dantès.

Xio wore a confounded look as well.

"I remember that you didn't speak or move about when she was heading to the washroom."

"Perhaps… She's a Beyonder as well, and has a certain type of spiritual intuition…" Fors made an uncertain guess. "Mr. Dwayne Dantès sure leads

a difficult life. He often encounters the power struggles between tycoons and nobles while having a butler that secretly studies black magic at home. Furthermore, there are Beyonders with mysterious powers living nearby. By the way, what's her name?"

"Hazel." Xio was looking for Dwayne Dantès's carriage, preparing to hide underneath when her gaze suddenly froze. "Fors, look. That person is acting oddly."

Fors traced her gaze and saw a middle-aged man in a black formal suit. He was pacing along the sides of the street, looking very anxious and frustrated.

"How is he acting oddly?" Fors didn't have the time to observe him carefully as she directly asked.

Xio answered simply, "He's dressed as a decent gentleman, but his shoes are very dirty. It's as though he hasn't shined them in a while. As you know, Backlund is covered in dust.

"Also, he would touch the area underneath his armpit. I dare bet that there's an underarm holster hidden there…

"Apart from that, his expression and attitude imply that he isn't normal.

"Hmm… They're coming out soon. I'll head to the carriage first. Watch that person and ensure that Mr. Dantès is protected."

"Alright." As Fors found it troublesome, she also found it rather interesting. Hence, she retreated to an area that concealed her as she observed the entrance of the Intis Srenzo Restaurant.

Nearly thirty seconds later, Dwayne Dantès and the Macht family walked out. After bidding each other farewell, they headed for their respective carriages.

At this moment, a two-wheeled carriage charged out from the end of the street at an extremely fast speed, as though it would topple at any moment.

The horse that pulled the carriage wore a rabid look in its eyes, as though it had been alarmed. It charged for the Intis Srenzo Restaurant's entrance in its panic.

Of Macht's two bodyguards, one went forward in a bid to subdue the runaway horse, while the other protected the member of parliament and family.

At this moment, the middle-aged man who had been loitering around had approached from the back and drew a revolver. With a warped expression, he aimed at Macht's head.

Klein's right hand was raised indiscernibly before he retracted it without doing anything.

He nimbly performed a jump, dodging the runaway horse. At the same time, Fors, who was hiding elsewhere, clenched her palm gently and pulled to the side.

The assailant's leg suddenly went limp, as though he had stumbled over something, as he fell to the ground, failing to pull the trigger.

In his haste, he pressed down with one hand and immediately leaped up, planning to shoot wildly without aiming.

However, when he squeezed his finger, he didn't feel any tactile feedback.

The revolver had already dropped by Hazel's feet!

Following that, he and the runaway horse was subdued by the bodyguards.

"Why did you attempt to assault me?" Macht held back his churning emotions as he took a step forward and asked with a deep voice.

The middle-aged man immediately laughed as he shouted with a hysterical expression, "It's you! It's all because of you and the others!

"You talk about atmospheric pollution, wanting things like anthracite! My factory is going bankrupt, my child is dying from an illness, and my wife has committed suicide!"

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CHAPTER 861
FORS'S DREAM

Upon hearing the middle-aged man's shout and seeing his warped expression, Hazel's eyes which were filled with rage and hatred gradually froze before melting into a confused and lost look.

It wasn't only her. Macht and Riana, as well as Dwayne Dantès, fell silent. No one spoke for a moment. Even Fors, who had concealed herself, also lost the sense of excitement she originally had, no longer having that strong sense of justice.

After more than ten seconds, Macht stopped looking at his assailant and turned his head to say to his bodyguards, "One of you stay here. Watch the scene and the suspect. Wait for the police."

Having said that, he paused and said to his valet, "Get a few reporters to cover this matter."

After preliminarily dealing with the matter, this House of Commons Member of Parliament surveyed the area and discovered that several passersby were attempting to gather over to check on what was happening. He then looked at Dwayne Dantès and apologized with a smile, "My apologies for putting you in such danger. I never expected the matter to develop this way. We did consider the actual situation of similar factory owners and coal suppliers, and we had provided them some assistance and interim measures. Who knew…"

Coming up with a bill is something, but the actual implementation is an entirely different matter. When atmospheric pollution becomes abnormally pressing and the various parties exert immense stress, it's no surprise that a

cookie-cutter solution is employed… Klein sighed and said with a self-deprecating laugh, "There's no need to keep my feelings into consideration. I've been in even more dangerous situations in the past."

On the surface, it appeared as though he was referring to his encounters when doing business in the Southern Continent's West Balam. In fact, he had recalled Megose who was pregnant with an evil god's spawn, the terrifying meteor that had crashed down from the sky, Cynthia who wanted to bear a child for Admiral Amyrius, and the Rose School of Thought angel and Numinous Episcopate monster who had collapsed the mountain outside Bayam.

Compared to these, what had happened here was like a drizzle. He didn't even need to consider his own safety since there was Xio, Miss Magician, and Hazel. He didn't even take action besides dodging normally like any experienced adventurer would do.

His focus was on whether this would result in a storm.

Macht sighed and nodded.

"I can tell that you're very calm.

"I once doubted your experiences, but now I'm convinced.

"Alright, Dwayne. Let's return home separately. Leave the rest to the police. If there's a need to take a statement, they will do it at your residence."

Klein nodded and said to Macht and family, "Be safe."

Macht nodded seriously and sighed once again.

"Backlund's social season has just begun, and this happened… Cherish the peace we have now."

Backlund's social season is marked by the return of the House of Lords Members of Parliament. It seems to have begun since last weekend… And this week, two cases have happened consecutively. The harm dealt to Baron Syndras, and the assault on Member of Parliament Macht… As he thought, Klein didn't stay put. He brought Richardson, who clearly looked a little shaken, and walked towards his carriage.

When he got into it, he watched the scenery fly backward as he sighed and half-closed his eyes.

He was presently unable to determine if the assault hadn't involved Beyonder powers, as everything that had happened could be done by ordinary people. As for the middle-aged man, he had sufficient reason to do so. This didn't need deliberate fabricating, as Klein believed that in Backlund, at present, there were more than one former factory owner or employer that had lost their livelihood because of similar developments.

The only thing that felt questionable was that Macht was the target.

Although the House of Commons were the supporters, advocates of the environmental measures, often making relevant speeches and are interviewed by the papers, he wasn't the most obvious target during the passing of the bill. In comparison, there was a higher chance that members of the National Atmospheric Pollution Council were picked as targets for revenge.

Klein leaned on the carriage wall as he slowly opened his eyes. Seeing that it was already dark and cloudy with rain already pattering down.

Once again, he realized how the maelstrom hidden beneath the seemingly-calm Backlund surface was intensifying.

Reining in his thoughts, Klein raised his left palm and tapped his pocket.

In it was what he believed to be Frank Lee's reply and some unknown mushrooms.

Klein really yearned to return home to head above the gray fog and use the newly received mushrooms to communicate with Creeping Hunger, doing so to regain the use of the Sealed Artifact. With the storm already brewing, he believed that there was a need for him to quickly be returned back to his optimal combat strength. And in this aspect, Creeping Hunger was essential.

Unfortunately, he had two Beyonder bodyguards following him, so it was best if he didn't head above the gray fog for the time being.

I clearly don't need any protection, but I spent a few hundred pounds to hire two people to restrict my actions. How helpless I am as a tycoon… Klein finally sighed inwardly as he raised the cup of black tea that had just been prepared by Richardson.

He took a sip as his facial muscles tensed up before relaxing.

Klein looked down and discovered that there had been twice the number of lemon slices in his black tea than usual.

He glanced at Richardson in an unnoticeable manner, and he saw that his valet was in a daze, as though he was still lost in the horror of the assault.

As cowardly as usual… Klein commented inwardly as he placed the porcelain cup on the table.

…

Late at night. 39 Böklund Street, Member of Parliament Macht's house.

Hazel sat before her dressing table, looking at the gray rat sitting on a powder box. After a long silence, she said, "Was my father wrong? The matter he pushed for is clearly a good thing…”

"There is nothing that is beneficial to everyone. There will always be those who benefit and those who suffer from it. At such times, a relevant bill or plan requires thought, compensation, and aid. If your father had done them,

the problem isn't his. Conversely, it also means he's cold and ruthless," the rat said perfunctorily.

Hazel recalled for a few seconds and relaxed her expression.

"During dinner, I sensed that there was something very valuable hidden inside the cupboard in the pantry, but when I later got an opportunity to open it, there was nothing."

The rat was taken aback as it said in thought, "Perhaps that was Dwayne Dantès's bodyguard.

"He was recently embroiled in a suicide case, and it's said that it involves Baron Syndras. Hiring a bodyguard to protect him in secret is normal.

"Hmm… The bodyguard inside the cupboard might also possess supernatural powers, carrying mystical items with them. That's why you were able to sense it."

Hazel nodded gently and accepted the explanation before subconsciously muttering to herself, "I wonder what kinds of supernatural powers those bodyguards have…"

After saying that, she swept the gray rat with a puzzled look.

"How do you know Dwayne Dantès was embroiled in a troublesome case?"

The rat squeaked.

"My present state is very suitable for me to eavesdrop into the conversations of others."

As it spoke, it looked in the direction of 160 Böklund Street, the glint in its eyes shimmering.

…

Based on the sleeping rotation, Fors was asleep as she felt herself float to an ancient and majestic castle. In it were all kinds of Beyonder ingredients and mystical items. There were even two blurry tarot cards.

However, she didn't take any of them away, as they were sealed by an invisible forcefield.

Fors looked around in an attempt to find the means to remove the seal. Finally, she saw a complicated symbol drawn at the top of the dome.

It was a symbol formed from "fate" and "concealment"!

If I find an item engraved with this symbol, I'll be able to unseal some treasure… Fors immediately came to a realization when she snapped awake. She discovered that she had curled into a ball on the carpet in the room. She had a thin silk blanket covering her. She and Xio didn't dare sleep in the reclining chair, afraid that Dwayne Dantès, who often sat in it, would notice something different.

Rubbing the edges of her brows, Fors sat up and saw Xio having her back to the wall of the master bedroom. She was seriously listening for any stirrings.

As Fors walked to Xio, she said with a frown, "I feel that there is some secret hidden here. I had a strange dream, dreaming of an exaggerated treasure trove and a complicated symbol."

As an Astrologer, she instinctively believed that there was a problem with her dream!

Noticing the serious look on Fors's face, Xio suppressed her words of doubt and said after some thought, "Perhaps there really is some sort of secret. I once heard a proverb regarding the mysterious world. It goes: 'When a Beyonder element is discovered somewhere, there must be a second one.'"

"Ignoring the butler who we can't tell if he possesses Beyonder powers or not, that Miss Hazel is someone with a Beyonder element. Around her, or should I say, that this street, likely has a second one." Fors nodded gently before laughing. "However, it has nothing to do with us. We will receive our remuneration tomorrow evening and terminate this bodyguard mission. We will leave this place. The most pitiful of all is Dwayne Dantès. He's innocent and ordinary, but he ends up involved with troublesome matters and Beyonder elements."

Having said that, Fors looked and Xio and joked, "Quick, quickly wish him that the Goddess would watch over him.

"I'm a believer of the God of Steam and Machinery. I won't be able to do so."

Xio seriously considered for two seconds before drawing a crimson moon on her chest, piously muttering, "May the Goddess bless Mr. Dwayne Dantès."

Fors was snapped out of her reverie as she covered her mouth and yawned.

"I'll head out to patrol the building. It's your turn to sleep after another fifteen minutes."

"Alright." Xio was clearly more awake than Fors.

Fors immediately headed for the door and pressed on the wall with her outstretched hand, arriving at the corridor.

She was just about to walk to the staircase when she sensed that there was a slight stir coming from the room of Dwayne Dantès's valet.

Fors's eyes darted slightly as she cautiously headed over. She opened a "tiny door" in the wall and peeped in.

She then saw Richardson jumping a crazy dance that had a tinge of mystery.

A spirit dance? Doesn't this valet believe in the Evernight Goddess? He's secretly worshiping Death? Fors frowned as she watched Richardson finish his spirit dance, softly praying for Death's protection to help him avoid all kinds of danger.

After everything came to an end, Fors tsked and shook her head. She silently said to herself, *What a pitiful man, Mr. Dantès.*

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CHAPTER 862
KIND WARNING

After returning to the room with the balcony, Fors looked at Xio who had her back against the wall and whispered, "Guess what I saw?

"That male servant, Dantès's valet is actually a believer of Death! He was dancing a spirit dance and praying!"

Xio widened her eyes before relaxing her expression.

"When it comes to Mr. Dantès, that's the least of his concerns.

"Yeah, that valet named Richardson is clearly of Southern Continent heritage. Perhaps he was born there, so it's not surprising that he worships Death."

Fors replied with a smile, "I know. I just find it interesting. Aren't there a little too many people with secrets around Dwayne Dantès?

"I won't be surprised if I were to discover one day that all the living beings in this building except him, including the housekeeper, maids, gardeners, carriage drivers, earthworms, bugs, and rats are related to mystery and Beyonders. I would be able to easily accept that reality."

Xio rolled her eyes.

"If that were the case, Mr. Dwayne Dantès definitely wouldn't be a simple person. Having Beyonders and supernatural creatures around him means that he might be the spawn of an evil god or a Grounded Angel."

Without waiting for Fors to expand the scope of the conversation, Xio asked, "Didn't you say that you had a strange dream involving treasure? Why aren't you curious or considering what it symbolizes? That perhaps it might actually exist?

Fors chuckled.

"Such a dream often implies trouble and danger. I'll consider it again if I have a chance of encountering that symbol."

Although she said that, her true thoughts were:

There's quite a bit of a problem with that dream. Who knows if there's a ploy behind it. I'll consult Mr. Hanged Man, Ma'am Hermit, uh—and Mr. World at the Tarot Gathering next week before deciding what to do. They are experienced and powerful Beyonders. Perhaps they have had similar experiences.

"You've matured." Xio nodded, and exerting strength in her back, she bounced off the wall and walked to the spot where Fors had been sleeping before.

"Mature?" Fors scoffed and leaned in towards her friend. She straightened her back and looked down at her friend's hair.

Without waiting for Xio to become enraged, she sighed.

"You're the one who matured.

"I still remember this time last year. You did things based on instinct, arbitrating with your fist. From time to time, you would commit mistakes without realizing it and become lost. You're much better now."

Xio was stunned as she lay down and covered herself with the thin silk blanket. With her back facing Fors, she grumbled, "The main reason why I got lost was because of you being a burden by my side."

Fors chortled and nodded in thought.

"That's a characteristic of an Apprentice. It has nothing to do with me. Get it!?"

Seeing Xio on the floor, she walked to the wall adjacent to the master bedroom and seriously started being a bodyguard.

As the night slowly passed, the sky gradually lit up. Klein got up to have breakfast and received visits from two batches of policemen and a batch of reporters. They were here for further investigations regarding Cuarón's suicide case, while another was to obtain more details regarding Member of Parliament Macht's assault.

With Walter's help, Dwayne Dantès met them and quickly handled the matters.

In the afternoon, Macht suddenly visited and urged Klein, "Join me at the club for a game of tennis."

He was a member of a few clubs, but there was only one club that overlapped with Dwayne Dantès: East Balam Military Veterans Mess!

This is to confirm the arms deal? Klein managed to read between the lines and immediately got Richardson to get his coat, top hat, and cane. He rode on his carriage and headed to the sandy-yellow unique building at Hillston Borough with the member of parliament.

They entered the club and used the same room as before. Klein once again met the long-faced army colonel from the Ministry of Defence, Calvin.

After habitually exchanging pleasantries for a few minutes, Calvin finally focused on the main topic at hand. He looked at Dwayne Dantès and said with a chuckle, "I heard from Macht that you can have 20,000 pounds available?"

"Although it will make me tight on funds, it's true that I can," Klein replied with a smile.

Calvin nodded in satisfaction and said after some pondering, "There won't be any need for 20,000 pounds for now. The batch of firearms, explosives, and small number of cannons reserved for you is in a particular warehouse in East Balam. There's not that much, enough to equip about three to four thousand people. Based on the price of decommissioning them, it will cost 10,000 pounds at most. Of course, you will have to give me 15,000 pounds."

He didn't mince his words in any way, as though this was common in the Loen military.

"No problem," Klein said and nodded calmly.

Calvin immediately chuckled.

"Excellent. Macht has a keen eye for people. A person who wants to do such business absolutely mustn't be stingy.

"That batch of firearms is worth at least 20,000 pounds in West Balam. If you can find a suitable buyer and fully showcase your experience in the area, it's entirely possible to sell them for 30,000 pounds or even more. By the way, the transportation fees and escort fees will be borne by you. We will only send two or three personnel to assist you."

As expected, there will be monitors… Klein listened in silence, believing that it was time that he urged Admiral of Stars and Danitz to quickly provide him with information on West Balam.

He pondered for a moment and said, "Roughly when will it begin?"

"That batch of firearms will take another two weeks before being placed in the corresponding warehouse. When it happens after that period is up to you. Hmm, you don't have to pay it in full at once. You can first pay 8,000

to 10,000 pounds and pay the rest when everything is settled." Calvin wore an expression as though things were highly negotiable.

Two weeks later. That will be closer to the end of the month. I'll definitely have to wait until the party of the Snake of Fate's birth before leaving… I'm still waiting for his placenta blood… Klein's thoughts raced as he said, "I'll need to carry out some preparatory work. I'll probably head to the Southern Continent in early July."

Calvin Macht exchanged looks with Macht and gently rubbed his palms.

"No problem."

…

Outside the East Balam Military Veterans Mess, Xio and Fors hid themselves on the roof of a nearby building, monitoring the people that were coming and going.

Xio knew that there were many Beyonders in the club, so she didn't dare get Fors to sneak her in to provide protection to Dwayne Dantès at a close distance. All they did was wait outside.

"Thankfully, this is Backlund. Even though there's no smog this season, there will be no lack of clouds. The sun wouldn't be too strong; otherwise, my skin would definitely turn red," Fors mumbled as she hid herself in the shadows.

Xio was about to say something when she saw a carriage drive into the back door of the club. It was entirely brown in color and had a trademark coat of arms. It was made of flowers and rings.

Viscount Stratford's carriage… Xio silently mumbled as she hurriedly widened her eyes and focused. She then saw a familiar figure who was a stranger to her get off the carriage. Surrounded by bodyguards, the figure entered the East Balam Military Veterans Mess.

"What's wrong?" Fors noticed her friend's abnormality.

Xio didn't conceal the matter as she frankly said, "I saw Viscount Stratford. He also came to this club."

"That captain of the royal guards?" Fors asked in surprise.

"Yeah." Xio nodded heavily.

Fors turned agape, hoping to say something, but she was at a loss as to what to say. All she could do was look around, pretending to monitor for anything that was amiss.

After a while, she saw Dwayne Dantès walk out.

…

160 Böklund Street received another guest in the afternoon.

This time, it was the largest shareholder of the Coim Company, Ma'am Mary.

"I'm very sorry that my request embroiled you in such trouble. I never expected Baron Syndras to do something like that. Poor Cuarón. He was planning on bringing his family to Winter County for the summer," Mary Schott apologized with hints of anger.

Klein replied calmly, "I agree with your views on Cuarón. He was really unfortunate.

"However, this matter probably wasn't done by Baron Syndras. It might be a trap that's targeting him."

Mary nodded heavily.

"I've heard of the theory. It's said that the police department is planning to hire a skilled forensic pathologist to dissect the corpse to search for any missing clues."

Her final sentence was automatically replaced by Klein as "the police department is planning to hire a skilled Spirit Medium from the Church of Evernight to examine the corpse to search for any missing clues."

I wonder what will be discovered… Klein raised his right hand and tapped his chest four times in a clockwise fashion.

"May the Goddess give Cuarón peace and that the true murderer behind his death will suffer punishment."

Mary responded in the same way before saying, "In order to prevent you from being affected by this matter, I plan on purchasing the shares from you ahead of time. I'll add an additional 1,000 pounds above the highest price to date.

"You don't have to worry about my funds. I've recently been busy borrowing money from the banks."

Klein sighed and replied, "I'm very grateful for your kind intentions, but any advance transferring of the shares will need to be done with the Church. I've already donated it to them. I plan on using the income I receive to establish a bursary foundation that targets the poor."

This was the first time Mary was hearing of such news. She was momentarily stunned and speechless.

After ten seconds, she exhaled and said, "Your character, generosity, and wisdom truly impresses me."

As she said that, she looked at Dwayne Dantès with an additional look of admiration.

Klein humbly diverted the compliment to the Goddess before pausing. He then asked with a stern expression, "Ma'am Mary, I have a question that I hope you can answer.

"When you decided to clash with Baron Syndras to protect your control over the Coim Company, was it purely by your own will, or a result of persuasion by others?"

Mary frowned and frankly replied, "All the persuasion that was directed at me was to ask me to give up."

Klein immediately fell silent as he didn't discuss the matter further. He casually mentioned Member of Parliament Macht's assault before sending the lady out of 160 Böklund Street.

After dinner, Walter came to the half-opened room with the balcony and said to his employer on the reclining chair, "Sir, the two bounty hunters have been dismissed. It cost a total of 300 pounds for three days, excluding the food provided."

They're finally gone… Klein immediately relaxed as he nodded, acknowledging his butler's reply.

Following that, he eagerly entered the master bedroom, planning on taking out the mushrooms sent to him from Frank Lee and bringing them up above the gray fog to communicate with Creeping Hunger.

When he came to the desk with the hidden mushrooms, he saw a letter held down by an ink bottle.

Klein picked it up in puzzlement and tore it open. He quickly scanned it as his expression turned odd.

"Dear Mr. Dantès, we are the bodyguards you hired. In the past few days, we discovered certain matters that we feel obligated to inform you.

Therefore, we entered your bedroom to leave this letter while you were having dinner."

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CHAPTER 863
CHARITY PARTY

"Your butler might be researching black magic;

"Your valet is secretly worshiping Death;

"Someone among your neighbors has supernatural powers.

"The street where you live might have certain secrets that cause people to have strange dreams…

"You should understand some of the terms mentioned. We won't provide a further explanation. May the Goddess bless you."

"…”

Klein looked at the letter in his hand as he was momentarily unsure whether to laugh or cry.

After a few seconds, he couldn't help but give a self-deprecating laugh.

Just from the contents of this letter, I'm really quite pitiful…

And the matters described don't seem to be problematic in any way…

As he shook his head with a smile, Klein held a letter in one hand and suddenly shook it to the side.

Scarlet flames surged and devoured the piece of paper.

Regardless, Miss Xio and Miss Magician are rather kind people. The only problem is that what they mentioned are things I already know. In fact, I'm more aware of the reasons than they are… As Klein mumbled, he found the mushrooms he had hidden.

There were a total of four breeds of mushrooms. One was three dried products that could react with water and fish. The second was a new breed with golden caps as they emitted the smell of flour. The third was white with specks of black spots; they were swollen and puffy, as though a liquid was flowing within them as they exuded the smell of milk. The fourth had strange gills running down its two sides, their surface was filled with dense and soft scales.

Klein swept his gaze at these mushrooms and took out a gold coin. He caught it after flicking it.

After confirming the results, he took off the ordinary glove he previously wore. With his bare skin, he grabbed the three new mushrooms to test various scenarios that Frank Lee hadn't mentioned.

They felt normal to the touch, and there weren't any changes to the mushrooms. Klein heaved a sigh of relief, no longer afraid that the level of danger they possessed had exceeded his capability.

He was previously afraid that these mushrooms would immediately produce roots upon contact with items of flesh and blood, devouring whatever was in its path to grow before dispersing its spores.

Perhaps it's the relatively strong light from the gas wall lamps, or it might be as a result of plucking them which causes these mushrooms to lose most of their living characteristics. They will be revived only under special conditions, such as being in the stomach of a living creature… With the intention to figure out the truth, he drew all the curtains to the master bedroom and extinguished all the wall lamps.

Then, he picked up the new mushrooms with his bare hand and determined that there wasn't anything abnormal about them as they hadn't fed on his body.

After doing this, Klein lit the wall lamps again and set up a ritual, sacrificing the mushrooms above the gray fog.

Sitting in The Fool's seat, he wasn't in a rush to summon Creeping Hunger. He first summoned a metal bottle that had his blood inside to the long bronze table.

Right on the heels of that, he poured a drop of blood on the table and piled the three new breeds of mushrooms onto it.

In just a second, the mushrooms suddenly softened at the parts where they made contact with the blood. They squirmed as they enveloped the blood. Whatever they made contact with grew a dense array of needle-like hair.

"…”

The corners of Klein's lips twitched when he saw that. He directly adjusted some of the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog, suppressing all the mushrooms. Then, he sent the drop of blood back into the metal bottle and closed the lid.

He had roughly understood the characteristics of the mushrooms. Without wasting any time, he summoned Creeping Hunger from the junk pile.

Holding the thin human-skinned glove, Klein placed it on the table and removed the seal around the mushrooms.

Then, he saw the Creeping Hunger support itself with its five fingers before standing up with great difficulty. It began retreating rapidly like it was playing a piano.

So you do know fear? Klein revealed a genial smile. He pressed the glove down and "gifted" it with some of the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog.

Then, he grabbed a mushroom with his other hand and brought it close to Creeping Hunger.

The human-skinned glove struggled with all its might but ultimately failed to escape his grasp as it clearly began trembling.

Klein stopped moving the hand with the mushroom and chuckled.

"Are you still going to randomly praise the True Creator?"

Creeping Hunger continued struggling without giving a reply.

Klein thought for a moment before he compromised.

"I'll allow you to praise once a day. In the day or in the evening."

Creeping Hunger's struggling weakened, but it didn't stop.

Tsk… Klein continued negotiating with an unperturbed expression, "Thrice a day. During breakfast, lunch, and dinner time. However, you will need to warn me ahead of time."

Creeping Hunger struggled twice before sprawling onto the desk, motionless.

After another round of negotiations, Klein successfully reached an agreement with Creeping Hunger. However, eating daily was instinctual to the item. It was unable to be weakened much as a result of the negotiations. Therefore, he needed to wait for the sealing method provided by Azik. At present, what Klein could do was bring Creeping Hunger around without it eating. However, he needed to come up with a meal within 24 hours.

How troublesome… Thankfully, after Creeping Hunger fused with Mr. A and the mushroom, its living characteristic has strengthened; otherwise, there would be no way to make any negotiations with it… Klein commented wistfully. Finally, he did a divination regarding the recent matters, and he received a conclusion that there wasn't too much danger. He also got confirmation that Cuarón's suicide was a result of the influence of a Beyonder.

After busying himself with all of that, he left the gray fog and returned to the real world and continued waiting for Mr. Azik's reply.

…

On Saturday evening, Klein, who wore a formal suit, arrived at Saint Samuel Cathedral with Richardson on a carriage to participate in the charity party.

After passing through the main entrance, he was led by a priest to a huge adjacent hall.

There was a baldachin with the Sacred Emblem representing the Evernight Goddess placed inside. High above were a few miniature crystal chandeliers that hung down. In front of it were thin and long candles as well as overturned round metal lids used to store wax.

At this moment, all of them had been lit, illuminating the hall with brightness. It had quite a holy feeling to it.

Klein glanced over and saw a series of neatly arranged seats and guests who wore out of the ordinary attire.

Among them, the women mainly wore two types of clothing. One was dresses that were either bright or dark colors, and they were bold and liberal in their dressing, allowing one to see the fair flesh at their bosoms or their shoulders. The other type wore pure and fresh colors in relatively

conservative dressing. Even their collar bones could hardly be seen. Some of them even had theirs concealed.

Based on what Klein knew, this was the difference between married and unmarried women in the Loen Kingdom. As for widows and divorced, they could choose between the two. However, the former tended to choose darker colors.

Aside from those, Klein also saw shimmering necklaces and exquisite earrings, as well as all kinds of valuable accessories. They were a lot more impressive than what the guests that attended the ball or banquet which Macht and himself had hosted.

After walking into the hall, Klein greeted the bishops, Macht, and others he knew and exchanged pleasantries.

At this moment, there was a sound from the door as many guests turned to look back, revealing their smiles as they walked over.

When Klein looked over, his gaze first lit up before it froze.

At the entrance to the hall, the most attractive one there was a girl with lustrous blonde hair that softly cascaded down her shoulders. Her beautiful eyes were green like emeralds. They appeared like the sea which hid a maelstrom within, making anyone who looked at her unable to move their gaze away.

Her facial features were pretty, and she had an outstanding bearing. Her looks were nearly flawless, making the men and women present find it difficult to notice what kind of dress she was wearing or the designer of her jewelry. However, Klein had swept his gaze to the necklace at her collarbone. A lustrous and perfect pearl was being embedded within the crevice between the intersection of her collarbone. It softened the lines at her neck, making her accentuate a clean and mesmerizing feel.

Klein had met her before and he knew her!

She was none other than the Tarot Club's Miss Justice!

Back when she used magic mirror divination, Klein had seen her before!

Immediately, Klein moved his gaze away, without daring to take another look.

This was an instinctive reaction of his, as he knew that Miss Justice was a Beyonder of the Spectator pathway. If he garnered her attention, it was very easy for her to read his true thoughts and secrets based on the changes in his expressions and body language.

But his racing mind quickly forced him to turn his head back as he continued casting his gaze at Miss Justice.

He discovered that him avoiding her had made it worse and more obvious.

How could a gentleman who liked all kinds of women not take a few more glances when encountering such an abnormally beautiful lady?

At the same time, Audrey sensed the abnormality of a particular man.

His sideburns are a little white. His looks and bearing aren't bad, making him appear profound… This is likely Mr. Dwayne Dantès who donated more than 10,000 pounds in an attempt to establish a bursary foundation for the poor…

His reaction was a little odd, as though he was trying to hide something…

To Audrey, Dwayne Dantès's act of moving his gaze away was actually very normal. She had encountered many similar situations in the past. Some men would indeed subconsciously turn their heads away after seeing her, as though afraid that she would notice it, or that they would make eye contact, exposing their moment of being mesmerized.

Therefore, what was odd wasn't that Dwayne Dantès had moved his gaze away. Instead, he had turned his gaze back again. In addition, Audrey felt that the greatest problem was that the gentleman's emotions were more of shock instead of amazement.

What's he shocked about? What is he trying to hide? With her questions, Audrey greeted her parents and brother and the people that gathered over with a faint smile.

Seeing Miss Justice no longer paying attention to him, Klein secretly heaved a sigh of relief as he began thinking.

I need to be careful later and play the role of Dwayne Dantès well. I mustn't let a Spectator notice any problems.

Hmm… Regardless of whether Miss Justice noticed it or not, I've already thought of the excuse for my abnormal reaction…

Miss Justice is indeed a lady from a powerful aristocratic family. I wonder what her last name is exactly. I'll ask Macht or Bishop Elektra later…

Amidst his thoughts, Klein frowned slightly, having a nagging feeling that he was being watched. Following his spiritual intuition, he swept his gaze towards the door.

Outside the door in the shadows, there was a golden retriever sitting there silently.

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CHAPTER 864
ACTOR AND SPECTATOR

When the ghostly gaze of the golden retriever pierced through the curtains from the shadows, Klein's brows indiscernibly twitched as he failed to hide his alarm.

He then naturally shifted his gaze away and looked towards Miss Justice and company.

How terrifying… Why is that dog sitting in the corner, hiding in the shadows for no good reason?… It was silently looking at everyone in the hall… Uh, Miss Justice seems to have fed a Spectator potion to an animal and had once asked Mr. Hanged Man for advice… Don't tell me it's that golden retriever? Two Spectators, one out in the open, and one in the dark. Which actor can handle that!? In high society, Miss Justice and the dog are unlikely to be the only Spectators. Her joining the Psychology Alchemists was a result of other nobles as well. It seems like it was done by Duchess Negan's sister? As Klein lampooned and analyzed, he walked to Macht's family and asked in a seemingly casual manner, "The ones who just entered seemed to be very noble people?"

Macht glanced Dwayne Dantès and chuckled.

"East Chester Earl's family. You can directly call him Earl Hall. You should've heard of him.

"That's his wife, Ma'am Caitlyn. That's his eldest son, Lord Hibbert. You should've already met him…”

Upon hearing Macht's introduction, Klein suddenly broke out into a cold sweat. This was because he had indeed met Hibbert Hall at the ball Macht had hosted; however, he had failed to notice the Lord, or he wouldn't have raised the question.

I was shocked by Miss Justice's sudden appearance… Klein maintained his smile and listening stance.

Macht continued, "That's his daughter, Miss Audrey Hall. In the social scene over the past two years, she has the title of being the most stunning gem in Backlund. It's very apt, isn't it?"

Without waiting for Dwayne Dantès's reply, he minced his words by saying, "She is courted by princes, duke heirs, and many honorable excellencies and gentlemen."

Macht's concealed meaning was clear. He was saying to this man, one who liked all kinds of women, not to place his sights on the lady. She was a target he had no thoughts of making contact with.

As for Klein, he was having other thoughts.

So Miss Justice is Earl Hall's daughter. It's no wonder she's so rich. It's no wonder she's never bargained…

Earl Hall is one of the top bankers in the kingdom. He's the most influential Member of Parliament of the House of Lords, and one of the hereditary peerage. His wealth is much more than Baron Syndras…

Even if Miss Justice is unable to inherit the aristocratic title and family estate, the wealth she will inherit will be at least a hundred thousand pounds…

With her looks, birth, and character, she is indeed the best choice for a marriage partner with the royal family or powerful nobles.

However, the way she has been repeatedly buying mystical items doesn't look like she's someone with a wealth of only a few hundred thousand pounds… She's able to claim it from her father? I also wish to have one like that…

Amidst his racing thoughts, Klein replied to Macht's warning with a smile, "I've heard of the various rumors about Miss Audrey. It's only today that I have realized that they aren't that exaggerated.

"Unfortunately, I'm not a prince or the heir to a duke, marquis, viscount, or earl. Otherwise, I would also be one of her pursuers.

He was implying that he knew his status and standing.

Macht didn't continue the topic and began introducing the various guests he knew to Dwayne Dantès. He had truly led him into high society. Of course, the greatest supporter involved in this was the Church of Evernight. Without the charity party they held for the foundation, Macht wouldn't have the chance to bring Dwayne Dantès to meet so many honorable people.

Marquis Locent, Earl Gross, Viscount Loveland… The aristocratic believers of the Goddess separately exchanged pleasantries with Dwayne Dantès with a rather genial attitude.

Before Macht was done with the introductions, an elder walked into the hall.

He was wearing a black clergyman robe with red accents. By his chest hung five Dark Sacred Emblems. He was clean-shaven, and his eyes were deep, dark, and tranquil.

Including Earl Hall, everyone turned to face the elder and respectfully bowed.

"Good evening, Your Grace."

This elder was none other than Saint Anthony Stevenson, one of the thirteen archbishops of the Church of Evernight!

He was the person in charge of the Backlund diocese, and he was part of the upper echelons of the Church in the true sense of the word.

When Klein saw the archbishop, his body and mind involuntarily trembled as he found it difficult to hide it. It was as though he stumbled upon a grave on an unlit village trail back when he was young.

He swept his gaze and saw that the other guests didn't have any strong reactions. He immediately realized that the "horror" which Saint Anthony carried with him was more clearly felt by people with stronger spirituality. He hurriedly entered Cogitation in an attempt to calm himself down.

When he managed to control his trembling, Saint Anthony had already smiled. He surveyed the area and tapped his chest four times in a clockwise fashion.

"Praise the Lady."

"Praise the Lady," the guests at the charity party replied one after another.

With the archbishop's arrival, Macht stopped introducing Klein to the other guests because the party had officially begun.

According to convention, everyone would take their seats and piously pray to the Goddess for three minutes. Following that, the cathedral would begin singing and walk to the baldachin and use their ethereal, uniform, and seemingly cathartic voices to praise the Goddess.

After the religious ritual ended, Elektra received Saint Anthony's instructions to stand to the side of the choir. There was a podium there with all kinds of books placed on it.

"Everyone, I'll like to thank you all for coming. Your character is a resplendent star in the serene night…" Elektra first said a few words of pleasantries before saying, "Our establishment of a bursary foundation that targets the poor stems from Mr. Dwayne Dantès's suggestion. He is truly an honorable gentleman. His piousness and character are impeccable and a definite role model to others. Next, I'll like to invite Mr. Dwayne Dantès to give everyone a brief speech."

Although Klein was already prepared, he drew a gasp inwardly when he heard the last sentence.

This was different from usual. There were two or even more Spectators around. It wasn't something that he could bullsh*t through if he wanted to. The content of his speech needed to be sufficiently realistic, without them being able to see through his lies or fake examples!

Pressing down his clothes at his abdomen, he quickly stood up and walked to the podium as he buttoned his suit.

Coming behind the podium and steadying himself, he surveyed the nobles, Members of Parliament, clergymen, and high-ranking civil servants. He said with a smile, "I'm a little nervous. This is my first time being stared at by so many people of such honorable standing.

"I was once active in a region where the poor gathered. I was active in the chaotic Southern Continent and, thus, saw many things. There was a young lady who helped her mother make pasted matchboxes from the age of six. If she didn't do that, they wouldn't even have the money to buy rye bread after paying rent. The rye bread they eat is filled with millfeed, and occasionally, they will bite into gravel or rocks. The hardness make it usable as a rod to attack others…

"When this girl gradually grew up, although she led a laborious daily life, and her family lacked any additional funds, she still looked forward to the night schools run by the Church. She wished to study how to read in order to grasp knowledge. This is because she knew that only by doing so could

she stop living the way she did. Only by doing so would she not starve and be able to wear clothes that could really protect her from the cold. She wouldn't need to work at factories with harsh conditions and end up dying in her twenties…”

Klein had selected a portion of the experiences of the poor kids he had met before, merging them together as he conveyed them with his true feelings.

He could clearly see many ladies more or less reveal looks of empathy. A number of girls even had their eyes flicker such as Audrey Hall.

She really is an easily moved child… I've acted from the bottom of my heart. I've even moved myself, much less a Spectator… However, most gentlemen aren't moved. Some of them seem to already be aware of the situations of the poor. Some do not mind those of the lower class…

Klein swept his gaze as he continued, "Our industry has been developing. In the future, we will definitely need more literate workers… Our election criteria has been relaxed. In the future, the ones who are eligible to vote will definitely include most of the educated… With the empathy towards these poor children and my expectations of the kingdom's future, I've decided to donate all my Coim Company shares that I have on hand to establish a bursary foundation that targets the poor. It lets them have the opportunity to enter official institutes of higher learning after attending the free night classes…”

Earl Hall, who had a beautiful mustache, nodded when he heard that. He was the first to raise his hands to gently clap.

Amidst the vigorous applause, Klein returned to the seat belonging to him. Bishop Elektra headed up and announced, "The shares that Mr. Dwayne Dantès donated are valued at 15,000 pounds. We would use it to establish a Loen Charity Bursary Foundation. Ladies and gentlemen, if you agree with him and pity those children who thirst for knowledge, you can contribute to this foundation."

As he spoke, he pointed at the donation box beside him.

Audrey retracted her gaze and pressed the corner of her eye and said to her father, "Father, I plan on donating 1,000 pounds. What about you?"

As she spoke, her mind quickly summarized what she had observed.

Dwayne Dantès has likely lived a lower-class life. His pity, empathy, and speech were all very realistic… Those poor children are truly pitiful…

Just now, when the bishop mentioned that the shares were valued at 15,000 pounds, the corners of his lips twitched unnaturally. From the looks of it, he likely feels the pinch over donating the money. However, the sincerity of him donating it doesn't seem fake… This means that he's a gentleman who loves money, but he "loves" kindness even more…

Why was he shocked when he saw me, and what is he hiding?

He has seen me somewhere before but doesn't know my identity? But there's no need to hide that…

He identified my necklace as a mystical item, so he was shocked before trying to attempt to hide this matter?

If that's the case, it means that he's definitely a Beyonder, one that isn't a Low-Sequence Beyonder…

Hmm, I'll ask Susie later when I'm back. Perhaps, she noticed other details. She was hiding in the darkness, so he wouldn't be on his guard against her, allowing her to discover more.

Amidst her thoughts, Audrey saw her father smile as he took out a checkbook and fountain pen.

The value he wrote down was: 10,000 pounds!

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CHAPTER 865
EARL HALL'S SUGGESTION

10,000 pounds… Audrey blinked as she used a very slight change in expression to express her surprise.

Without needing her to voice out her question, Earl Hall had noticed her puzzlement. He chuckled and said, "This is an insightful man. His ideas have inspired me and resonated with me. Besides, we can't ignore the misery that objectively exists just because it cannot be resolved anytime soon."

Audrey vaguely understood her father, but she felt that she didn't fully understand him. She nodded slightly and took out her checkbook from her purse that matched her dress and wrote down the "1,000 pounds" value.

This was a charity ball. Furthermore, it was held in a side hall of the cathedral, so there weren't any dances or extravagant arrangements. There weren't any valets or lady's maids following by their sides. It was simply a charity event that had some degree of donations involved. The ladies undoubtedly brought their bags on them.

The guests subsequently threw their checks into the donation box and headed for the two long tables for some beverages or simple food. After which, they walked around the hall socializing instead of sitting.

This was closer to that of a buffet party.

Klein also accompanied Elektra and came to Saint Anthony's side and was introduced to him.

Saint Anthony smiled in response to Dwayne Dantès's greeting. He sized him up and said, "Very good. We are proud to have a believer like you.

"It's the Goddess that has taught us that character is more important than status. Therefore, you are an extremely honorable gentleman."

To be frank, faced with this saint, Klein's heart was drumming because deities or Beyonders related to the fate domain was able to see the gray fog's aura on him. For example, everyone from the Monster pathway or the Evernight Goddess who wielded the authority of misfortune. As for Saint Anthony, if he was a High-Sequence Beyonder of the Sleepless pathway and grasped Beyonder powers involving misfortune, then there was a chance that he could see that there was a problem with Dwayne Dantès.

As such, Klein had headed above the gray fog to divine so before attending the charity party. He received the answer that there wasn't any danger.

Since the Goddess didn't say anything, even if "Her" archbishop were to discover some problems, he will probably feign ignorance… Klein replied with a warm smile, "I've been to the cathedral frequently to pray and listen to Bishop Elektra's preachings in recent times. Even my soul seems to have been cleansed. Therefore, I abided by the Goddess's teachings to pass such beauty and hope to others."

Saint Anthony nodded and said, "In front of the Goddess, all believers are differentiated by their character, regardless if they are nobles or commoners, male or female. They are all the same.

"I hope those people who live in poor environments will liberate themselves of fear and receive serenity.

"Praise the Lady."

Klein and Elektra tapped their chests four times in a clockwise fashion.

"Praise the Lady!"

Seeing Saint Anthony turn towards the other believers, Klein planned on heading over to the table to get a glass of champagne to quench his thirst.

At this moment, he saw a gentleman approach him.

This man had somewhat loose skin with an obvious potbelly. However, it could be seen that he was rather handsome in his youth. Even now, his blue eyes that had a smile on them and his beautiful mustache made him appear good looking.

Klein had previously learned from Macht's introduction and knew he was the House of Lords Member of Parliament and powerful banker, Earl Hall.

Of course, to him, the most important identity of this noble was that he was Miss Justice's father. And Audrey happened to be by his side. She was observing Dwayne Dantès with her bright eyes, awaiting her conversation with the gentleman later.

This made Klein immediately feel a little uncomfortable.

I need to present the persona that matches Dwayne Dantès… A person of ordinary birth who's working hard to get himself into high society. At this moment, he's bound to be a little nervous and restrained. Likewise, a gentleman who loves beautiful women will feel the same feelings when faced with the most stunning gem in Backlund's eyes. But he will also unknowingly showcase his own breadth of knowledge and show his charms to express his desire. Yes, an experienced tycoon who survived the chaos must be someone who has pride and confidence hidden in him. No matter what he faces, he will try his best to appear calm, respectful but not sycophantic… Klein's thoughts raced as he smiled and politely said to the approaching Earl Hall, "Honorable Earl, I happened to see the check you donated. Your kindness and generosity truly impresses me. Yet, you've never flaunted that or informed others how much you've donated."

Earl Hall chuckled.

"No, compared to you, the price I pay is far inferior to what you made."

Between the lines, he meant that 15,000 pounds might be a tenth of Dwayne Dantès's overall wealth or even a fifth, but 10,000 pounds to him was just a thousandth or even lesser. Clearly, the former paid a greater price, and his willingness to do was even more pure.

"From my point of view, as long as the poor who yearn to use knowledge to change their fates can be helped, all donations are kind and sufficiently benevolent. From this angle, the only difference between 10,000 pounds and 15,000 pounds is just 5,000 pounds." Klein tried hard to express his sincerity as he deliberately glanced at the listening blonde girl without leaving a trace.

He knew that an ordinary "without a trace" was "obvious" in the eyes of a Spectator.

Audrey wore a faint smile as she silently listened to her father's and Dwayne Dantès's conversation, as though she hadn't noticed the gentleman peek at her. This made Klein lack confidence from his failure at receiving any feedback in his "performance."

Earl Hall laughed and said, "Then we shall agree to disagree. This isn't anything bad. At the very least, we are praising one another.

"I can tell that you once had a difficult period and had once led the life of the poor."

Klein nodded and said, "I do not avoid such a past. They are my valuable riches."

"And this is something me and my friends lack," Earl Hall commented with a smile. "And it's because of this that you possess a unique and wise point of view. I hope there will be opportunities in the future to work with you."

"That is also something I look forward to," Klein replied with a suitable level of sincerity.

Earl Hall pointed to the side and said, "A couple of friends are waiting for me. I hope that your charitable ways and wealth keep increasing."

Klein didn't drag on the conversation as he drew the crimson moon on his chest.

"Praise the Lady."

"Praise the Lady." Earl Hall and Audrey tapped their chests in a clockwise fashion in unison.

Watching them walk past him and in another direction, Klein secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

Suddenly, he tensed up as he naturally looked around the hall and noticed the shadow at the door.

Silently sitting there was the golden retriever.

…

On the carriage back to Empress Borough, Earl Hall, who looked like he was resting with his eyes closed, looked at his daughter and said, "Audrey, didn't you mention that you wish to join one of the Church's charitable organizations?

"Are you interested in joining this bursary foundation?"

"Ah?" Audrey had already sensed that her father might have such thoughts back in the cathedral, so she expressed the appropriate level of surprise and confusion.

"It's only a small charity foundation." Audrey's brother, Hibbert Hall, argued for his sister.

Earl Hall shook his head and laughed.

"I've asked a few bishops. The total amount of donations tonight has already reached 100,000 pounds.

"Why do you think there's so much?"

Hibbert frowned slightly as he said in thought, "They were bribed?"

At the same time, Audrey gave her own point of view.

"Knowledge and the relaxing of the electoral qualifications?"

Earl Hall nodded and sighed.

"Nothing is an essential existence, including humans themselves as well as the nobility."

He then looked at Audrey and said with a smile, "There's no need to force yourself. I can get others to join the bursary foundation. I just wish that you will gain more knowledge because of this and now view certain matters as definite and immutable. Heh heh, even if you miss this, there will be other charity organizations."

"Father, I'll consider it," Audrey replied seriously.

After hearing Dwayne Dantès's recount of the stories of the poor, she had already decided on joining to gather more donations, to contact the government, and organize events to contribute her efforts to the cause. She was hesitant because she felt that the middle-aged man was a little problematic.

After returning home, Audrey immediately brought Susie to her room and closed the door.

"What's your take on that Mr. Dwayne Dantès?" Audrey asked directly.

The golden retriever sat opposite her and thought.

"He seems to know you or something on you. Also, a lot of the time, he's acting and leaving a certain degree of clues… He seemed to be guarded against me. He's extremely sharp…"

"Yes, I noticed it too. He might be a Beyonder. He acted very well, but it's still an act. However, this is also very ordinary. At a social event, and faced with different people, we would all play different roles and engage in a corresponding act," Audrey said in thought. "The biggest problem stems from his shock when he saw me. He was almost horrified. Also, he was embroiled in two cases, one after another, especially with that case regarding Baron Syndras. It seems to have some Beyonder elements involved in it, with signs of someone being cued to do so…"

Susie gaped her mouth, unable to give a definitive explanation. All she could do was woof.

Audrey began another train of thought.

Hmm… I'll get someone to investigate Dwayne Dantès, and after confirming that there aren't any major problems, I'll join the bursary foundation… Ah right, it's almost Monday. I can request Fors and Mr. Moon. They're both in Backlund…

…

Monday afternoon at three.

Dark red beams shot up in the grand palace, materializing into blurry figures.

Audrey quickly surveyed the area and looked to the seat of honor at the bronze, long table and bowed with a smile.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~"

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CHAPTER 866
HOME

Upon hearing Miss Justice's greeting, The Fool Klein suddenly had a strong wistful feeling.

After knowing her identity, status, looks, and situation, he had a deeper understanding as to why Audrey's tone had a happy and radiant air. He understood where they essentially came from, but he didn't end up envious or jealous because of that, nor did he believe that she lacked the toughness that was brought about by misery. Instead, he felt that in this world that had chaos, warped, and madness underlying it, having such a lady exist was really nice.

A smile surfaced on his face as he gently nodded as an acknowledgment of Miss Justice's greeting.

After the Tarot Club members exchanged greetings, Cattleya nudged her glasses and turned her body sideways. She bowed in the direction of the blurry figure that was enveloped by gray fog at the end of the long bronze table.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, there are three diary pages this time."

Queen Mystic has finally come online again… Klein lampooned and said with a smile, "Very good."

A few seconds later, Cattleya conjured the diary pages after receiving approval before seeing them "leap" into Mr. Fool's hands.

Klein glanced at it casually when his heart skipped a beat.

He realized that the diary pages provided by Queen Mystic depicted Emperor Roselle's early days. It didn't seem to contain anything important.

Logically speaking, when being unable to distinguish the importance of entries, one will definitely prioritize the later diary entries. This would best restore the mystery as to why Emperor Roselle was "agitated"…I believe Queen Mystic is sufficiently clever… As Klein wondered to himself inwardly, he began seriously reading the first page.

"21st September. Arrived at St. Millom. I've officially begun my first state visit.

"Feysac's weather is really a little cold. It's not even October and it looks like it's about to snow. It's no wonder it's famous for its various coats and winter wear. As well as its liquor!

"F*ck, the people here are ridiculously tall. As expected of a country that descended from giants. However, I have to say that I hate it when people look down on me!

"Tonight, I'll be going to a bar to find a Feysac beauty to share some drinks!"

Upon reading this, Klein suddenly suspected if Queen Mystic Bernadette's question was if she had a brother of Feysac descent.

Holding back his tsking inwardly, Klein swept his gaze to the second diary entry.

"22nd September. I think I blacked out…

"What happened last night? What happened to my Feysac beauty? I actually lost out to her in drinking!

"The embassy staff told me that the women here are often better at drinking than men…

"I should show some temperance when I head to bars in the future. I sure don't want some ugly, middle-aged woman to do unspeakable things to me when I black out…

"The alcohol here sure is strong. My headache has lasted an entire day. Thankfully, my stomach doesn't hurt. I should sleep early. I'll be visiting the Great Twilight Hall tomorrow."

"23rd September. The Great Twilight Hall is indeed grand. It's like a myth materializing into reality. That building seems to be completely prepared for giants.

"Since I don't share their faith, I could only circle the perimeter. The square at the bottom of the Great Twilight Hall is also filled with the fragrance of alcohol!

"There were plenty of people there, some kneeling, some sitting, others playing musical instruments. They exude a rather relaxed and open feeling.

"I got to know a Feysacian who blows a bone flute. Compared to his kinsmen, he's ridiculously tall. He's roughly three meters tall.

"His name is Honegger, and he claims to be from one of the clans in Feysac that have the purest giant bloodline. The way he plays the bone flute looks very sorrowful, as though he doesn't belong here but has no idea where to go to. Compared to the skirt chasers at Intis, he's a lot more like a poet. Now that I mention it, I really can't help but give some criticism. Those guys seem to wear any sexual diseases as a badge of honor. It just messes up the entire social market!

"I had a chat with Honegger for a while and raised my question from before. He said that he's only homesick.

"But the problem lies in the fact that he's a true blue native from St. Millom. He has never left this place before.

"Honegger didn't immediately reply to me as he played the bone flute for a few more minutes. He later told me that he misses the origins of the giant bloodline, the Giant King's Court mentioned in myths.

"He told me that he and his clan of Feysacians often dream of tall mountains that are used as giant city walls. It's a palace forever bathed in twilight's glow, with tall towers and other kinds of buildings. It resembles the Great Twilight Hall, but it's even more fascinating, epic, and miraculous.

"Without anyone needing to tell them, Honegger and his clansmen believe that it's the Giant King's Court.

"Towards the end of our conversation, Honegger slowly stood up and thanked me for listening. He was going to leave Feysac to seek out the Giant King's Court, to find the home of his soul.

"He believed that in the zone at the easternmost front of the Sonia Sea, there might be a path that leads to the Giant King's Court.

"He said that a millennia has passed, but the giants have never forgotten their home. Now, it's his turn to follow the footsteps of his ancestors. This path would never stop until the destination is reached.

"He played the bone flute again and gradually left amidst that ethereal and sorrowful tune.

"Home…"

Home… Upon reading this, Klein felt for the first time that his feelings resonated with the emperor.

Although Roselle only wrote the word that seemed to repeat without describing his feelings, Klein could understand the undulating feelings within the emperor. This was because he and Roselle were like Honegger. They had a home they belonged to spiritually.

Sighing inwardly, Klein flipped to the second diary page.

"10th January. Visited Sonia Island.

"This place is also called Ancient Elf Island. It has plenty of elvish ruins and customs left over.

"I was surprised on the first day. The elves actually make 'blood cake,' and they enjoy eating animal organs and are good at using spices.

"They even invented chopsticks?

"Thinking about the elvish depictions on the murals, apart from their blue hair, their facial contours and eyes are similar to Asians on Earth. Could they be my fellow countryman?"

Yes, back then, I had such suspicions as well. However, it's impossible for so many people to transmigrate at once since it's almost an entire race. I felt that I was overthinking matters… But it doesn't make sense that the customs and cutlery that appears on Earth won't appear here… Klein thought in interest as he quickly continued reading. He wanted to know if Roselle had gotten to the bottom of it."

"13th January. I've been so busy searching for writings, relics, and folk tales that I forgot to write my diary for a few days.

"Although many objects have been taken away by the various Churches, I've still obtained something of value.

"Various legends have it that Elf King Soniathrym created chopsticks. There are records of 'Him' using animal organs and blood to cook delicacies. There are stories of this ancient god being good at identifying and using spices. It's acknowledged that 'He' is their founding ancestor, the first elf. Due to certain reasons, 'He' led the race and left the Western Continent that only existed in legends, bringing them to the Northern Continent.

"Could it be that this is a fellow countryman of mine, a transmigrator?

"'He' later produced an entire race? There's nothing ancient gods can't do, including having children?

"'He' apparently had a wife who was also an elf. Hmm… I'll need to think this through."

"16th January. After further investigation, elves might really have nothing to do with transmigrators. At the very least, they didn't leave behind any Chinese, English, or other symbols.

"They have likely been using Elvish all the time. Nothing of it gives me a sense of familiarity.

"Furthermore, the inventions we have in common didn't appear before I came. Likewise for famous quotes. There are only proverbs and idioms with similar meanings but with a completely different choice of words.

"From all the items and legends I have now, none of them support my theory. This is a little disappointing, but it also makes me relieved. If I were to encounter another transmigrator or other transmigrators, I really have no idea how to face them."

"17th January. I dreamed of the home I've nearly forgotten."

Indeed, the emperor more or less gave up on that theory… Klein flipped to the next page and saw the final diary entry.

"2nd April. My daughter is smart. She can speak before the age of one! Although she has only learned a few words, I believe that her subsequent development can't be slow!

"She must have inherited this from me!

"No matter how I look, she looks a little like how I looked like on Earth. Could it be that a soul will also bring about some level of inheritance? Haha, I'll just treat it as so.

"Bernadette, this name is quite good. It sounds beautiful, but deep in my heart, I keep having the urge to give her a Chinese nickname.

"Sigh, she won't get to see her real grandmother and grandfather…"

"3rd April. I suffered from insomnia last night because of the wistful thoughts I suddenly had yesterday. Thankfully, I know Cogitation.

"However, this also made me consider a problem. That is whether I should secretly teach Bernadette Chinese.

"No, I can't. If she were to understand the diary entries her father had previously written, I'd rather kill myself! In my daughter's heart, her father is filled with honor.

"However, using Chinese to write my diary is my final tether to Earth and my past. My daughter should inherit this tether to a certain extent."

"6th April. After a few days of consideration, I've decided to teach Bernadette two Chinese characters as though they are special symbols. I'll tell her that this is a protective incantation that her father is giving her and that she is to remember it forever.

"She doesn't need to know the corresponding meaning. All she needs to do is to remember it.

"The word in Chinese is:

"Home."

Home… Klein repeated this word again as he felt his eyes redden a little.

He finally understood why Queen Mystic had chosen these three diary pages. This was because it was the protective symbol her father had left her.

"Home."

At this moment, Klein seemed to see a river of emotions. Its surface was flowing silently, but there were infinite eddies flowing underneath, churning without end.

Klein retracted his gaze and made the diary pages disappear. Looking up at Cattleya, he asked, "What's your question?"

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CHAPTER 867
INVESTIGATION MISSION

When looking at Cattleya, Klein had actually guessed what her request would be as he sighed and felt confident.

How did Mr. Fool know that I'll be asking a question and not making a request… As expected of Mr. Fool… Cattleya thought before politely asking, "Honorable Mr. Fool, I would like to know the meaning of these two symbols."

After receiving permission, she conjured the Chinese characters. They were "Gu" and "Xiang."

As expected… Klein sighed silently.

"When combined together, they mean home, the homeland for one's soul."

When combined together… the homeland for one's soul… Cattleya placed the emphasis on the second sentence because she knew very well where home was for Queen Mystic, nor did she believe that it was anything special.

Audrey, Alger, and the other Tarot Club members took the opportunity to learn the new Roselle text and tried hard to memorize the symbols and their combined meaning—except Derrick.

Klein didn't speak further as he leaned back into his chair.

"You may begin."

Alger immediately turned his head and looked at The World.

"Your mystical item is ready. I'll give it to you this week."

He was referring to the mystical item made from an Ocean Songster's Beyonder characteristic.

The Artisan had first rushed to finish Miss Justice's glove. As for The World's request, it had been delayed until this week.

With Mr. Azik not replying yet, and with me unable to restore the seal on Creeping Hunger, this mystical item's arrival is timely… Klein controlled The World and made him nod.

"That's still an acceptable speed."

An acceptable speed… If I had delayed it for another two to three weeks or even a year, would you be teleporting to me? Alger thought with a baffling sense of wariness.

As his original plan was to obtain the Cataclysmic Interrer potion from the Church, and with him just beginning to digest the Ocean Songster potion, he wasn't looking to purchase any corresponding Beyonder ingredients. He fell silent again and began watching the other members begin their transactions.

To Alger, the most important thing now was to obtain one or two mystical items to match with Whip of Mind. After all, although mystical items were more about quality than quantity, with the need to avoid having the negative effects stacking with each other, to only have one mystical item for a Sequence 5 Beyonder was quite an embarrassment.

Under normal circumstances, Sequence 5 Beyonders would have two or three mystical items whose negative effects didn't overlap, making them the best combination.

Of course, Alger had already reserved one. Once the Artisan finished The World's item, it would be his six-winged gargoyle's core crystal.

For that, he needed to pay 1,000 pounds. Together with the fee he needed to pay for The World, the little amount of money he had was reduced by 2,000 pounds, leaving him with 1,800 pounds. Out of that, 500 pounds was a commission he had earned from Miss Justice's glove.

With no one speaking, Emlyn looked at The Sun and asked after some deliberation, "I need a Sequence 5's artificial Vampire's Beyonder characteristic. What do you wish to get in exchange?"

In recent times, he had learned that the Sanguine had the means to eliminate the mental corruption of a Beyonder characteristic, but he needed to make sufficient contributions to make an application.

Therefore, Emlyn wished to first obtain the main ingredient needed for advancement before considering the other problems.

Based on his observations, such a Sequence 5 artificial Vampire Beyonder characteristic roughly cost 8,000 pounds based on Mr. World's pricing. As for himself, he only had 5,400 pounds and was still a little short.

Based on Emlyn's original thoughts and habits, he needed to save up 8,000 pounds before requesting a trade with The Sun. He wasn't a Sanguine who liked to buy things on credit, even for the newest and best doll. Nor could he thicken his skin to borrow from others. All he would do is be more frugal, work harder, and save up more. However, he quickly realized something. The Sun didn't accept cash. To the residents of the City of Silver, Loen's cash was no different from scrap paper.

Therefore, Emlyn believed that The Sun would make a request for an item, so it was better to learn of it to prepare it ahead of time.

Furthermore, The Sun doesn't understand the market prices. Perhaps the thing he wants only costs 5,000 pounds… In the hopes of being pleasantly

surprised, Emlyn lifted his chin slightly and looked at The Sun beside him.

Derrick thought seriously and said, "Uh… Sun pathway's Sequence 5 potion formula."

He originally wished to request him to repay his debt with Mr. World, but he realized that Mr. World hadn't raised any requests at all. Hence, he didn't find it appropriate to relegate it to someone else.

In addition, having participated in so many Tarot Gatherings, Derrick was no longer the newcomer who knew nothing. With the City of Silver having an exchange standard, he knew the difference between a Sequence 6 Notary potion formula and a Sequence 5 Beyonder characteristic very well. Using the former to cover the debt of the latter would be a terrible deal; therefore, he changed his request to the Sequence 5 potion formula.

Sequence 5 potion formula. That's very difficult to purchase. It will cost between 4,500 to 7,000 pounds. It will mainly depend on how urgent both parties are. Also, there's a cost to verifying its authenticity too.… Emlyn was just about to answer when he heard Mr. World's hoarse voice sound:

"I have it."

Instantly, the palace that looked like a giant's residence fell silent. All the Tarot Club members appeared a little wooden.

Is Sequence 5 that common?… Emlyn felt down when he realized that he still wasn't at Sequence 5 yet. After calming down, he asked, "How much will it cost?"

Considering Emlyn White's financial situation, Klein made The World chortle deeply.

"5,000 pounds. Priest of Light potion formula."

5,000 pounds? Emlyn was first taken aback before he said without hesitation, "Deal!"

It was like he was facing a discount for a doll he had been longing for.

"Alright." The World nodded as though it wasn't a major transaction.

Then, he saw Miss Justice look around and hear her say, "I'd like to commission an investigation mission."

Investigation mission… The Fool Klein's heart skipped a beat as The World's expression turned somewhat sluggish.

"What is it?" Fors asked proactively.

Her impression of Miss Justice's commissions was that they were relatively simple while paying handsomely. She definitely needed to take it!

Audrey organized her words and said, "There have been two matters that happened in Backlund recently. One is Baron Syndras. He was suspected to have been framed. The other is Member of Parliament Macht being assaulted because of the environmental measures…"

Fors found Miss Justice's description especially familiar because she had been present for the two matters. She had witnessed them and was involved in them!

She unknowingly straightened her back, waiting for Miss Justice to continue.

"And in these two matters, there is a tycoon named Dwayne Dantès involved. He came to Backlund two months ago, and he had donated more than ten thousand pounds of shares to the Church of Evernight in an attempt to establish a bursary foundation that targets the poor," Audrey described using a tone as though she had never directly interacted with him and was simply suspecting something about him from the data and rumors she had

received. "I wish to hire someone to investigate the actual situation with that gentleman."

I know! I know! I know this too well! He's rather rich and he looks pretty good. He handles matters with experience and in a mature manner. He's someone with kidney or bladder problems… Fors nearly raised her hand to shout out her thoughts.

If Miss Justice wasn't pleased with that, she had even more information, such as Dwayne Dantès was in a rather pitiful state. His butler studied black magic, his servant worshiped Death, and one of his neighbors was a Beyonder. There was a secret to his street and that he had donated the shares to extricate himself from trouble!

In short, he perfectly fits the image of a foreigner who is being bullied. I nearly recommended him a medicine that treats kidney and bladder problems. After all, Mr. Moon is skilled in such matters. I can still earn a commission through this… Yes, there's no rush. Let's hear what Miss Justice has to offer… Fors curbed her heart which was awash with excitement as she patiently looked at the girl beside her.

However, her body language and emotional upheavals had betrayed her in front of a Spectator. Audrey was rather surprised and puzzled by this. She never expected Fors to know Dwayne Dantès and seem to know quite a lot about him.

This made her have a new guess as to why Dwayne Dantès was shocked when he saw her. She suspected if Fors had once said or shown something to the man.

Meanwhile, Emlyn was a blank. He knew nothing about what Miss Justice had mentioned. All he could do was confirm that these happened in Backlund. As for The Fool Klein, who was leaning back in his chair, leisurely looking at the members, he nearly twitched the corners of his mouth.

Miss Justice's commissioning of others to investigate Dwayne Dantès had exceeded his expectations. This was because they had only met once at the charity party. They didn't seem to have any deeper interactions, so there was no need for any further investigations!

Could it be that I exposed something about myself that garnered Miss Justice's interest? Or could it be that by donating 10,000 pounds, it shows how much importance Earl Hall places on this; hence, Miss Justice decided to secretly carry out investigations because she's worried for her father? Klein's mind raced as he hurriedly thought of a solution.

At this moment, Audrey deliberated for a moment and looked at Miss Magician and said, "An initial investigation for 500 pounds. If you encounter danger, causing the difficulty to rise, I'll compensate you with more."

No problem! Fors hurriedly organized her words inwardly.

Just as she was about to say something, she saw The World Gehrman Sparrow raise his hand.

He had raised his hand.

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CHAPTER 868
SHARED IDENTITY

Eh.… Fors was taken aback, suspecting that she had seen wrong.

Following that, she couldn't help but have thoughts surface in her mind.

Mr. World wishes to take this mission? That's right. He's in Backlund.

But this is an investigation, not a murder. Dwayne Dantès is already pitiful enough. Leave Dwayne alone!

Eliminating the investigation target implies completing the investigation? Because there will be no need to make another investigation.…

What do I do? Do I still take the mission? It's a full 500 pounds. I just need to recount what I previously discovered to receive 200 pounds, but the competitor is Mr. World… Perhaps we can cooperate and not compete?

Eh? Why would Mr. World be interested in this mission? His focus is actually on the framing of Baron Syndras or the assault on Member of Parliament Macht?

Fors finally grasped the problem at its core. As for Alger and Cattleya, they had already cast their gaze at The World. To them, be it the framing of Baron Syndras, the assault on Member of Parliament Macht, or Dwayne Dantès's donation of more than ten thousand pounds, they weren't something that needed special notice. However, to have Mr. Fool's Blessed choose to accept the investigation mission meant that the problem was bound to be extremely complicated. It made them feel that there were important secrets underlying the matter.

Emlyn didn't think too much about it, but he had also sensed that the seemingly ordinary investigation mission wasn't that simple. His plans on earning some pocket money to make up for the 5,000 pounds that he had just lost were overturned as he suddenly didn't want to say a word.

Dwayne Dantès is really something. There must be a big problem with him that makes Mr. World choose to investigate him? Or are those two cases more important and more critical than I imagined? Audrey's mind stirred as she turned her eyes, and she used the advantage of her seating position to take in all the reactions of the Tarot Club members.

Among them, Derrick was the only exception.

To him, wasn't it normal for the Tarot Club to help each other? If someone gave a mission and one was capable of completing it, wasn't it normal to take it?

Audrey moved her gaze to The World and asked with hidden anticipation, "Mr. World, you wish to receive this mission?"

After returning to Backlund, she had gathered up the news at sea over the past few months, roughly confirming that Mr. World was the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow. While she was deeply impressed by this seemingly polite but dangerous gentleman who had accomplished many great deeds, she felt that her feelings to adventure out at sea had waned.

Klein had already thought of a response. He had controlled The World to lower his hand and wait for Miss Justice to ask. At this moment, he made Gehrman Sparrow's expression turn solemn and reply with a deep voice, "Dwayne Dantès is an identity."

After a period of brief but repeated considerations, Klein decided to expose some information. He made Dwayne Dantès be one of his public facades as a Blessed!

He believed if he chose to conceal the matter, there was a chance of being exposed in the future. This was because Dwayne Dantès was about to enter Backlund's high society. He could find clues to the Great Smog of Backlund or other cases. This way, he might very well need Miss Justice to provide him with assistance. When that happens, the Spectator would probably sense something and discover that The World was previously hiding something and that Mr. Fool had never mentioned it.

This would lower her sense of belonging and make her even begin suspecting even more matters, causing her faith in The Fool to be borderline dangerous.

With two members not knowing each other, or knowing of the other's existence, to tacitly work together to complete a specified mission together to accomplish a complete goal sounded perfect, but in reality, its success was very difficult. Even more so, there was no way he could fool her!

Therefore, most of the time, honesty was more effective and less worrisome than lying.

As for why he didn't directly say that Dantès was Gehrman Sparrow, it was because Klein didn't wish to leave the Tarot Club members the impression as to why it was the same person again. He didn't want them to have the impression that he was the only Blessed of Mr. Fool that appeared.

Dwayne Dantès is only an identity? Audrey sharply read between the lines and had a theory.

Then, she heard The World simply say, "A common identity that me and my companions share.

"I will occasionally disguise myself as him."

Upon saying that, he emotionlessly swept his gaze across The Magician.

A common identity… Occasionally disguise as him. That very pitiful Dwayne Dantès is Mr. World? That tycoon with kidney or bladder problems is Mr. Gehrman Sparrow? Fors felt as though she was struck by lightning as she froze up.

Her brain turned numb as she felt struck with fear, subconsciously feeling that Xio's unintentional comment made a lot of sense.

When a butler, valet, neighbor, and surroundings had problems, the person that seemed ordinary definitely wouldn't be ordinary!

No, it's not the street where Dwayne Dantès stays at, or that he happened to hire a butler with a secret, it's because of that secret that he was selected by Dwayne Dantès—selected by Gehrman Sparrow! The pitiful one isn't Dwayne Dantès but the Beyonders and Beyonder items around him! I was wrong. I shouldn't have gotten Xio to ask the Goddess to bless him. It's more of a curse for Mr. World… Fors suddenly trembled, thankful that she hadn't left a comment in her note that Dwayne Dantès should check on his kidneys or bladder.

Otherwise, she suspected that she wouldn't be able to participate in the next Tarot Gathering. Or perhaps, she would appear in the form of a Beyonder characteristic, sold to the other members by The World.

Logically speaking, Mr. World shouldn't know that I'm The Magician, but I was carrying Leymano's Travels with me… He had used the spellbook before and had added demigod-level Beyonder powers to it! He had definitely observed me in secret, remembering my appearance and evaluating my value… The fear in Fors was surging like a tumultuous sea as her expression was filled with misery.

At this moment, she saw Mr. World sweep his cold glance at her, her feelings of regret instantly becoming that of extreme regret.

Thankfully, I didn't rush to answer and mention my impression of Dwayne Dantès… When Fors gradually calmed down from her horror, she couldn't

help but think of another problem.

During the bodyguard mission, were we the ones protecting Dwayne Dantès, or was Dwayne Dantès protecting us… Should I refund Mr. Gehrman Sparrow his money?

This… At times, Dwayne Dantès is equivalent to Mr. World… Audrey was first stunned before finding all her questions answered.

Fors does know Dwayne Dantès, but she didn't know that he's Mr. World. It can be proven from her shocked reaction just now.

The reason that Dwayne Dantès was shocked when he saw me was because he recognized Lie. Although this mystical item has changed, it comes from a Beyonder characteristic that Mr. World provided. Perhaps this crazy adventurer can sense it somehow. After all, Gehrman Sparrow can transform into anyone with the powers of shapeshifting!

Although I only asked Mr. Hanged Man what will happen when an animal consumes a potion, the potion ingredients I gathered later were always in pairs. Mr. World might very well have guessed that I have a Spectator beside me based on that; hence, he became wary against Susie who was secretly observing everyone in the hall… Others might not doubt an animal, but Mr. World is experienced. He must've interacted with Beyonder creatures, so it's very normal for him to be wary against such things.

Which is to say, Dwayne Dantès, no—Mr. World Gehrman Sparrow knew that I was Justice, but he didn't choose to make contact or communicate with me. Hmm, there's nothing wrong with his choice of actions. Under those circumstances, unless he directly says it, it will be difficult for me to guess or believe it. Furthermore, talking about the Tarot Club in Saint Samuel Cathedral is… is just too crazy!

After a brief moment of surprise, Audrey's emotions calmed down, leaving her only with excitement.

Apart from The Magician Fors who she introduced, this was her first meeting with another member of the Tarot Club!

It feels like a historic moment! Yes, Mr. World as well as Mr. Fool's other Blessed. Eh, they should also be considered The World. But why was the identity of Dwayne Dantès made? What are they up to?

The matter of Baron Syndras being framed, Member of Parliament Macht being assaulted, and their donation to establish a bursary foundation really are more complicated and important than I originally imagined… Why do I feel that the kingdom's upper echelons are beginning to stir in a state of unrest? I had this feeling back when Prince Edessak died during the Great Smog of Backlund. Today, it's even more intense…

Now that I know the identity of Dwayne Dantès, I might be able to participate and cooperate indirectly, reducing the risk my parents might suffer, reducing the risk of the innocent… Amidst her thoughts, Audrey quickly made up her mind. She would accept her father's choice to join the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation, then she inwardly quipped, *Wouldn't it be very logical to have Justice from the Tarot Club join the charity foundation established by Mr. World from the Tarot Club?*

Alger and Cattleya weren't too surprised that Dwayne Dantès was The World, that he was the amalgamation of Mr. Fool's Blessed. In their minds, another thought flashed through their minds: *Something major is about to happen in Backlund!*

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CHAPTER 869
REPORT HIM!

Is something brewing in Backlund again? An extension of the Great Smog of Backlund? As Alger and Cattleya wondered about the framing of Baron Syndras and the assault on Member of Parliament Macht, they planned on using their own respective channels to obtain more detailed information to see if they could discover anything abnormal.

They weren't in a rush. They had no intention to directly ask The World what his motives or exact plans were. They felt that he wouldn't answer in detail. At best, he would just make a comment; therefore, they planned to gather more information first to do some preliminary investigations. They would then decide on their subsequent course of action depending on the exact situation.

At the same time, they suddenly realized that the public announcement of the identity of "Dwayne Dantès" seemed to be a boon for them. As long as they paid attention to news of the tycoon, they could roughly grasp the actions of Mr. Fool's Blessed, and from there, they could provide tacit cooperation or help. And since this was just a fake identity, it could be disposed of the moment any problems were exposed.

Similarly, they could be a "witness" for this identity, making Dwayne Dantès appear more realistic. The simplest example was that if this tycoon had a background at sea, Cattleya could provide her crew, friends, and partners the relevant information, making them believe that such a man existed. By the time the official organizations attempted to investigate Dwayne Dantès's origins, they would discover that he did exist and that those matters did happen!

After a brief silence, Audrey was just about to answer Mr. World's question when she saw Mr. Moon sit up straight and look to the end of the long bronze table, taking the initiative to ask:

"What is this public identity used for?

"Are there deeper problems present in the cases mentioned by Miss Justice?"

As a citizen of Backlund, Emlyn was quite concerned about his living environment.

Why don't you investigate all these questions yourself? To not be swept into the vortex, I have already exposed myself… Klein lampooned Emlyn and made The World give a deep chuckle.

"Of course.

"It's awaiting further investigation."

His succinct answer could be translated in detail to: the two cases definitely have deeper problems, but that's a secret. I don't plan on telling you. Likewise, don't ask about the purpose of the identity of "Dwayne Dantès"!

Although Emlyn was quite bad at reading people, he could still understand what The World was getting at. He chuckled dryly and leaned back, pretending as though he was very pleased with the answer.

When Audrey saw this, she used a second to stop the corners of her mouth from curling up. Then, she said to The World, "Alright, I understand. Thank you for the information."

At this moment, she was further convinced that joining the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation was a good thing for her. In the future, if she were to face any danger or had any matters she couldn't handle herself, she could

inform Mr. World ahead of time. Then, she could head to the foundation as per normal, busying herself in the office adjacent to Dwayne Dantès's.

Hmm, if the Psychology Alchemists have their suspicions about me, or if they use a mission to test me, I'll get them to meet me at the foundation… Dwayne Dantès's image is completely different from the way he acts as The World above the gray fog. Yes, Mr. World is an experienced actor… Also, Dwayne Dantès is a public identity. He won't always be synonymous to Gehrman Sparrow. It's no wonder there are rumors of him liking a wide range of women… A crazy murderer and adventurer like Gehrman Sparrow definitely is a good match with a pure and innocent girl… As a Spectator, Audrey couldn't help but imagine that.

As for Klein, he couldn't help but lampoon when he heard her reply.

What do you mean "Thank you for the information?"

Shouldn't you be paying 500 pounds in investigation fees?

Are you treating it as something shared among members?

He made The World nod without further mentioning the matter of Dwayne Dantès. He then turned to look at Little Sun.

"Do you have Bizarro Banes over there?"

The World paused and added, "Perhaps you use a different name to refer to it. In short, it's good at disguising itself, and it has bizarre powers. It's nearly at the demigod level and has a main eye gathered from its characteristic…"

He deliberately mentioned that it was nearly at the demigod level, not to flaunt the fact to him, but to warn Little Sun that this was a very dangerous monster.

However, Alger and Cattleya didn't pay attention to this point. As a representative of Mr. Fool's Blessed, it was very understandable for The

World to purchase demigod-level materials on behalf of his peers. Besides, even if he was preparing it for himself, it wasn't anything astonishing. Gehrman Sparrow was already a Sequence 5. It was very common for one to gather the ingredients ahead of time.

Without realizing it, they felt that Mr. World's advancement from Sequence 5 was seemingly a good thing.

Derrick thought and said, "It's not among the commonly seen monsters, but perhaps someone might've encountered it before. I will search through the books or help you ask."

The World tersely answered and fell silent.

After Fors made her request, to buy an ancient wraith's cursed artifact and remnant spirituality, to no avail, the transactions came to an end.

Before Mr. Hanged Man could ask The Sun, Fors stole a glance at The World and said, "I recently had a strange dream. In it was an almost genuine treasure trove, including…”

She described, in detail, the scene she had seen, and towards the end, she said, "That is the complicated symbol formed from 'fate' and 'concealment'…”

Fors was just about to look towards Mr. Fool to request permission to conjure it when she heard The World say, "Are you talking about this symbol?"

The World first made a request before conjuring the symbol.

The badge was only the size of an eyeball. On the surface, there were symbols that symbolized "fate" and "concealment."

It came from Lanevus, and it was the proof of admission to the Hermits of Fate's gathering. However, Klein had never made any attempts to

participate in it before.

"Ah?" Fors glanced at it and stammered a reply. "Yes, yes, that's it."

After she answered it, she realized that Mr. World hadn't only produced the symbol, but he had also produced an item!

Suddenly, she came to a realization.

Dwayne Dantès had chosen Böklund Street for a reason!

Just as she had the thought, she saw The World say with a hoarse voice, "That treasure is a trap."

He does know… Thankfully, I was wise to seek the advice of the experienced… Fors heaved a sigh of relief as she smiled.

"Thank you for your reminder."

Audrey asked out of curiosity, "Mr. World, what does that symbol represent? Why do you call it a trap?"

Klein controlled The World and answered simply, "It represents a bunch of thieves that called themselves 'Hermits of Fate.'"

Hermits of Fate… Thieves… Alger and Cattleya thought as they memorized the two names. Based on their own knowledge, they had a certain guess.

The former suspected that it was an organization established by a bunch of Marauders. The latter believed that an ancient family from the Fourth Epoch was involved. After some careful recalling, Emlyn White confirmed that he had never heard of such an organization, and he planned on learning more from the upper echelons of the Sanguine.

As for Klein, he thought of another problem.

That demigod from the Marauder pathway who was sealed deep in the sewers hasn't left Böklund Street as expected. He might be hiding at Hazel's place. Furthermore, this demigod isn't staying put. He actually tried to influence Miss Magician via a dream!

This won't do. I can't give him free reign to do as he wishes…

I have to eliminate this latent risk as soon as possible!

Hmm… I'll find my dear poet later and warn him. The grandpa inside his body wouldn't be uninterested in a demigod of the same pathway…

With this in mind, Mr. Fool, who was leisurely looking at the members, curled his mouth into a smile.

Audrey vaguely sensed the emotional changes of Mr. Fool as she mumbled inwardly.

That bunch of thieves who call themselves Hermits of Fate are friends related to Mr. Fool?

The talk about the treasure in the dream quickly came to an end. Cattleya thought of something and said to The World, "I'll give you the intelligence you want this week."

At this moment, she was a little curious as to why he needed information on West Balam. However, she wasn't The Sun or The Moon who would ask the moment they didn't know something. She was more accustomed to do a search for clues first.

"Alright." The World nodded. Klein sighed inwardly. With this secret organization, many things were indeed much simpler.

Seeing that he had nothing else to say, Alger turned to look at The Sun.

"Have you figured out the matter regarding your former Chief's mausoleum?"

Derrick said, somewhat ashamed, "I just made two friends."

As a Beyonder from the Sun pathway, he won less than one in ten matches when in combat at the training field. After suffering plenty of beatings, he finally established a relationship with his former acquaintances. However, the ones he could call friends only numbered two.

Without waiting for The Hanged Man to answer him, he hurriedly added, "However, I heard that the six-member council wishes to open the mausoleum. Regardless, they wish to retrieve the characteristic at the very least."

In the City of Silver, no one felt that such an operation was problematic. To them, being wasteful was a sin.

Alger nodded gently as he changed his admonishing words he was about to say.

"Not bad.

"They don't necessarily have to be friends in order to provide you with help. When you establish a bigger network, you will naturally obtain more intel."

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CHAPTER 870
A QUESTION THAT STRIKES THE HEART

Upon gaining recognition, Derrick was taken aback for two seconds. His shame lessened as he said, somewhat embarrassed, "I will take further steps to understand this matter."

I will work hard to make two sources of information, no—a friend before the next Tarot Gathering… Derrick quickly made a target for himself.

Upon seeing this, Klein made The World hoarsely say, "If it involves the domain of Death, you can seek my advice."

And I can seek Mr. Azik's advice… he silently added.

As for Frank Lee's new mushrooms, he had no plans on transferring them to Little Sun, as they were still incomplete. The "fruits" that were eventually produced were filled with poison and madness.

"Thank you, Mr. World," Derrick answered gratefully.

After a short exchange regarding other matters, the Tarot Club entered the "learning" segment until it ended.

Returning to the real world, Klein immediately wanted to resolve the problem of the Marauder demigod, but the plan he conceived of was met with an obstacle at the first step.

He had no idea where to find Leonard Mitchell and the grandpa inside his body!

Saint Samuel Cathedral? Leonard is most probably underground, but I have no way of entering… He only prays in the cathedral once or twice a week, and he doesn't do it at a fixed time. I can't be heading there thrice a day all week just to meet him, right? What kind of crappy plot is this? Is this what's called "a stake-out"? Even if I really did it, it might not be effective. As a Red Glove, he might've left Backlund… As Klein lampooned, he felt a deep sense of regret. He regretted being too focused on the sophistry and in fooling Leonard Mitchell; thus, forgetting to ask for his contact method.

I should've said to Leonard, "I will inform Klein Moretti about his identity being exposed. If he has anything he wishes to say, I will pass it on for him." That way, I'll be able to establish a private method of contact… Klein exhaled slowly. All he could do was use his final solution.

That was to ask the magic mirror!

Drawing the symbols that implied "concealment" and "mystery prying," Klein cast his gaze at the full-body mirror. He saw aqueous light ripple, producing white Loenese text:

"Exalted Great Master, your puny, loyal and humble, terrified servant, Arrodes, is here to answer your summoning.

"Before answering any questions, I want to say:

"I was wrong! I was wrong!"

Klein pricked up his brows and asked, "Why are you suddenly admitting to a mistake?"

On the mirror, the white Loenese words warped and turned into new words:

"In short, I was wrong…”

After a series of ellipses, the white words trembled into shape.

"Recently, there have been many people trying to find out about you, and they have learned of the reputation of your present identity…”

So, Dwayne Dantès's amorous preference of liking anyone beautiful has spread, so much so that even Miss Justice knows of it? Well, that's good. I used the explanation that it's a shared identity. More than one Blessed plays as Dwayne Dantès, so having a myriad of preferences can be explained… Hehe, look at this mirror. It's scared white… Klein was somewhat enlightened as he secretly laughed before saying, "It's your turn to ask."

The full-body mirror's words remained white as it formed new words:

"Will you forgive me?

"No, I mean, are you willing to watch my subsequent performance?"

This attitude… Klein tsked inwardly and said with a sullen expression, "Work hard."

"Yes, Great Master!" The mirror surface's ghastly white words bloomed with silver light. "Since you have summoned me, do you have a question to ask me?"

Klein nodded.

"Yes.

"Where will Leonard Mitchell be living in the next few days?"

The silver marks distorted quickly, forming new words:

"7 Pinster Street."

Beneath the words, the aqueous light rippled, forming a scene:

It was a terrace house numbered Unit 7. There was a black-haired, green-eyed youth just about to get his keys.

It's the same old place. There hasn't been any change… If I were to pay a visit directly, it will sully Leonard's impression of Dwayne Dantès. It will be quite a step down… Get Emlyn White to go? Leonard has probably figured out that the vampire and Sherlock Moriarty, who is also Klein Moretti, have ties… The current problem is that it's hard to determine that grandpa's stance… I have no way of confirming "His" true motives. Giving "Him" a big gift based on his present state might not be appropriate. Perhaps it will bring extreme danger to Leonard… As it doesn't involve myself, doing a divination above the gray fog won't be effective… Thoughts arose in Klein's mind as he changed his plans.

Compared to directly informing the grandpa in Leonard's body about the Marauder demigod, using Pallez Zoroast's or Amon's name to warn the target to force him to leave the area was a milder method that led to fewer repercussions!

Of course, the premise is that I don't expose myself… Klein pondered for a few seconds and asked again, "Where is the demigod beside Hazel Macht hiding?"

The mirror's surface had aqueous light ripple out as the scene changed.

On a thick carpet with beautiful embroidery, there was a small leather sofa. On the surface of the single-seater was a white, furry cushion. In the middle of it was a gray rat. Compared to its kind, its eyes were closer to dark red.

Rat… That Marauder demigod has parasitized a rat? And he's sleeping inside Hazel's room in broad daylight? He got himself what looks like a very expensive cushion… He had to transform into this because I foiled his plans? Klein was surprised before he felt a little amused.

The scene fixed as silver lines surfaced:

"Great Master, what other instructions do you have for me?"

*Very sharp… *Klein tersely answered and said, "Use the mirror in the room to warn that demigod.

"Tell him that all around this street there is an angel from the Marauder pathway with ill intentions plying it. Furthermore, Blasphemer Amon might come at any time."

"Alright, Master. I'll do it immediately!" The words on the mirror sparkled.

…

In Hazel's room, the gray rat felt his spiritual perception stirred as he hurriedly stood up and cast his gaze on the full-body mirror in the room.

On the surface of the mirror, words that seemed to be written with fresh blood that had yet to coagulate appeared.

"Leave this area!"

The gray rat's gaze froze for a second as it fell silent for a moment.

"Why?"

The blood seemed to flow as the words spread out and formed new words:

"The surrounding area has an angel from the Marauder pathway in urgent need of replenishment plying it. This pathway is the nemesis of all High-Sequence Beyonders. Blasphemer Amon is rushing over.

"I'm warning you because I do not wish for 'Them' to benefit."

The gray rat squeaked softly before asking in a deep voice, "Who are you?"

It was extremely frustrated, frustrated that the strength it accumulated would often be forced to be drained. Otherwise, it could use Astromancy to confirm the situation.

The full-body mirror which had dimmed at some point in time suddenly had bloody words appear again, presenting new information:

"I've already answered one question of yours. Based on the principle of reciprocity, it's my turn to ask."

Following that, a new line of bloody-red text appeared underneath:

"After you hurriedly parasitized a rat, you should be influenced by the body's construct and hormones. Now, which entity will make you have the desire to mate:

"Female human, male human, female rat, male rat, or all of the above?

"Please answer."

At this moment, Hazel cracked open the door. And for some reason, the gray rat inside didn't notice it, seemingly affected by something.

The door opened slightly again as Hazel discovered that the entity who claimed to be a demigod that existed in legends was staring at the mirror in a daze. It seemed infatuated with its present appearance: a gray rat.

Uh… Hazel's brows twitched slightly as she subconsciously paused her action of opening the door.

Then, she saw the gray rat's body tremble, its red eyes effusing a clear murderous look.

"Stop fooling around with me!" the gray rat growled.

It turned its head to leave the room, but invisible chains suddenly bound its rat's body!

This strength wasn't anything for it to fear when it was in its optimal state, but now, everything it had accumulated had been drained. The latest action was to infuse a dream to the Beyonder bodyguard whom Dwayne Dantès had hired.

Boom!

A thick, silver bolt of lightning descended down from the sky, smiting the gray rat.

The scene before Hazel's eyes turned blinding-white as she couldn't see anything. Immediately, her vision recovered as she found the gray rat on the ground, charred black. Its limbs were twitching.

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CHAPTER 871
DIRECTOR

*What happened? *The sudden change made the inexperienced Hazel momentarily lost as to how to react. She stood there in dazed silence for a few seconds before pushing open the door and rushing in.

When she arrived beside the charred rat, the existence that claimed to be a demigod rolled in a fit, speaking with a calm tone, "You forgot to close the door."

"Ah…” Hazel first wore a blank look before realizing that she had failed to close the door like she usually did because of her eagerness to access the situation. Doing so prevented the maids from peeping in.

With the rat appearing fine, Hazel pursed her lips and turned around, walking back to the door.

During this process, she didn't forget to glance at the full-body mirror. She saw that everything in it looked normal without any problems. It clearly reflected everything in the room. There weren't any additional people or objects.

As the door clicked shut, Hazel asked, "Teacher, what happened just now?"

The charred rat looked at her sidewards as it cast its gaze beyond the window.

"In the world of mysticism, anything that involves supernatural power is filled with danger. You can't be too careless.

"I had tried to use the mirror to do a divination, but I ended up garnering the attention of an unknown existence. After an intense struggle, I finally resolved the problem and prevented the danger from spreading across the street."

The rat spoke fluently without any stammering or hesitation, as though being struck by lightning was something trivial.

*Is that so… Why didn't you warn me of such matters in the past… *Hazel couldn't help but frown, as she could smell the mixed smell of charred fur and disintegrated fat.

Without waiting for her reply, the rat turned to face the balcony and said to her with its back towards her, "My physical condition has deteriorated as a result. I'm no longer suited to staying here, or else I might be discovered by the Church of Evernight.

"Yes, find an opportunity to send me to your manor in the countryside."

Looking at the rat's charred fur, and smelling the fragrance of roasted meat, Hazel fell silent for a few seconds. Suppressing her doubt, she nodded and said, "Alright."

…

160 Böklund Street.

Sitting in the reclining chair, Klein saw the full-body mirror ripple with aqueous light again as silver light arose.

The silver words formed into a sentence:

"Great Master, your puny servant, Arrodes, has followed your instructions to warn that demigod from the Marauder pathway. I have also given her a tiny punishment."

Her? Just as Klein was ruminating over the pronoun Arrodes had used, light from the mirror's surface turned clear as it presented a scene.

A silver bolt of lightning smote down, causing the gray rat to collapse while convulsing.

This is… way too weak? Klein suddenly understood why this demigod's condition was weaker than he expected.

"Are you satisfied with the way I handled it?" The silver lines quickly warped into a question.

"Not bad." Klein nodded.

Considering the demigod's condition, he paused for a second and probingly asked, "Why didn't you directly kill her?"

Arrodes's mirror outlined silver words:

"If one can't be certain in killing a demigod target, it's best not to force them into a corner.

"Once they aren't repressed, they will completely let themselves go. That would result in them mutating into an incomplete and irrational Mythical Creature.

"Most of the time, to have a problematic condition and to having trouble fully expressing their powers is because they are resisting their inclination of losing control.

"I-I'm not here in my actual form, so all I can do is deal a small punishment."

When the final line appeared, the full-body mirror's aqueous light shimmered. Klein suddenly had the feeling that a creature was looking at him with widened, watery eyes.

He didn't respond towards that and instead nodded.

"That's it for today. I'll summon you again if there's anything else."

"Alright, Master~" The mirror immediately produced a hand-waving emoticon.

After cleaning up the room, Klein finished his afternoon nap and left the master bedroom.

Before long, the white-gloved Walter came to the third floor and entered the half-opened room with the balcony. He said to his employer, "Sir, the Church has sent a letter. They've invited you to be a director in the board of directors for the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation. You can choose to directly take up a post there to receive a sizable salary. Or you can choose to take on a symbolic role. You will only participate in the discussion and vote when handling major matters.

The Church sure is efficient. It has already set up the framework… Klein thought and felt that since he had already donated more than ten thousand pounds, there was no need for him to claim a salary. It was better to not expect anything in return as he deliberated.

"I'll take on a symbolic role. However, I wish to participate in some of the actual operations of the foundation in the future. I wish to contribute further to spread aid to help more people."

"I will inform the Church of your thoughts," Walter seriously replied. "If you have nothing else, it's best you head over on Wednesday morning to witness the official establishment of the foundation."

Dwayne raised his porcelain cup and drank a mouthful of black tea.

"Okay."

…

On the Golden Dream, Danitz sat in front of the deck, worriedly looking at the azure blue sea that was churning with waves.

After being urged once by Gehrman Sparrow, he felt that he couldn't delay any further. Otherwise, he might become a bounty at any time.

I don't want to become a pile of cash while I'm sleeping… So what if I'm suspected!? Danitz gritted his teeth and mustered his courage. He passed through the cabin door and headed straight for the captain's cabin.

Being unable to find Anderson Hood in a short span of time, he could only ask Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina Edwards.

After reaching his destination, Danitz took three deep breaths and raised his right hand, prepared to knock on the door.

At this moment, Vice Admiral Iceberg's voice sounded from inside.

"Please come in."

"…”

Danitz's right hand paused in midair as he forced a smile and entered.

He saw that his captain was sitting behind a desk, holding a dark-red fountain pen. He had no idea what she was writing.

"Captain, I have something I'd like to consult you about." Danitz came over and bent his back slightly as he said with a smile.

"Edwina put down her fountain pen and pulled at her sleeves that were laced with flowers. She glanced at Danitz and said, "You wish to ask about West Balam?"

"Ah?" Danitz's expression froze.

The captain already knows?

*It must be those b*st*rds and dogsh*t like Barrel and Iron Skin. They told Captain about it!*

I know that no secret can be kept on this ship. And it's even more so for Captain!

After cursing inwardly, Danitz forced a smile again.

"Yes, as you know, I'm very interested in history and geography."

Edwina's limpid eyes moved slightly as she looked out the window.

"This is international politics."

Without waiting for the stiff Danitz to find another excuse, she continued on.

"In West Balam, there are cities managed by the Loenese, valleys belonging to Intis, native generals who are supported by Loen, and tribes who follow Intis orders. There are also powerful independent states who rely on the requirement that both nations are balanced. They are secretly connected to the different factions of the Numinous Episcopate and are in a rivalry with those who claim to be the descendants of Death. In addition, the Rose School of Thought and Feysac Empire have a deep influence on West Balam. On the surface, none of the factions belong to them, but in fact, many of the generals and tribal chiefs have submitted to them.

"Among them…”

Danitz listened in surprise before he lowered his hand suddenly with a dry chuckle.

"Captain, I-I need to take notes."

Or else there's no way to memorize this!

Edwina, who had been interrupted, wasn't mad. She pointed at the fountain pen and paper on the table.

"That's a good habit.

"I believe Gehrman Sparrow doesn't wish to receive erroneous information."

"Ah?" Danitz was stunned once again.

…

*West Balam sure is chaotic. It's difficult to even tell which backing faction that a medium-sized warlord belongs to, or who he's supported by… The Rose School of Thought has a very strong influence there? That means a sharp rise in risk for me… *Klein had quickly scanned through Danitz's letter after receiving it from Miss Messenger Reinette Tinekerr.

It made him believe that he shouldn't head to West Balam alone unless Mr. Azik accompanied him.

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CHAPTER 872
RESULTS OF MEDIUMSHIP

Watching Miss Messenger leave, Klein glanced at the letter in his hand and considered the problem of West Balam again.

He believed that he needed to make preparations in case that Mr. Azik wouldn't reply to him in the next month. That also meant that when July came, he might very well have to head to West Balam with a few military personnel, without the Death Consul's protection. If that happened, the shadow of the Rose School of Thought would ultimately hang over him.

*Two choices. If I confirm that it's extremely dangerous, I'll directly abandon my identity as Dwayne Dantès. On the contrary, I should seriously consider a "customer list." I will not have myself involved in any faction that's suspected to have ties with the Rose School of Thought… Hmm, I might as well set a target first to make any unexpected developments be controllable… The information provided by Danitz likely comes from Vice Admiral Iceberg. The two native generals mentioned seem rather special… The other factions, regardless of the reason, will have a note of their ties with Loen, Intis, Feysac, and Feynapotter, or the various inclinations of internal factions that form a counterbalance. Only, for them, there is no mention of foreign countries other than the point about receiving support from the Numinous Episcopate… *Klein read the content from beginning to end as he vaguely figured something out.

He had his initial suspicions that the two native generals were related to the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom. The reason why Edwina didn't make any note was to deliberately point out their uniqueness, telling Gehrman Sparrow that they were targets to cooperate with.

This way, she didn't need to worry that there would be a leak from Danitz, as there was no information to leak other than a hint.

*Maysanchez, Katamia… The former receives the support from the royal faction of the Numinous Episcopate. The latter secretly claims to be a descendant of Death… Heh, even if it's real, who knows how many generations separated he is. If he were to meet Mr. Azik, how should he refer to him? *Klein chuckled and shook his wrist, burning up the letter.

Following that, he began enjoying an exquisite afternoon tea in the half-opened room with the balcony until Walter entered and whispered, "Sir, the police are here again. It's regarding Cuarón's suicide."

The matter's clues superficially pointed to Dwayne Dantès, so even though Baron Syndras had handled the matters, the police would visit him from time to time. Otherwise, the reporters would claim that it was a dereliction of duty by the police.

As for the assault on Member of Parliament Macht, as Dwayne Dantès was only a relatively important eyewitness, they didn't disturb him further after taking his statement.

"Invite them to the activity room on the second floor with the garden." Klein placed the butter sponge cake he had taken a few bites from onto the plate and drank a mouthful of tea.

As the master, he didn't need to worry that his food would go to waste. This was because the leftovers would be given to the servants. If he were to eat them clean all the time, or request them to prepare the perfect proportions, then his reputation as a stingy master would spread across the servants on the street before reaching the ears of the ladies and gentlemen.

Walter replied with an unperturbed expression, "They wish for you to head to the police station. Today is the day the Cuarón family will be identifying the suspect in a police lineup.

"They say that they are very sorry, but this is a necessary process that cannot be skipped."

Klein slowly got up as he said, "Understandable. Richardson, get me my coat, hat, and cane."

Since he was already no longer involved in the matter, he was rather willing to figure out what Cuarón and his family had encountered from a bystander's perspective, and also how the matter had been directed towards Baron Syndras.

…

Inside a spacious room in the police station at North Borough.

Klein stood behind a glass wall and saw Cuarón's family. It was an elderly man and woman, a woman in her late thirties, a teenager who was around the age of fifteen, and a girl who wasn't older than ten.

Their gaze swept the suspects behind the glass wall before landing on Dwayne Dantès at the same moment.

"It's him! It's him!" the teenager yelled as his eyes turned red. He clenched his hands into a fist in an attempt to rush towards the glass wall.

"It's him, Officer. It's him." The lady in her late thirties suddenly wept as she looked at Dwayne Dantès with eyes filled with hatred and animosity.

The little girl who was holding her hand wailed.

"Daddy! Return daddy to me!"

The two elders were wiping their tears. One of them was trying hard to keep calm, while the other was nearly fainting from her sobbing. The sorrowful mood instantly spread out.

However, Klein had never even met them before today.

*Implanted memories? *He frowned slightly. As he sighed, he began wondering what the Cuarón family had encountered.

Meanwhile, in the mortuary beneath the station.

Daly Simone held a pencil and began sketching as her body shook slightly.

As she was here to help at the police station, with the possibility of her encountering reporters when entering or exiting, she didn't wear her usual Spirit Medium robes. She changed into a female black-and-white police uniform set. She had a blouse and skirt on with matching leather boots.

At this moment, her palm was moving uncontrollably, and soon, there was a desk, oriel window, ink bottle, revolver, and other items appearing on the piece of paper.

On the oriel window, there was a figure reflected there.

This figure's hair was neatly combed back, a mix of silver and raven-black. The wrinkled figure had a broad forehead and high cheekbones. He was none other than Baron Syndras!

Pa! The pencil in Daly's hand dropped onto the piece of paper.

She then looked up and said to Leonard, who offered to help, and the two police inspectors who were in charge of the liaison, "In the second that Cuarón committed suicide, he struggled deeply in his heart. That is to say that his suicide is a result of Cuing and Guidance. This isn't a simple psychological problem. It must've involved Beyonder powers at a rather high level.

"And this contradictory struggle resulted in his emotions breaking down, suffering an explosion from his spirituality. Before his death, he would restore the truth to a certain degree. This is the scene that's fixed in his eyes.

The high-ranking inspector beside her furrowed his brows.

"Ma'am Simone, are you implying that the last person Cuarón saw is the real murderer? Baron Syndras is actually the real murderer?"

Leonard Mitchell immediately scoffed.

"What you see might not be equivalent to the truth.

"You might not understand it if I call it an illusion, but if I'm a murderer, I can find a person that looks like Baron Syndras so as to make him appear inside the room before Cuarón committed suicide."

The two inspectors were very pleased with the explanation as they heaved a sigh of relief.

"We've already arranged for Cuarón's family to pay a visit. I'll have to trouble the two of you to obtain more clues that point towards the truth with non-intrusive means."

"Alright." Daly rubbed the corner of her eyes. "I'll use the washroom first."

She hadn't put on her strange eyeshadow or blush. Apart from her skin appearing rather pale, she didn't have that uncanny look to her. Furthermore, she seemed younger, looking more like a woman in her twenties than thirties. Her eyes were bright, and she had beautiful facial features.

Believing that they were in for plenty of work, Leonard Mitchell also left the mortuary and walked towards the washroom above them.

Just as they finished climbing the staircase and turned a bend, they suddenly saw a gentleman with white sideburns appear on the other end of the corridor. He was walking out of the police station with his valet.

This gentleman was mature and elegant, with eyes that were like a lake under the moon. He was none other than Dwayne Dantès.

Daly Simone's mind went adrift for a moment as she turned her head in thought. She looked at Leonard Mitchell and discovered this black-haired, green-eyed poet was looking at Dwayne Dantès.

"Why did you suddenly file for permission to help me? That member of the Numinous Episcopate will soon be found. You have no lack of tasks to do…" Daly didn't give Leonard a chance to find an excuse. After pausing for a second, she directly asked, "You believe that gentleman from before is problematic?"

Leonard retracted his gaze and fell silent for two seconds.

"Dwayne Dantès has met His Grace before."

He deliberately didn't provide any sort of confirmation or denial, as though the question she had should be posed to Saint Anthony.

In between the lines, he was saying that His Grace didn't mention if there was any problem with Dwayne Dantès. Whether it was a lack of any detection or simply because he didn't say, that was up in the air.

Daly nodded gently as she turned her gaze towards the washroom.

…

On Wednesday morning, Audrey Hall, who had received an invitation, rode on a carriage to arrive at the Saint Samuel Cathedral on Phelps Street.

The Loen Charity Bursary Foundation which was about to be established was situated on 22 Phelps Street. The building belonged to the Church of Evernight, so there was no need to pay any rent.

Before getting off the carriage, Audrey held the invitation and looked out at the scenery. She was filled with anticipation for the future.

She was to become a director and would work on raising funds and with external liaisons.

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CHAPTER 873 UNDETECTABLE COMMUNICATION

After entering 22 Phelps Street, Audrey instantly saw Dwayne Dantès walk out from the side corridor.

This good-looking and gentlemanly gentleman was wearing a black formal suit and holding a gold inlaid cane. He was communicating with the foundation's staff beside him.

As though sensing Audrey's gaze, Dwayne Dantès naturally turned his head and looked at the door. Then, his eyes lit up in amazement like he had seen a treasure. Following that, he smiled and gently nodded as a greeting.

Audrey returned with a smile and nod that wasn't a breach of etiquette in any way. She then followed the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation's staff that came to escort her and walked up to the second floor.

During this process, although she didn't look in any other direction, but be it the talent of a woman or her instincts as a Spectator, they told her that Dwayne Dantès's gaze kept following her figure in secret until the wall beside the staircase blocked his view.

Impeccable acting! He perfectly played out the reaction of what a gentleman who has zero resistance against beauties but remains sufficiently reserved and cultured would do when meeting me for the second time. It's as though we have only met once at the charity party the last time… It's exactly as I imagined. He was even able to light up his eyes…

This is a technique that's part of his Beyonder pathway, or is it an ability that he possesses to begin with? I have to say that Gehrman Sparrow, uh—I think it's better to use Mr. Gehrman Sparrow is a professional, no—an excellent actor. Furthermore, he doesn't act in an exaggerated manner like those play actors… Audrey complimented in thought before seeing a few reporters waiting to interview her about the establishment of the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation on the second floor.

She wasn't a noble lady who enjoyed having her photo plastered on the papers. As she exchanged a few words with her valet that had accompanied her to inform the reporters that pictures were forbidden by Earl Hall's authority, she went into the VIP lounge with her lady's maid, Annie.

Earl Hall was friends with the owners of a few publishing houses and had made the corresponding investments to acquire quite a bit of their shares. If Audrey so wished, she could exchange some of the estate she received in order to create a sizable publishing house.

In the VIP lounge, Audrey, who didn't find it appropriate to bring her dog, greeted the children of the rich and aristocracy, as well as the Church's clergymen. She habitually found a seat where she could see everyone, and she waited until the opening ceremony began and for the first board of directors meeting to begin.

She surveyed the area and said to the female staff that was in charge of escorting her, "Lovesa, this is my first time joining in the actual operations of a charity organization. I wish to know what we should do."

The lady named Lovesa was still in her twenties. She also had blonde hair with somewhat rough skin and tanned freckles. However, her smile was brilliant, making her rather affectionate.

Upon hearing Audrey's question, Lovesa introduced without holding anything back, "The current plan is to not be too eager in widening the scale. We will start mainly with Backlund and reach deep into the public

primary schools, weekday schools, and night schools, promoting the bursary to all the students and let those in need to apply to us.

"After the application, we will organize a committee to do the exact audit. This will not only require us to make some verifications with the government, but we would also walk across the grounds to understand the candidate's actual situation.

"Once the examination is over, we will disburse the bursary and help the poor who yearn for knowledge to change their fates…"

Just as Lovesa said that, a male voice filled with magnetism interjected, "I have two suggestions:

"The first suggestion is that staff are to be gathered today to head to the different weekday schools, night schools, and public primary schools to promote the bursary. June is the examination period, and it's a critical period for them to enter institutes of higher learning. If we aren't efficient enough, there will be many students from poor families that will give up taking the examination because of the lack of funds. Even if they later learn of the existence of the bursary foundation, they won't be able to withstand the loss of wasting a year. As such, they will lose the chance at changing their fate.

"What we are doing might seem simple, but it completely affects each and every child's life. Therefore, we need to begin quickly and not waste any time."

The person who was speaking was none other than Dwayne Dantès who had just entered the lounge. He expressed his thoughts with a warm but serious expression.

Ah right, June is the examination period. Be it entering grammar school or the preparations to enter university, as well as the various technical schools to gain experience in their profession, this is a critical period. Once they give up the entry examinations this time, they will have to wait till next

June… I actually forgot this. Ma'am Lovesa and the foundation staff seems to have missed this problem… Mr. Dwayne Dantès actually noticed such a detail and had considered those children who are so close to giving up their dreams… He's actually a person with a gentle heart? Audrey suddenly felt that she had a new take on Dwayne Dantès—on Gehrman Sparrow.

This was what a Spectator had just obtained.

A cold assassin, adventurer on the surface but has a warm heart deep down? Unfortunately, I've only been able to obtain descriptions regarding Gehrman Sparrow's crazy side. I'm unable to find any concrete proof… Audrey blinked as she carefully listened to Dwayne Dantès's suggestions.

"Second suggestion. In regards to the bursaries that are to be disbursed, it's best if it's put in the corresponding bank account. When school fees need to be paid, they can bring their documents to us to apply for a withdrawal. For relatively cheaper board and lodging, things don't have to be that troublesome. They can obtain a fixed sum of money every month or week. This is to prevent the applicant's parents and siblings from spending the money. To a poor family, this is an irresistible temptation. Similarly, an account corresponds to one person. No matter who is withdrawing it, the person has to be present. This can effectively prevent people from suffering from the trial of greed."

Having said that, Klein pressed his palm to his chest and said to Audrey and Lovesa, "Sorry, pardon me for barging into your conversation."

Audrey smiled and said, "Mr. Dantès, your suggestions are excellent. You have opened my eyes to matters that I never considered before.

"The only problem is that what you say to us is meaningless. I'm only listening to Ma'am Lovesa's introduction."

Lovesa smiled and said, "Yes, you should mention all of these at the first board of directors meeting."

Don't you see me deliberately coming over to convince Miss Audrey first? With Justice's part in this, I can ensure that there will be no objections from the board of directors. Otherwise, it might easily be tabled or altered by someone using some excuse such as lacking manpower… Klein made an enlightened and regretful expression as he rubbed his palms slightly.

"Look at me! Being all anxious about these matters and forgetting my place! Hahaha! Sometimes, I just wish that things will be made into reality once I'm given the chance."

Mr. Dwayne Dantès's acting is a little exaggerated… He should know that he can't fool me. Oh, he's doing it deliberately to communicate with me ahead of time without leaving behind any traces. He wants me to support him? Audrey instantly read his thoughts as her smile turned clearer.

Although she hadn't communicated with The World ahead of time, she believed that she would support this Tarot Club member of hers. However, being able to exchange some ideas ahead of time left her rather happy. This was because she felt that he was treating her as an equal.

After "forgiving" Dwayne Dantès's recklessness and watching the man walk to the table with beverages and pastries in the lounge, Audrey looked away and said to Lovesa, "What I'm responsible for is to raise funds at different occasions, and to communicate with the government and parliament?"

"That should be a simple matter for you," Lovesa answered frankly.

This was also why the Church's charity department didn't object to Audrey Hall's participation. In fact, they were very supportive of it.

Audrey nodded in thought and said, "If I have the time to spare, can I join you in visiting the different schools for the promotions, as well as the examination of the candidates?"

Lovesa was originally unwilling to agree, worried that the environment wasn't suitable for Miss Audrey. But when she saw her clear green eyes and

took in her request that she couldn't resist, her heart softened. She felt that such kindness shouldn't be stopped. It wasn't to be isolated from the reality of the lower class.

If Miss Audrey sees true misery and ugliness and is still willing to help the pitiful people, she will definitely be able to be of greater use. It will prevent the higher-ups from always formulating unrealistic measures… Lovesa quickly found a convincing reason as she sighed and smiled.

"No problem.

"However, you won't be able to wear such a dress or wear any jewelry."

What do I do with Lie? Turn it into a bracelet and hide it under my sleeves? Audrey thought as she replied with a smile, "Alright."

…

With Miss Audrey Hall's support, the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation's first board of directors meeting ended perfectly after its establishment. Klein returned to 160 Böklund Street in a good mood.

Following his usual habits, he entered his master bedroom at around two to have an afternoon nap.

In his hazy dream, Klein suddenly jolted awake and sensed something.

Someone was attempting to infiltrate his dream!

Who is it now? I'm even getting disturbed in my afternoon naps? As Klein mumbled, he made the dream transform into the half-open room with the balcony.

Then, he saw the black-haired, green-eyed Leonard with his unkempt clothes somersault through the window.

Does this fellow not know how to use the main door? Why is he suddenly here? I should remember to get his contact method… Klein sat in his reclining chair, feeling peeved and amused. He looked at the poet with a leisurely expression and said, "This is an impolite way of visiting me."

When Leonard heard that, he bowed in a manner that lacked standards.

"Mr. Dantès, I have something I would like to consult you on."

Consult? That's a nice attitude. Also, it doesn't seem to be anything major… Klein secretly tsked as he said, "What's the matter?"

Leonard grabbed a seat and deliberated before asking, "You were embroiled in Cuarón's suicide. Who do you think the real murderer is?"

If I wanted to know, I would have thrown out Frank's mushrooms! However, I can't say that I've no idea at all. That just lowers the impression he has on me… Klein was very accustomed to such situations, so he expertly laughed and, instead of answering, asked, "How were your investigations?"

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CHAPTER 874
I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING

Leonard Mitchell clasped his hands together and leaned in slightly.

"We have restored the scene Cuarón saw before his death.

"This didn't directly show the murderer, but the glass on the oriel window happened to reflect Baron Syndras's figure."

After a pause, Leonard added, "This is too simple and unconvincing. A powerful banker and noble at Baron Syndras's level wouldn't need to personally take action or be present to watch if he wants someone dead, unless he has some special fetishes.

"And as you know, there are many ways to replicate such scenes, be it via an illusion or disguise."

When he mentioned "disguise," he looked up slightly and glanced at Dwayne Dantès. It was as though he was implying that the latter's present appearance was unlikely his true appearance, just like Gehrman Sparrow and Sherlock Moriarty.

What a simple and direct way of framing someone. It's really suspect if the murderer behind the scenes really wants to frame Baron Syndras… Hmm, I should process everything from the beginning. First, assuming that I, in other words, Dwayne Dantès, act like an ordinary person… Anyway, I won't mention the conclusion and only raise questions to guide his train of thought. If the final answer isn't right, that must be because my dear poet misinterpreted it and was unable to figure out what I was getting at… Klein smiled as he raised his porcelain cup and took a sip of black tea.

"Let's not consider this problem first. If the person who wasn't embroiled in this matter wasn't me, how would the case have developed?"

Leonard raised his clasped hands slightly as he tapped his index finger.

"As a suspect, Dwayne Dantès would be remanded at the police station, but his butler, servants, neighbors, and friends will be able to testify that he has never made contact with Cuarón's family. Hence, the testimonies from both sides will contradict strongly. The police will be unable to handle it and request the Nighthawks to intervene.

"Using mediumship means, we will see the scene Cuarón had before committing suicide; thus, obtaining Baron Syndras's figure…"

As he spoke, Leonard suddenly fell silent. After a few minutes, he continued speaking under Dwayne Dantès's smiling gaze.

"Regardless of the unconvincing, odd, and simplistic nature of the clue involving Baron Syndras, we will follow protocol and make contact with him and begin the relevant investigations… And this will lead to certain problems related to him being noticed by us?

"Baron Syndras is involved in matters involving the Beyonder domain, so he can't stand up to further scrutiny from the Nighthawks?"

The more Leonard spoke, the more certain he became. It was as though he had figured out the mastermind's line of thought.

He, or they, might not care if their trap is seen through. As long as they get the Nighthawks to do a routine investigation on him, their goal will be achieved. This is because Baron Syndras hides a rather serious and easily discoverable problem!

Yes, that's the same conclusion I have. This is actually closer to sounding the alarms by providing a tip-off, but it's more mild. It looks like a trap that will make the Nighthawks definitely investigate things while hiding their

existence… Of course, I won't directly acknowledge your guess. Wouldn't it be awkward if I was actually wrong? Klein crossed his right leg over his left and laughed.

"Baron Syndras, who has been alerted, definitely won't show any problems now."

Leonard slowly nodded and said as though explaining to himself, "This baron's experiences are rather legendary. He has been pushed to the brink of bankruptcy a few times, but he managed to turn the tide and ended up reaching a new height.

"Perhaps, in one of these instances, he had sold his soul to the devil, an evil god, or some other secret existence out of desperation?

This story is quite reasonably crafted… Klein didn't comment on the accuracy of Leonard's guess before asking, "On the other hand, how would the Nighthawks treat the real murderer that led to Cuarón's suicide?"

Leonard temporarily put aside all his previous thoughts, and he began following the train of thought based on an "ordinary development."

"The designed trap is too crude. The cuing, guidance, and memory implants were done in an insufficiently concealed and mild manner. It's easy for people to discover problems. Therefore, it's unlikely to be done by Mid- or High-Sequence Beyonders from the Spectator pathway. It looks more like it was done by a Beyonder from another pathway who relied on a mystical item to pose as a Spectator…"

Before he finished his sentence, Leonard fell into silence again; his thoughts a mystery.

Klein maintained his faint smile as he calmly looked at the poet. It was as though he had everything under control, but he wasn't going to say a thing. Everything depended on what Leonard figured out.

This is very similar to what Old Man said from before… Is it really done by some Mid- or High-Sequence Beyonder from the Spectator pathway? His seemingly crude and flawed setup was actually a precise consideration of everyone's reaction. Everyone's response at every step of the way was taken into consideration, with the only mistake stemming from Dwayne Dantès's experience and wisdom? Leonard felt that he had already figured out the truth as he got up and coughed gently.

"Thank you for your advice."

Klein immediately chortled and said, "I didn't say anything."

Without waiting for Leonard's response, he said, "Your former colleague got me to ask you how he should inform you if he were to discover traces of Ince Zangwill."

Leonard, who had planned on getting up to bid farewell, sat back down. Colored with a complicated expression, he said after more than ten seconds of silence, "Pass the information in the form of a letter to 7 Pinster Street."

This means that he won't be leaving Backlund anytime soon? Or is it that no matter how far he goes to carry out missions, he will have the means to monitor 7 Pinster Street and read the letter remotely? It might be the latter assumption. A Marauder pathway's angel definitely has many magical secret techniques. Leonard can definitely use one of them… I can't ask, or else it will lower Dwayne Dantès's level and destroy my setting… Klein wore an unperturbed expression as he said with a smile, "I'll inform him."

Leonard didn't immediately leave as he opened his mouth, paused, and asked, "If I wish to contact him, how should I do it?"

His green eyes were deep as they spoke volumes when he asked.

Klein was already prepared, so he said with a smile, "The spirit that wanders about the unfounded, the friendly creature that can be subordinated, the messenger that belongs to Gehrman Sparrow.

"You can ask Pallez about the exact ritual if you aren't too sure."

Leonard knew that Gehrman Sparrow was Sherlock Moriarty who was also Klein Moretti. He nodded indiscernibly and stood up.

"Thank you for informing me. Please pardon me for my intrusion."

With that said, he retreated to the door, opened it, and left the dream.

Hey, you left just like that? As a Nightmare, or as a former Nightmare, shouldn't you consider how there might be problems with your memory? You remembered it just from hearing it once? You aren't putting enough weight on this matter! Klein couldn't help but lampoon when he saw Leonard's figure disappear.

He shook his head in exasperation, ended his afternoon nap, and began busying himself over the matter regarding West Balam.

…

On the Golden Dream, Danitz, who had finally finished his mission, drank some iced light beer because of the recent hot weather.

If it wasn't because the creation of ice needed Beyonder powers, and that there wasn't much to go around, he felt that he could finish half a bucket of ice in one go.

"That's what I call life!" Danitz guzzled the remaining liquid in his cup.

At this moment, he saw grayish-white fog appear before him as Gehrman Sparrow's voice began echoing in his ears:

“…Please inform Danitz that he is to immediately head to West Balam. Figure out the situation of the areas under the control of the two native generals, Maysanchez and Katamia. He should take special note of any signs of Rose School of Thought activity…”

H-head to West Balam? With a cup in hand, Danitz stammered Gehrman Sparrow's request repeatedly.

He had once headed there with the Golden Dream crew to seek out treasure. He had also obtained rather detailed intel from his captain; therefore, he knew how chaotic and dangerous West Balam was.

*Furthermore, I have to go alone! *Danitz uttered a sound as he found his future bleak.

Primitive forests with all kinds of hidden and terrifying creatures, native tribes who believed in Death and had all sorts of peculiarities, paths filled with bandits and rebel armies, villages with wraiths and shadows haunting them, and cities that had gunfights or even Beyonder battles surfaced in his mind.

No, I have to say no to Gehrman Sparrow. Say no… He should at least send me a helper! Eh… Ordinary people can survive in West Balam and become rich, having their own manors. This means that it's not as horrifying as I imagine it to be. I'm just frightening myself… Besides, Gehrman Sparrow just requested me to figure out the situation, not to contact anyone… Danitz quickly forced a smile and requested Mr. Fool to inform Gehrman Sparrow that he would immediately take action.

Then, following Gehrman Sparrow's instructions, he set up a bestowment ritual to pray to Mr. Fool.

When the ritual came to an end, he saw an illusory door open. A dark golden Sunbird-shaped brooch flew out, landing on the altar.

Sun Brooch!

In the Southern Continent, in a kingdom once ruled by Death, the Sun pathway was one of the most effective Beyonder pathways!

*Directly giving me such a precious item… It's not bad working for Gehrman Sparrow… However, he said something about it being borrowed? *Danitz picked up the brooch and felt his surroundings turn hot and humid.

…

After handing out a mission to Danitz, Klein was just about to open the door to instruct Richardson to get him a cup of iced water when he felt his spiritual perception trigger.

Immediately, he activated his Spirit Vision and saw Reinette Tinekerr walk out of the void. She held the four blonde, red-eyed heads in her hand, with one of them having a letter in its mouth.

*Who's it from? Leonard? *Klein reached out his right hand in suspicion.

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CHAPTER 875
MUMMY

7 Pinster Street. Leonard Mitchell came to his desk and unfolded a piece of paper.

He then picked up a fountain pen and lowered his wrist in preparation to write.

However, just as he dipped a dark blue spot onto the paper, his fountain pen paused. He attempted to move his wrist in order to write a few times, but all his attempts ended up stopping due to hesitation.

He raised his wrist, lowered the fountain pen, and repeated this action again and again. Finally, he froze his wrist in midair.

Pa! Leonard threw down his fountain pen, crumpled the piece of paper, and accurately threw it into the trash can.

…

At 160 Böklund Street, Klein received a thin letter from one of Miss Messenger Reinette Tinekerr's heads.

He felt the weight in his hands and only when his spiritual intuition didn't send him any warnings did he tear it open and retrieve the letter inside.

There was only one page, and on it were two lines of text written in neat, beautiful handwriting:

"I have something that will require your help. Let's discuss it in detail, face-to-face.

"Sharron"

So it's Miss Sharron… Klein had his questions answered as he took out a gold coin and did a simple divination in front of Reinette Tinekerr. Then, he took out another piece of paper and wrote one word:

"Tonight."

After he folded the letter, he asked Miss Messenger as he handed it to her, "Can you still locate her?"

If it wasn't possible, he planned on giving her Sharron's mailing address.

Hillston Borough, 126 Garde Street, Ma'am Maryam.

"Yes…" One of Reinette Tinekerr's blonde, red-eyed heads gave an answer.

The head then opened its mouth and bit down on the letter.

After Miss Messenger vanished from the room, Klein immediately held a ritual, planning to bring Creeping Hunger back to the real world from above the gray fog. He then planned on Traveling to the various archipelagos in search of a lucky pirate.

Creeping Hunger hadn't been sealed yet, so it still required feeding once a day. All Klein could do was barely use it, feeding it whenever he needed to use it. He would then throw it back above the gray fog when the next feeding time was at hand. He wasn't planning on making up for the difference.

If Creeping Hunger dares to make a fuss about it, I'll feed it mushrooms! After ending the ritual and clearing up the scene, Klein wore the thin

human-skinned glove, turning his body translucent until he vanished from his spot.

…

He had his dinner, and after waiting for Creeping Hunger to finish its howling above the gray fog, Klein went to retrieve it by using the excuse of having an upset stomach to enter the bathroom. He then used this opportunity to Teleport to the area outside the Bravehearts Bar in the Backlund Bridge area.

During this process, he had already changed his appearance, turning into the black-haired, mustached, and bespectacled detective, Sherlock Moriarty.

Bending his back and rolling up his pant legs, Klein gave a self-deprecating laugh. He lowered his hat and nudged open the heavy wooden door to step into the bar.

After asking the bartender, he held a cup of Southville beer and went to Billiard Room 3 where he knocked on the locked door.

Knock! Knock! Knock! Amidst the rhythmic knock, the door creaked open a tiny gap.

The red-eyed Ian peeped his head out before breaking out into a smile.

"Sir, please come on in."

As the weather was turning warm, he no longer wore his old coat. Instead, he wore a simple linen shirt.

Klein nodded with a smile and quickly entered the billiard room where he took in the surroundings almost instantly.

Maric, with his hair a little messy, was wearing a white shirt, black vest, and black pants. He was holding onto a cue stick and had his back bent to

play billiards.

Perhaps having a deep impression of causing chaos for Sherlock Moriarty, he didn't summon his zombies to play cards with him.

"Long time no see," Klein greeted first.

Meanwhile, Sharron, with her small black bonnet and black, regal gown, appeared beside the billiard table, sitting on a high stool.

"Good evening, Ma'am." Klein moved his gaze over and bowed with a smile.

Sharron seemed to float up as she stood up before raising the hem of her skirt to do a slight bow as a polite response. As for Maric, he lowered his cue stick and said in a gruff voice, "From the looks of it, you're still in Backlund."

His face was as pale as ever, but the evil look in his brown eyes had lessened significantly. It seemed to be evidence of the effective temperance he had in recent times.

It was apparent that his acquisition of the Scarlet Lunar Corona prevented him from almost breaking down on every full moon, so much so that he didn't need to frequently switch to new types of sedatives.

Klein didn't directly answer Maric. Instead, he walked to the billiard table and put down his beer. Smiling, he said, "I'm very sorry. I was planning to sell a Wraith Beyonder characteristic to you, but unfortunately it was lost."

Sharron's blue eyes didn't move, nor did she probe for a reason. All she asked was a simple, "Are you alright?"

She knew that the Wraith Beyonder characteristic Sherlock Moriarty mentioned belonged to Admiral of Blood Senor. And he was also Sherlock Moriarty's marionette. By losing the Wraith Beyonder characteristic, it also

meant the loss or destruction of his marionette. This was a significant loss for such a Beyonder.

"I'm still alright. At least I didn't suffer any harm," Klein said with a sighing smile.

"No wonder I didn't see Senor this time…" Maric muttered in enlightenment.

Maric and Miss Sharron don't seem too bothered about the lack of that Wraith Beyonder characteristic… They have other means or methods to acquire one? Klein sharply grasped this point and switched to asking, "Is there something this time?"

Maric immediately glanced at Ian. The staid teenager didn't ask further as he quickly left the billiard room and closed the door.

Sharron's doll-like face didn't show any emotion as she allowed Maric to speak.

"Tomorrow, there will be a ship from the Southern Continent arriving in Pritz Harbor. It is intimately tied to the Loen army.

"This ship carries with it treasure and relics plundered from the Star Highlands, Paz Valley, and Haagenti Plains. Among them is a mummy. It's the 19th king of the ancient Haagenti Plains, Tutanssess II.

"The Southern Continent's original language didn't stem from ancient Feysacian. It had its own structure. In the ancient highlander language, 'King' also has the special term, 'Kadiev.' It was translated by Emperor Roselle as Pharaoh. It's a mystery what he was thinking. Also, 'Mummy' was named by him too. In short, the meaning of Pharaoh is the son of God, king of humans.

"Tutanssess II was once a High-Sequence Beyonder. However; after his death, the corresponding characteristic was taken away, leaving only his

corpse behind to be made into a mummy.

"To other Beyonders, this is a material filled with spirituality, an excellent choice for creating a zombie. But to us, it has another meaning, a very important meaning. Our goal this time is to obtain that Tutanssess II mummy."

Another meaning? The corpse of a High-Sequence Beyonder without any Beyonder characteristic. Apart from using it as a material, there's another meaning to it? Klein's heart stirred as he suddenly thought of Ma'am Hermit's request to purchase a drop of Mythical Creature blood.

Could it be the ritual requirement to go from Sequence 5 Wraith to Sequence 4 Puppet? Miss Sharron already has the formula and has digested the Wraith potion? From the way she acts, she's practically acting as a Wraith all the time. Who knows, she might've digested it a long time ago… However, when we were in the underground ruin talking to the evil spirit, it was evident that she didn't possess the Puppet potion formula. Yes, everyone has their own circles. It's not strange for her to be able to obtain it… Klein swept his gaze at Sharron while in thought, but he failed to discover any obvious changes from before. She was still more like a doll than a living person. However, she didn't show any signs of being even darker and creepier.

Sharron silently sat there and watched Sherlock Moriarty and Maric intently, listening into their conversation.

"If it's just a High-Sequence mummy without a Beyonder characteristic, the level of protection can't be too high. Just the two of you shouldn't find it difficult to snatch it away." Klein raised a suspicion.

From his point of view, a Sequence 5 Beyonder could be considered quite a powerhouse. Unless the ship had a demigod escorting it, it was very difficult for Beyonders at the same level to put up any effective resistance if her target was solely a mummy. After all, there were too many items the

Beyonder guards had to look out for. Furthermore, they might be scattered in different cabins due to the different means of storage.

This time, it was Sharron's turn to provide the explanation. She used her succinct manner of speech as usual.

"We're worried that it's a trap the Rose School of Thought is using to target us.

"If there's nothing, 1,000 pounds. If there's something, we will be in charge of drawing attention while you take away the mummy. Depending on the level of danger, it will range from 5,000 to 10,000 pounds."

I see… Klein didn't immediately reply as he thought and asked, "Do you know of Spirit World Plunderers?"

A Wraith was also a type of Beyonder who could effectively move through the spirit world.

Sharron nodded slightly and said, "I can use the cash and the relevant information about Spirit World Plunderers as payment."

Klein tersely acknowledged.

"I'll consider it. I'll write to you before midnight."

As an excellent Seer, he would head above the gray fog to confirm the level of danger regardless of what it was. However, he could confirm that this was definitely not a trap targeted at him since he had no need for a mummy.

"Alright," Sharron replied with a deadpan expression.

Klein didn't immediately bid them farewell as he walked to the door and informed Ian to enter. He then asked, "Are there any news worth taking note of recently?"

Ian thought for a moment and mentioned pieces of information that were relatively important.

“…Someone is trying to find out about the organization that believes in The Fool…”

Klein was somewhat surprised as he asked with a smile, "A young man with black hair and green eyes?"

He suspected that it was Leonard Mitchell.

Ian shook his head.

"No, black hair and black eyes."

Some mister from the Aurora Order? Klein considered for a moment before asking, "Can you draw who it is?"

"…” Ian was taken aback before he said in a self-deprecating manner. "You might never be able to recognize him if that's the case."

At this moment, Sharron said, "I can help you."

"Alright." Ian first heaved a sigh of relief before following the instructions to prepare a rather simple ritual.

Then, his body trembled as he drew a sketch while being possessed by a Wraith:

It was a young man with curly black hair, black eyes, a wide forehead, and a thin face while wearing a monocle.

Amon!

Blasphemer Amon!

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CHAPTER 876
ART OF DIVERTING TROUBLE

Amon!

Klein's pupils constricted, and although he looked normal on the surface, he tensed up significantly with his heart churning with waves of alarm.

Although he had kept using Amon to scare the grandpa in Leonard's body, as well as the Marauder pathway demigod beside Hazel, he was only using the name. He never expected that this Blasphemer, a King of Angels, would arrive in Backlund so quickly. "He" was even looking for the organization that believed in The Fool!

In fact, although it's surprising, it's understandable. With Backlund having an angel and demigod of the Marauder pathway, it's only a matter of time before Amon arrives based on the law of Beyonder characteristics convergence… The only problem is that "He" has been searching for something in the Forsaken Land of the Gods for so many years, so it's unlikely he would suddenly abandon his search. Besides, "His" mausoleum in the outskirts of Backlund has been destroyed by the Machinery Hivemind, making it difficult for "Him" to come and go as he pleases… Therefore, this isn't "His" main body, but an avatar? An avatar that exists in the Northern Continent? Hmm, an angel of the Marauder pathway should be good at using Worms of Time to create avatars. Amon must be stronger than "Them"…Klein's thoughts raced as fast as lightning as he gradually came to a certain conclusion.

At times, he even suspected that the Mythical Creature of the Marauder pathway was a bunch of Worms of Time that combined together via a certain method.

As a Marauder pathway's King of Angels before the Cataclysm, Amon definitely knows what the name "The Fool" means and can detect the corresponding aura…"He" might even wish to steal control over the gray fog…"He" came here for The Fool this time. This is really going to be a headache… After his initial shock, Klein gradually composed himself.

What he was most afraid of now was that he would end up encountering Blasphemer Amon because of the law of Beyonder characteristics convergence. And Amon was clearly able to detect his uniqueness. When that happens, it might not even cause a stir before the so-called The Fool had to consider if he could be resurrected. After all, this was a King of Angels, an existence just second to a true god. Furthermore, the Marauder pathway was always known for their deceit and concealment. Amon wasn't necessarily afraid to take action, even in Backlund. Perhaps stealing the fate of others was a strength of "His."

From the looks of it, temporarily leaving Backlund to head for West Balam might not be a bad choice… Anyway, the biggest problem stems from myself. If I had already advanced and become a Bizarro Sorcerer, I'll be able to hide the gray fog's aura. Even if I encounter Amon, I won't have to be afraid of exposing anything… Klein drew a silent breath as he once again felt a sense of urgency.

He needed to quickly push open the door to Sequence 4, change his existence, and become a demigod!

For this, he needed to work harder, be it making another marionette, acting at a deeper level to speed up his digestion, or gathering the corresponding ingredients!

Phew… Backlund really is a terrifying place. If Ouroboros hasn't left, or if he has already returned, just the ones I know would number four, no—five angels, including two Kings of Angels! I haven't included the royal family and military who use Backlund as their base. I haven't included the underground evil spirit whose whereabouts are unknown. A former King of Angels that fused with the wills of two other angels… If the Rose School of

Thought's Abomination Suah comes in pursuit of Gehrman Sparrow, that would really be a bustle. This would be nothing compared to the demigod-level battle outside Bayam City… Klein looked at the sketch drawn by Ian as he vaguely shook his head.

"Okay, got it."

He shook his head. To Ian and Maric, he had said so because he didn't know the monocled man, but in fact, he was expressing his exasperation.

"I'll have to leave. I'll reply to you before midnight." Klein took off his hat and bowed, slowly walking out of the billiard room. He then teleported back to 160 Böklund Street from a secluded alley outside the Bravehearts Bar.

Inside his master bedroom, the first thing he considered wasn't Miss Sharron's and Maric's request, but on how he was to deal with the problems that Amon brought with "Him".

In such aspects, being rather experienced, he quickly came up with an idea.

It was to find something for Amon to do to draw "His" attention away!

As for what that was, it was definitely something "He" found irresistible, something that he would definitely be interested in; for example, an angel from the Marauder pathway, Pallez Zoroast!

Perhaps this was key to Amon's ability to become a Sequence 0 true god. It would be something far more important than finding the organization that believed in The Fool.

Of course, Klein definitely wouldn't directly sell out Leonard's grandpa, because "He" had yet to show any ill intent to date.

His thoughts were simple. It was to inform this matter to Pallez Zoroast that Amon was already in Backlund. He wanted to see the reaction of the angel

who had survived since the Fourth Epoch; then, he would follow up based on the situation.

If that grandpa is helpless against Amon who's likely only an avatar, he can only get Leonard to use the excuse of a mission to leave Backlund to hide from Amon. As for me, I'll have to bring forward my trip to West Balam. I'll just say that it has something important to do with my network. I'll secretly teleport back for the placenta blood when Snake of Fate Will Auceptin is born… Klein arrived at a decision as he took out a piece of paper and wrote:

"Amon has arrived."

Folding the letter and putting it into an envelope, Klein took out the adventurer's harmonica and blew hard.

When Reinette Tinekerr appeared, he took out a gold coin from his pocket and pressed it on the envelope.

This was one of the ten gold coins that he had gotten Richardson to exchange for him in the afternoon. It was to maintain his image of Dwayne Dantès to being equal to someone at the level of Pallez Zoroast. Even when Klein informed Leonard Mitchell of the method of contact, he didn't inform him that the payment of a gold coin was needed.

This shows that face is something you buy with money… As Klein sighed, he said to Miss Messenger who was wearing a dark, complicated dress.

"Send the letter to 7 Pinster Street. Oh, just throw it into the mailbox. There's no need to send it to the addressee."

As he wasn't certain of Pallez Zoroast's true intentions and character, Klein wished to hide more of his trump cards in front of "Him"; therefore, before Leonard wrote to Klein Moretti, he had no plans on letting the poet see Miss Messenger.

The blonde, red-eyed head in Reinette Tinekerr's left hand was raised up as it sucked the letter and gold coin into its mouth. However, she didn't immediately disappear. Instead, she floated at her spot, looking at Klein silently with all eight eyes.

"What's wrong?" Klein was taken aback before coming up with a guess. He asked with an odd expression, "You don't know where 7 Pinster Street is?"

Only then did he recall that a messenger's delivery of letters depended on their mysticism-based location. It was based on the person they contracted with and people they had formerly delivered letters to. Therefore, once the latter left a detectable range, the messenger would not be able to find them.

Upon hearing Klein's question, two of Reinette Tinekerr's heads nodded in unison, indicating that she didn't know.

Klein immediately coughed lightly, pulled out the drawer, and took out a map of Backlund. He then used a fountain pen to circle out North Borough. Following that, he circled Pinster Street.

"When you're here, you will see the unit number on the buildings." Klein folded the map and handed it over.

The head in Reinette Tinekerr's right hand immediately opened its mouth and bit down on the map. Then, her figure phased away and entered the spirit world.

Upon seeing this, Klein heaved a sigh of relief. He turned and walked out of his master bedroom and headed for the half-open room with the balcony to read the papers and magazines.

Late into the night, he took four steps counterclockwise before soaking into the bathtub and entering the mysterious space above the gray fog.

"Helping Sharron and Maric obtain the Tutanssess II mummy is dangerous." Klein took off the topaz pendant on his left wrist and let it hang

to perform a divination.

This time, the spirit pendulum rotated clockwise with a weak amplitude and relatively slow frequency.

This means that the danger isn't too great… Furthermore, even if it's a trap targeted at Miss Sharron and Maric, there's no need for the present me to be too afraid… Klein beckoned with his hand as he made a translucent miniature black crystal card fly to him.

This was the Fate Siphon charm.

Klein had used a Worm of Time to create a demigod-level high-level charm!

Right on the heels of that, he summoned Creeping Hunger and the Sea God Scepter. Wearing the former, he picked up the latter and recorded Lightning Storm and Hurricane.

The mutated and upgraded Creeping Hunger could use Mr. X's soul and characteristic to record two demigod-level Beyonder powers that didn't exceed Sequence 3. With this, Klein no longer needed to borrow Leymano's Travels anymore. Furthermore, it was more convenient. After all, flipping a spellbook affected his use of Death Knell and the Fate Siphon charm, unless he grew another two hands.

After making his preparations, Klein returned to the real world, pulled out a piece of paper and wrote simply:

"Exact time, location, and plan."

…

At 1 a.m., Leonard, who had slept two hours, woke up energetically. He prepared to leave 7 Pinster Street and head for the Saint Samuel Cathedral's basement.

Just as he stepped out the door, he suddenly had his spiritual intuition trigger before he subconsciously cast his gaze to the side.

A look of puzzlement flashed in his eyes as he walked over and opened the mailbox.

During dinner, he had cleared the newspapers, bills, and letters inside. Typically, there wouldn't be any items in the mailbox until daybreak. After all, the mailmen would've clocked off work and returned home. However, at this moment, there was a thin letter waiting silently at the bottom of the mailbox.

"Old Man, you didn't inform me of a new letter," Leonard said softly as he picked up the letter.

The slightly aged voice in his mind replied, "The person didn't enter."

Leonard knew that Old Man's senses were limited to his body; hence, he didn't speak further. He tore open the envelope and took out the letter, flicking it flat.

The letter was mostly empty with just one short line:

"Amon has arrived."

Amon has arrived… Leonard's pupils dilated immediately.

At the same time, he heard the Parasite in him gasp for the first time.

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CHAPTER 877
WHOSE TRAP

Towards Amon, Leonard didn't have a strong, direct impression of him. All he knew was that it was the most feared enemy of the Parasite in his body. "He" was the culprit that left this mysterious and powerful Old Man injured to this day. Therefore, he quickly calmed down and asked with a suppressed voice, "What do we do now?"

In his mind, the slightly-aged voice sounded after three seconds.

"The one that came probably isn't Amon's actual body but one of 'His' avatars."

"He"…Indeed, Blasphemer Amon is an angel, and probably a Sequence 1 angel. After all, Old Man is suspected to be a Grounded Angel… As Leonard absorbed the information to verify his theories, he listened to Pallez Zoroast continue, *"If Amon's actual body appears in Backlund, it might very well cause a deity's descent."*

A deity's descent? How many years has it been since something like this happened? Since the Fifth Epoch, occurrences like these were legends that were recorded in the internal canon. They had never publicly happened before! Could this mean that, even among Sequence 1s, Amon is one of the most powerful existences? It's no wonder "He" is called a Blasphemer… In just a few words, Leonard came to realize how terrifying the angel named Amon was.

Standing in front of the mailbox, his thoughts wandered when he suddenly had an idea. He hurriedly suppressed his voice and said, "Since Amon has

such importance placed on him by the deities, shouldn't we try to find a way to inform the Church of the news of 'His' appearance in Backlund…”

From Leonard's point of view, The Church of Evernight and Storm, which was born in an earlier epoch and existed through the entire Fourth Epoch, had rich experience in resisting angels. They were the best choice at dealing with Amon.

In his mind, Pallez Zoroast chortled.

"It's useless. It might even be something Amon wishes to accomplish.

"To 'Him,' it's just a loss of an avatar. It will just waste a bit of his strength but not deal 'Him' any actual harm. And 'He' can use the death of 'His' avatar to see the corresponding changes in fate. From that, he will be able to see the source of the stir or the creation of the waves. Although this doesn't allow 'Him' to directly lock onto you and me, he will be able to greatly reduce the circle, creating the conditions for 'His' actual body to deal a lethal blow.

"Besides, do you think there will only be one avatar of Amon in Backlund?

"Based on 'His' habits and style, 'He' might only have one avatar that 'He' doesn't hide, but in fact, surrounding this 'beacon' are several, dozens, or even more than a hundred avatars.

"When we attempt to eliminate the one that's out in the open, it might very well be the case that a few, dozens, or more than a hundred Amons will appear from every spot. 'He' could be a passerby, a bird on the roof, an ant on the ground, and 'He' could also be an insect in wooden logs, microbes in the air. One who isn't a demigod wouldn't notice it even if 'His' avatar invades their bodies…”

As he listened to Old Man's detailed description, Leonard felt a chill run through his back. He suddenly had a feeling that the surrounding air was filled with countless Amons.

"You're afraid now?" Pallez Zoroast chuckled. *"If you understand how Amon can steal away your fate without showing any anomalies, you will be even more terrified."*

"What do you mean by stealing away my fate?" Leonard asked, feeling wary and puzzled.

Pallez's old voice sighed.

"'He' will follow you back. Then, you'll discover that your parents will be making 'Him' their son. Your wife will view 'Him' as her husband. Your child will treat 'Him' as their father. Your friends, everyone you know, will treat 'Him' as you. And you will be the unlucky one. You will lose all connection with the real world and slowly die."

“…Would such a theft be permanent?" Leonard couldn't help but draw a gasp.

Pallez Zoroast sniggered.

"Before a thief is caught, will he volunteer to return what he stole?

"Unless 'He' has had enough fun with it."

Leonard instantly fell silent. He felt that an enemy at Amon's level was no longer someone one could defend themselves against but was completely unfathomable.

After a few seconds, he asked, hardly being able to hide his hoarse voice, "Then what do we do?"

He didn't share his own thoughts because they were most likely unpragmatic.

Pallez Zoroast fell silent for a moment before saying, *"Let's watch and see."*

…

Inside the Bravehearts Bar.

Maric was waiting at Billiard Room 3 according to the agreement.

Since Sherlock Moriarty had agreed to provide help, discussing the operation's details face-to-face was necessary.

It wasn't something that could be figured out via an exchange of letters.

Guzzling down a mouthful of beer, Maric raised his hand to comb his hair. His pale face was drained of the color of blood. The demented look on his face was a lot less than before.

At this moment, his heart stirred. He looked up to the side and saw a figure in a top hat and formal suit outlined quickly. It was none other than Sherlock Moriarty.

Teleport? Maric's heart palpitated as his pupils constricted. He instinctively raised his level of wariness.

This wasn't because he didn't trust Sherlock Moriarty, but a natural reaction for a creature when facing a higher existence on the food chain.

At the same time, he noticed through the corner of his eye that Sharron's doll-like figure had appeared on the high stool.

Klein pressed down his hat and bowed at the two. He said with a smile, "What I'm most concerned about is the amount of intel you have.

"If there's sufficient intel, the chances of success will be higher and the risks lower.

"Let me raise a simple example. Do you believe that Tutanssess II's mummy doesn't have any problems? Can you confirm which coffin it is in?

If you can, I can teleport over before the guards react, traveling with it through the spirit world. That way, the problem will be resolved."

Just as Maric tried recalling, he heard Sharron say in a calm tone, "It can be confirmed which coffin it is, but we cannot confirm if there are any problems with it."

Klein nodded and pulled a chair over to sit.

"Apart from that, what else do you know?"

Sharron's blue eyes moved slightly.

"It might be a trap by the Rose School of Thought, or it might be a trap by the Loen military."

You didn't mention the second guess previously… That's right, before obtaining any confirmation of cooperating together, even I wouldn't divulge too much… Klein thought as he questioned, targeting the latter point.

"A trap meant for the Rose School of Thought?"

Maric answered this time. He said in detail, "In the ancient Highlands Kingdom, creating a mummy was the tradition for an esteemed person. It's considered sacred, and the Pharaoh's mummy is not something to be blasphemed against. Back then, before the Loen, Intis, and Feynapotter allied forces attacked this kingdom, the Pharaoh's descendants had moved the most important batch of mummies, including the remains of the Pharaohs of past dynasties.

"This time, one of the Highlands' rebel armies had their secret base stormed. The Loen army found the Tutanssess II mummy at the lowest level and plan on delivering it to Backlund to hand it to an unknown military organization for research.

"To the Pharaoh's descendants, this is an insult of the greatest order. They have a sufficient motive to snatch Tutanssess II's mummy back. And among these descendants, there's a demigod named Mahmosi. He's both one of the main leaders of the rebel army and is also an important member of the Rose School of Thought. He's the student of Abomination Suah."

Klein nodded slightly and answered, "That is to say that Tutanssess II's mummy might be bait for the Loen army to fish out Mahmosi. Of course, this doesn't exclude the possibility that the Rose School of Thought is deliberately sacrificing a Pharaoh's remains to eliminate you."

He originally wanted to say that as a Sequence 6 and 5, there was no need for the Rose School of Thought to go to such an extent. But when he recalled that the present main faction of the Rose School of Thought was "indulgence," with them not holding back when it came to their desire for revenge, he believed that he couldn't make a decision using an ordinary person's point of view.

Furthermore, Miss Sharron and Maric were able to escape the Mother Tree of Desire's restrictions and successfully escape from the Rose School of Thought. Apart from luck, they might have someone supporting them in secret… If there is such a person, that person is definitely a target the Rose School of Thought wants to be uprooted… Klein's mind naturally formulated these thoughts, but he didn't say it out loud.

"Yes," Maric said as he rubbed the corners of his eyes. The large amount of words he said had made him feel perturbed both in mind and desire.

Klein thought for a moment before saying, "If it's the former, the situation might be more troublesome than I imagined.

"To deal with a demigod, a demigod with companions, the Loen army will have at least two Beyonders at the same combat level as Mahmosi lying in ambush. Apart from that, they will definitely have some redundancies to prevent any accidents. For example, they will prepare a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. In short, if this isn't near Backlund or made into a joint operation

with the three Churches, it might not be possible to so easily set up such a trap."

Sharron's chin moved slightly as she nodded in agreement with Sherlock Moriarty's judgment.

Klein didn't emphasize the difficulty as he said, "Therefore, we have to obtain more accurate and detailed intel. From that, we can make more targeted preparations. This will allow us to achieve our goals."

Without waiting for Sharron and Maric to say a word, he added, "I know of a secret existence for magic mirror divination. 'He' strictly adheres to a principle of reciprocity. If you do not mind your privacy or actions that will bring about intense humiliation, you can obtain answers to many questions from 'Him.'

"Are you willing to try?

"I'll perform the summoning."

In dark divination, whoever did the summoning typically suffered the greatest risk.

"What happens if I refuse to divulge my private matters or reject doing such actions?" Maric asked with narrowed eyes.

Klein sincerely replied, "You'll suffer a lightning strike, causing quite significant damage."

Lightning strike… Maric originally believed that with a Zombie's toughness, it wasn't too big a problem to suffer any direct damage, but he had never expected it to be lightning which was relatively strong against the dead.

He hesitated for a moment and glanced at Sharron. After receiving an affirmative nod, he exhaled and said, "Okay."

Klein didn't speak further. He took out a piece of paper from his pocket as he instructed, "Prepare a mirror."

Just as he said that, a palm-sized makeup mirror appeared on the billiard table.

A regal-styled makeup mirror… Klein glanced at it and drew a symbol that was a mixture of concealment and mystery prying.

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CHAPTER 878
ARRODES'S QUESTION

With Klein finishing his final stroke, the lights in Billiard Room 3 dimmed.

On the dainty makeup mirror, aqueous patterns rippled out before turning into a dark scene.

Immediately, one bloody word after another appeared:

"Raise your questions."

This scene was filled with a sense of supernatural horror. Even though standing there was a Wraith and a Zombie, they couldn't help but feel overwhelmed as they momentarily didn't dare say a word.

Only Klein continued wearing a smile as though he was accustomed to all of this.

He had previously exhorted Arrodes to not raise questions that were too difficult or private, and also to not act like a servant. If it wasn't because Sharron and Maric could ask much more targeted questions as a result of understanding the situation better, Klein was more inclined to handling it himself and not exposing the reality of having such a "helper."

After a few seconds of silence, Maric took two steps forward, came to the billiard table, and opened his mouth.

At this moment, Sharron gentle but emotionless voice sounded:

"I'll ask the questions."

Without waiting for Maric to answer, she floated up into a standing position and looked at the mirror.

"Is the Tutanssess II mummy a trap that the Loen military set up to target the Rose School of Thought?"

The mirror's blood-red words melted away and slid down, dragging away the stains, barely leaving two words behind which wriggled to form:

"That's right."

It is indeed a trap the Loen military set up for the Rose School of Thought. We can preliminary eliminate the situation that it's a plot the Rose School of Thought has to target Miss Sharron and Maric. After all, the risk involved exceeds the value of a Sequence 5 and 6 combined. Even if the Rose School of Thought can't curb their desire for revenge, they wouldn't be this crazy; unless, they were already planning on dealing with the Loen military and decided to involve this matter as well. If that's the case, the best place to have such a matter unfold would be in the Southern Continent or at sea, and not somewhere in the vicinity of Backlund. Who knows what kind of terrifying fellows are hidden here… Amidst his thoughts, Klein saw the surface of the mirror turn dark again as new blood-colored words appeared:

"Based on the principle of reciprocity, it's my turn to ask a question.

"If you answer wrong or lie, you will be punished."

Rather obedient. He didn't make the request of doing artistic actions… Looking at the billiard table, Klein nodded indiscernibly.

At this moment, the words from before slowly vanished, presenting new words:

"You…”

As the bloody word froze for a full three seconds, it followed up:

“…are to answer with the relationship between the Chained God and the Mother Tree of Desire."

For some reason, Klein felt that the remaining parts of the sentence had its blood-colored text darken significantly. Thankfully, the question wasn't too out of place, and it was something he would like to know.

Sharron looked at the mirror and replied in a deadpan manner, "Since the Fifth Epoch, after the perishing of Death, the Eggers family gradually lost control over the Star Highlands and Paz Valley, allowing those places to have their own Beyonder organization, the Rose School of Thought.

"In the beginning, there wasn't the Mother Tree of Desire, only the Chained God. The Rose School of Thought advocated temperance and established a religious ritual system, including laws. Formal members led ascetic lives to deal with the repercussions of receiving powers.

"One day, a divine revelation added terms about indulgence. Many people slowly changed and restored ancient but bloody primitive sacrificial traditions. Later, the School of Thought's upper echelons began secretly calling the Chained God the manifestation of the Mother Tree of Desire."

By the sound of it, the Chained God was corrupted by the Mother Tree of Desire bit by bit or replaced… If this entity was once a Sequence 0, then the Mother Tree of Desire is truly terrifying. It's no wonder it's viewed as an enemy by all the other deities… However, the Chained God might not be a Sequence 0. There's a small possibility of being a Uniqueness that has fully come to life, or a King of Angels with two Sequence 1 characteristics, or even someone weaker. There's currently not enough information to verify the matter… Klein frowned slightly as he began thinking about the matters regarding the Mother Tree of Desire.

At this moment, Sharron had switched to asking, "What problems does the Tutanssess II mummy possess?"

On the mirror's surface, the blood-red text squirmed and changed into a complete sentence:

"It's filled with hexes, a manifestation of hexes. It has the possibility of automatically becoming a Zombie."

This mummy is comprised of hexes? As expected of a corpse left behind by a High-Sequence Beyonder… How should this be resolved? Klein turned to look at Sharron and Maric and discovered that they were sufficiently calm without any hint of surprise, as though they already knew that. And this also meant that they had the means to resolve the matter. Of course, Sharron didn't have much of an expression regardless of the matter. She was as calm as she always was.

After Arrodes answered, it followed the principle of reciprocity and raised its question:

"You…”

“…have been trying hard to increase your Sequence. Why do you do so?"

This time, it had used the same bloody text as the opening, but the words that followed after a few seconds didn't appear that bright.

Does this mean that Arrodes is hesitating and struggling, resisting its own urges? On the one hand, it finds it difficult to curb its wishes to raise difficult-to-answer questions, but on the other hand, it's taking my instructions into considerations and thus holding back? Klein thought in amusement.

Sharron stood there in silence before gently moving her lips.

"In the beginning, it was to not be bullied by others. Now, it's to have the strength to protect myself and my companions, and revenge, as well as spread the principle of temperance… If everyone can temper their desires, to not have wars and killing, there will be less misery."

Klein was surprised by what he heard. His impression of Sharron was that she was a woman of few words.

It wasn't that she couldn't say that many words, but that even if she had much to say, she held back greatly and didn't provide any additional descriptions. For example, in her answer to the first question, she had simply recounted the situation, and although she appeared to say a lot, she hadn't said one word more or anything subjective. The words she added towards the end was a relatively talkative act based on her character.

This is something that's been on her mind, a point of view that she has been repressing for a very long time? Klein suddenly imagined the chaotic reality of the wars in the Southern Continent.

They were lands with plenty of slavery. There were batches of people from the lower class who died of hunger and sickness. There were constant wars and live sacrifices.

If I were born in the Southern Continent and could live to this point, I'll definitely wish for world peace and happiness to the people… Speaking of which, Miss Sharron and Maric do not look like they are of Southern Continent descent. That's right, before Death perished, passage between the Northern and Southern Continent was allowed… Also, Sharron mentioned revenge. That word was said without conviction, as though she doesn't hold out hope for it. Or does she not have that strong of a desire for it? Klein sighed silently as he watched Sharron raise detail after detail and answer question after question.

After learning of the situation regarding the Tutanssess II mummy, Sharron asked again, "Apart from Mahmosi, who are the High-Sequence Beyonders that will appear in this trap?"

The mirror surface's aqueous wave rippled and formed a bright light, one that enveloped everything. Nothing else could be seen.

*With Arrodes's powers, it likely involves an angel or Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. That's why it wasn't able to provide an accurate answer… *Klein retracted his gaze and said to Sharron and Maric with a smile, "From the looks of it, it's as I guessed. The Loen military has prepared plenty of redundancies."

Sharron nodded slightly as she continued staring at the mirror, awaiting the secret existence to raise "His" question.

The blood-colored text squirmed and no longer paused like before. Everything appeared at once.

"What are your thoughts regarding your teacher?"

Teacher? Miss Sharron has a teacher… That's right, as part of the temperance faction, to not be influenced by the Rose School of Thought which had changed internally, and to keep to her original path, someone must've provided her with help… This is also one of the reasons why she and Maric could escape? Enlightened, Klein anticipated Sharron's answer.

Sharron pursed her lips.

"I respect 'Her'."

*… She used 'Her'? *Klein nearly couldn't maintain his smile from the shock.

Including the orthodox Churches and the various major Beyonder organizations, Grounded Angels were very rare. There might only be one or two. He originally imagined that Sharron's teacher was a Sequence 4 or 3 saint with a peak strength equivalent to Sea King Jahn Kottman. To his surprise, she had used "Her" as a pronoun. In Loen, ancient Feysac, and even Jotun and Elvish, this pronoun was very different from his, her, its!

After his shock, Klein suddenly sighed deeply. *Miss Sharron's current situation largely implies that her teacher is probably not around. She and*

Maric escaped perhaps due to the final struggle of the temperance faction within the Rose School of Thought. And to the Mother Tree of Desire, either it's corruption or decimation to create a Sealed Artifact. There will not be any other choices.

The mirror turned dark again as the bright red text vanished.

After a while, new words appeared again.

"Continue."

"I no longer have any questions. Thank you for your help," Sharron curtsied as she said slowly.

With her saying that, the mirror returned to normal. The lighting in the billiard room wasn't dim any longer.

Sharron looked at Klein and said in a tone without any abnormalities, "We shall forgo this matter."

Clearly, she also understood the meaning behind the blast of light that appeared during the hidden existence's final answer.

Klein shook his head and smiled.

"There's no need to rush into a decision. Let me ask you a few more things. Perhaps there might still be a chance that doesn't require us to take too much of a risk."

At least my divination results say that it's possible! he added silently.

"What is it?" Maric couldn't help but ask.

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CHAPTER 879
DUAL PURPOSE

Upon hearing Maric's question, Klein picked up the piece of paper with the symbol that summoned Arrodes and shook it as he wiped away his smile. He said in all seriousness, "Tell me the detailed process for creating a Pharaoh mummy in the ancient Highlands Kingdom."

As he said that, the piece of paper was engulfed in scarlet-red flames, turning to ash.

Maric glanced at Sharron and replied after some thought.

"First step, lay it down for three to five days and use some auxiliary methods to make the Beyonder characteristic naturally seep out and not become a Sealed Artifact from fusing with any parts of the Pharaoh's body.

"Second step, hold a cleansing ritual. Place the corpse on an altar, pray to the Chained God, and hope that half the deceased's spirit remains in the body. This won't affect the return of the son of God, and it can also allow the created mummy to maintain a long period of spirituality.

"Third step, using Beyonder powers or actual technology, remove the corpse's brain, innards, and bodily fluids, leaving only the heart.

"Fourth step, stuff the corpse with perfumes and medicine that's filled with spirituality and completely dehydrate the body…

"Fifth step, stuff the perfumes and medicine inside again. Arrange some preparations for a ritual on the corpse's surface, then wrap it up in linen bandages before putting it into a sarcophagus.

"Sixth step, the organs which were handled in a similar manner as the fourth step will be used as materials for the ritual. They will be placed in the four corners of the sarcophagus. Likewise for the brain and bodily fluids. The former will be stirred into mush, mixing with the latter. And the sarcophagus will have some preserved circulatory tracts that mimic the deceased state before death… This can gather spirituality from the spirit world and the surroundings, making the Pharaoh mummy an ingredient rich in spirituality even after more than a millennium. It can be made into a rather powerful zombie…"

Sounds like it has nothing to do with enhancing one's ability in that area. I wonder how Apothecaries turn such rot into a miracle. Yes, there seems to be a difference in the way Egyptian mummies are made on Earth. The level of mysticism involved is a lot greater… Klein finished listening carefully and quickly analyzed if there was anything that could be used as part of the plan.

Regardless, Tutanssess II's mummy is something with extreme research value. Unless it's necessary, no one is willing to destroy it… Klein fell into deep thought for a moment before looking at Sharron who had returned onto her high stool. He asked with a solemn expression, "What's the furthest distance you can travel with Mirror Blink?"

Sharron sat there and answered without any hesitation, "300 meters."

That's far enough, much better than my Flaming Jump. However, this is expected. After all, a Wraith's main trait is to come and go without detection, while Flaming Jump is just part of a magic show… Hmm, not bad. This can be used… Klein couldn't help but inwardly make a poignant remark.

Although he once had a Wraith marionette, he didn't know the limits of Mirror Blink, because before it could reach its limit, it would slip out from his control radius. Once that happened, the marionette was equivalent to a dead object. The blink would fail midway.

Klein asked a few more questions and formulated a general plan. After looking at Sharron and Maric separately, he said with a steady tone, "We still have a chance of snatching Tutanssess II's mummy away. There is a risk, but it won't be high.

"Yes, that's on the condition that the two of you listen to my instructions. Let me lead this operation. Of course, if you believe it's unacceptable, you can choose to terminate the operation midway and choose to return. That's your freedom. Just remember to pay me."

If this was in the past, Maric would've rejected the proposal without a thought. He and Sherlock were considered very experienced Mid-Sequence Beyonders, so how could he listen to a newly-advanced Beyonder who had once sought their protection before? But after the previous cooperation effort, the intelligence, adaptability, and the mysterious items Sherlock Moriarty possessed had left a deep impression on Maric. He couldn't help but consider him as equals. When news of Gehrman Sparrow continuously reached Backlund, he had been shocked, being even more convinced that he was one of the strongest Beyonders below that of High-Sequence Beyonders. In mysticism, this was a form of authority when it came to Beyonder combat.

Since he possessed authority, it meant abiding by it!

He can still teleport… Maric recalled the way Sherlock Moriarty appeared, and he had a strong sense of confidence bolstered within him. Perhaps there was a chance of success.

He turned his head and looked at Sharron.

The two nodded in unison.

"Alright," Sharron responded, her blue eyes not showing any signs of hesitation.

Klein immediately revealed a smile.

"I'll go into the specifics when we rendezvous at the scene."

Apart from defining the problems and obtaining a more accurate account of the situation, his deliberate appearance using Traveling and providing a "secret existence" to obtain intel was also to establish his image. It boosted the way they viewed him, giving him the ability to be in charge.

As a Marionettist, even without a marionette for the time being, he had to control others to complete a targeted act!

To Klein, this operation was partly to help Sharron and Maric, but he also had hopes of using this grand act and his directing of puppets to further accelerate the digestion of his potion.

It had to be said that the immense pressure of Amon's appearance in Backlund and his recent interaction with Spectators had allowed the marionette-less him to greater understand the Marionettist principle he had previously concluded. With his marionette as a lead, he could control his enemies to put on a puppet act in real life.

His current idea was:

Even without a marionette, he could use his dominance, language, and the settings he designed, or a combination of these factors, to control his target, putting on a puppet act in real life.

Marionettists weren't only controlling Spirit Body Threads!

And what he did previously was merely a small attempt.

Just like Amon, a simple appearance is enough to put many matters into motion. It makes me and Pallez Zoroast appear to be waiting for "Him" to signal with a wave of the conductor's baton… Klein silently sighed as he heard Sharron and Maric answer in unison, "Okay."

…

In the evening at Pritz Harbor, there were elegant gas street lamps made of black metal. They illuminated the various streets with the light they emitted.

At this moment, most of the ships had moored. Silence was the main tune of the area.

At the top of a warehouse, there were many wooden crates circling an area. Three figures suddenly appeared from the void. They were none other than Sherlock Moriarty in his formal suit and top hat, Maric in his white shirt and black vest, and Sharron who always wore a black bonnet and regal dress.

With the help of Teleport, they directly traveled from Backlund all the way here. There was quite a distance between them and the dock where the ship that carried the Tutanssess II mummy was moored at.

Klein pressed down with his right hand as the bottom of his feet stepped on the wood. He nimbly leaped above the crossbar and, like walking on flat ground, quickly arrived by the wall.

There was a tiny air vent here.

He then took out the telescope provided by Sharron, and he looked at the dock based on the intel.

All the building roofs were occupied by soldiers with steam backpacks and thick-barreled rifles. They patrolled the area and were alert of their surroundings, prepared to shoot at any trespassers who dared come near. Only one warning was to be given.

Apart from them, there were a few exaggerated robot monsters parked around the dock. They were entirely metal, and their height had exceeded that of giants. At the top of them, cold machine guns could rotate, and a steam chimney stood erect. The bottoms were grayish-white in color, with many parts exposing rivets, nuts, and gears. They looked rather crude.

In addition, in front of the robots was a very thick cannon. Situated underneath it were two rows of metal wheels with rubber treads.

They were obviously manned, but Klein couldn't see who they were, making it impossible to determine if they were Beyonders or not.

Close to these steel monsters, above the dock was a dark black metal tower standing at a height of more than ten meters. It had a complicated pulley system that seemed to lack any sophistication. Drooping down were steel cables and a hook.

On the surface, it doesn't seem too simple, but it can't be considered a high-level military operation… Klein retracted his gaze and threw the telescope to the approaching Maric so that he could observe the situation.

Before they started taking action, they had come to an agreement. It was to not use Beyonder powers, relying on non-mysticism methods to spy on their target to avoid sounding off any alarms. After all, it was very likely that a demigod was lurking in the dock district.

Of course, Klein had adjusted the powers recorded inside Creeping Hunger. He had matched Paper Angel with Hurricane instead of Lightning Storm.

After Sharron was kept up to date with the situation, Klein, who was standing by a wooden frame, revealed a seemingly relaxed smile.

"We only have one purpose today. It is to make an attempt if there's a chance. If there isn't, we'd rather observe by the side and even evacuate ahead of time.

"Any questions?"

"No," Sharron calmly replied. Maric shook his head, expressing the same intent.

Klein nodded and looked at Maric.

"How many mirrors have you brought?"

"Nine." Maric showed his preparations as he pointed to his eyes. "These also count."

"Alright." Klein pointed in a direction. "When I leave, you are to head for Pritz Harbor. Along the way, throw these mirrors."

Maric gaped as though he wanted to ask why. But soon, he understood Sherlock Moriarty's intentions and nodded seriously.

"I'll follow your instructions."

Klein smiled as he extended his hand in midair.

"I hope for a pleasant partnership."

Maric hesitated for a second before extending his right hand to struck palms with him.

After doing this, the tense feelings in him felt relieved for some reason.

Klein turned to Sharron, took out an iron cigar case, and passed it to her.

"Take this. After receiving my cue, fly towards the lighthouse.

"Following that, silently count down from three before removing the wall of spirituality.

"During this process, as well as after it's completed, you must not stop flying. Try to fly as irregularly as possible, regardless of the methods employed.

"When you see me create fireworks, immediately isolate the cigar case with a wall of spirituality, and do a Mirror Blink in Maric's direction. Use everything you have.

"After you meet up, flee all the way without waiting for me. I'll teleport to you."

One of the core items in the operation tonight was Azik's copper whistle!

Stealing the Tutanssess II mummy is difficult, but I can get it to run towards me!

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CHAPTER 880
THE SILENT ONE

After hearing Sherlock Moriarty's plan, Sharron didn't say anything apart from nod her head once in agreement.

Klein immediately took out a steel-gray metal mask and wore it, only revealing his eyes and nostrils.

Similarly, Sharron and Maric wore similar masks as well.

However, they had different reasons for the disguise. For the Wraith and Zombie, it was solely to prevent themselves from being recognized by the Loen military; thus, curtailing their ability to be active in Backlund. As for a Faceless, the act of wearing a mask hid his pathway's trait of being able to change appearances. It was a form of misdirection for the Loen military's and Rose School of Thought's subsequent investigations. After all, they would follow normal logic. Since your face was fake to begin with, why would you do the unnecessary act of wearing a mask?

After waiting for a while, a dull whistle sounded as a ship cruised into the port in the darkness.

Klein returned to the vent, raised the telescope, and cast his gaze at the heavily guarded harbor.

He soon saw a hybrid sailboat with a chimney slowing down as it docked. Meanwhile, two squads of soldiers in red tops and white pants ran over in an orderly fashion with rifles in hand before standing on two sides of a path.

Before long, a gangway was lowered, and people from the ship began alighting.

First were sailors carrying wooden crates. Following that, it was a young man dressed in a major's uniform. He held a small casket made of crystal with a heavy expression. Surrounding him were several members of the ship's crew.

The crew were holding lanterns, illuminating the casket from various angles; thus, accentuating what was inside.

In it was a human skull without any flesh and blood left. It had a strange luster swirling under the light!

The group of people moved at a rather slow speed, as though they were constantly taking note of the angles of illumination to not leave any dark spots.

After they got off the ship, they followed the path to the nearest cargo rail where a steam locomotive was waiting there like a giant serpent. In the cabin behind, a man in a black formal suit walked out.

He was carrying a huge iron bucket, and diagonally above, one could see that it contained layers of ice blocks.

For a second, Klein nearly imagined that there was a bottle of wine inside the ice blocks, just like how alcohol was presented amongst high society and high-end restaurants. However, he soon saw what was embedded in the ice.

It was a hand made purely out of gold!

Unlike the group of people, the man carrying the bucket moved very quickly. Beads of perspiration kept dripping from his forehead as the contact between his palms and the metal surface produced mist.

He seemed to be worried that the ice would completely melt before he arrived at his destination.

The military managed to plunder quite a number of Sealed Artifacts at the Star Highlands, Paz Valley, and Haagenti Plains… Klein sighed poignantly as he patiently waited for Tutanssess II's sarcophagus to appear.

Another ten plus minutes passed when, situated in the distance, Klein, Sharron, and Maric heard heavy footsteps.

It was like a giant walking over a hollow deck.

Right on the heels of that, the cabin's side door opened. Four "knights" in black full-body armor carried a golden sarcophagus as they slowly walked out. Their footsteps clinked and clanked, reverberating.

The sarcophagus's surface was engraved with symbols like strange birds, serpents, feathers, and masks. It appeared ancient and mysterious, with the rich flair of an ancient Highlands Kingdom. It was none other than the Tutanssess II mummy's resting bed!

Sounds of metallic chains grinding against each other sounded as a pitch-black metal capstan slowly rotated, lowering the steel cables and hook down. People began securing them against the corners of Tutanssess II's sarcophagus.

Then, a complicated gear system began operating as the heavy sarcophagus was hung up, moving towards a topless carriage outside the harbor.

The four black, full-bodied-armored "knights" had the pressure on them relieved as they sat on the deck, letting out heavy panting.

Amidst the panting, one of the "knights" suddenly grunted.

In a crevice of his armor, dark red blood streamed out in increasing amounts. Towards the end, tiny black armored worms began crawling out of

it.

Thud!

The "knight" fell backward, his helmet falling off, revealing mangled flesh and a head whose eye sockets were empty. Countless black armored worms crawled out.

A hex… Tutanssess II's mummy is a manifestation of hexes itself… Even when wearing armor with augmented blessings, it's unable to completely avoid being cursed… Klein sighed silently as he cast his gaze to the golden sarcophagus which was being slowly lowered onto the carriage.

The carriage outside the harbor didn't have any horses. Standing around the carriage were four "knights" in the same outfits as the ones before.

With the sarcophagus landing, they approached the carriage in preparation to pull it.

At this moment, the wheels of the carriage suddenly begun spinning as it maintained its balance and began moving towards the side.

At that moment, it seemed to come to life!

Klein's mind tensed up as his gaze turned intense.

Pa! Pa! Pa! The wheels spun rapidly, slamming into the rocks, logs, and steps on an irregular path. The carriage without any horses dragged the golden sarcophagus as it moved towards an empty spot of the harbor.

This scene looked like a scene as described in a horror story.

Close to the harbor, a steel monster with a chimney, cannon, and machine gun turned around as a deep voice was heard from the inside without any obstacles.

"Possession is prohibited here."

Just as this was said, the carriage which was moving by itself lost its drive. After drawing out two long tracks, it steadily came to a halt.

At the same time, a figure wearing a white robe with golden threads was outlined in midair. He had pale-yellow curled hair, with his eye sockets clearly recessed. His face was thin to the bone.

This was a middle-aged man with mixed heritage from the Southern and Northern Continent. His brown eyes had irrepressible maleficence and madness. His rather thick lips were pierced with dense, patterned golden nails that sealed his mouth. He exuded a sinister and terrifying feeling.

According to Sharron's and Maric's description of the characteristics and portrait, Klein instantly recognized him to be an important member of the Rose School of Thought, one of the leaders of the Highland's rebel army, Mahmosi, who had the nickname, The Silent One.

Just as Mahmosi appeared, he cast his gaze to the steel monster that had issued the command. He completely ignored the Tutanssess II sarcophagus that was staying put diagonally beneath him.

His previous attempt was apparently to determine the location of the Loen military's demigod!

In a snap, Mahmosi raised his right hand and pulled at the corner of his mouth.

The golden nails that pierced through his lips shot out like bullets as they no longer sealed his mouth.

Following that, Mahmosi opened his mouth.

Klein didn't hear any sound, nor did he see any light. He discovered the gigantic steam chariot seemed to warp like it was melting. In a blink of an

eye, it had transformed into a goat.

A goat with glazed eyes and messy wool!

With a spurting sound, blood spewed out of the goat's abdomen as a blob of flesh rolled out. Embedded in it was a white glove and a golden mask.

A beam suddenly shot out from the flesh, cleaving through all the chaos and evilness. The squirming flesh and blood began forming a humanoid figure, returning to its original appearance.

It was a black-haired, golden-eyed man with a mask.

At this moment, Mahmosi raised his palm, causing all the guns and cannons that were aiming at him to rise into the sky as they shot into the air.

Then, he took out a cloth doll.

The doll seemed to be made of old cloth. There were obvious stains and specks of blood. Its eyes had been dug out, leaving two empty holes.

The moment it saw light, its face began transforming. Its target of reference was none other than the demigod from the Loen military. Its eye sockets were aimed straight at the man in the golden mask!

When the Loen military's demigod saw this, he immediately made the ring on his right hand emit a crystalline beam of light as he vanished from his spot, phasing to the back of Mahmosi.

However, the doll's transformation didn't stop at all.

Meanwhile, to the side of Tutanssess II's sarcophagus, the space around it warped as a translucent mouth spanning more than ten meters was outlined.

The mouth suddenly opened and sucked in, creating a terrifying gale that swept up the sarcophagus and the carriage together.

It was suspected to be a spirit world creature!

It was about to devour the Tutanssess II mummy's sarcophagus!

Suddenly, the bullets and cannonballs that shot into the air turned brilliant as they gathered together, transforming into a grand sea of light that inundated everything.

Klein felt a stabbing pain in his eyes, and even though he closed them in time, tears still flowed down.

Two seconds later, he opened his eyes again and saw the spirit world creature that was only a gigantic mouth had disappeared. Tutanssess II's golden sarcophagus remained sitting silently on the other carriage. Mahmosi's figure had blinked away to the other end of the harbor thanks to a metallic surface. The dirty doll in his hand had been restored to its original form while the masked golden-eyed man did a short-distance teleport as he engaged in tight pursuit.

And the spot where the two were originally standing, a female figure in a black evening gown appeared. She too was wearing a golden mask, and on her head was a crown folded from thorns.

On the crown, pure light quickly swirled, amassing an "ocean"; however, it was in a dim state.

At this moment, Klein saw a hand—a hand wearing a black glove.

It was hidden in the shadows, reaching out as it grabbed at the sarcophagus where Tutanssess II's mummy was stored.

The sarcophagus suddenly vanished, appearing right in front of the palm!

The Rose School of Thought hadn't sent one demigod, but two. Furthermore, they brought with them a Sealed Artifact from the Marauder pathway!

Upon seeing this, Klein immediately turned his head and shouted to Maric, "Run!"

Maric had been awaiting his orders, so he leaped up the moment he heard that, rushing out of the warehouse as he dashed fervently out of the harbor.

Klein immediately turned around and yelled out to Sharron, "Begin!"

Sharron didn't hesitate as well. Holding the iron cigar case, she flew towards the lighthouse. As a Wraith, the walls and obstacles along the way were nonexistent.

The commotion she and Maric created had probably been detected, but as it was far from the harbor and far from the battlefield, no one paid attention or bothered.

Klein quickly retracted his gaze, extended his left hand, and aimed his palm at the ventilation hole—right where Tutanssess II's golden sarcophagus was.

In less than a second, a blurry book materialized before him as an ethereal, distant chant sounded in his ears:

"I came, I saw, I record."

The pages flipped before landing on one page.

Hurricane!

This was a demigod-level Beyonder power that had a wide area of effect!

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CHAPTER 881
A PLAY

The Rose School of Thought demigod, who was hiding in the shadows, wore a hooded black robe and a golden mask with red and black patterns smeared across it. His figure couldn't be made out, but he was definitely not short, standing at a height of 1.8 meters.

He used the Marauder pathway's Sealed Artifact to steal Tutanssess II's sarcophagus, placing it before him. Immediately, his body phased away and drew out an extended form as though he had turned into a thick, long, and soft rope.

This transparent and nearly ethereal "rope" quickly bound the heavy sarcophagus in a bid to bring it into the spirit world.

At this moment, a strong gust of wind sounded in the Rose School of Thought demigod's ears. They clashed in the air, forming an explosive-like stir.

Boom!

Tutanssess II's golden sarcophagus was sent flying as the transparent "rope" around it unfurled, shrinking back into a humanoid form.

This Rose School of Thought demigod floated diagonally downwards in an uncontrollable manner before turning into a wraith, no—an evil spirit's form. He allowed the intense winds to blow through his body without making any additional movements.

He saw eddies in the air swirl up rapidly as an unrestrained hurricane suddenly appeared, sweeping up the rocks, gravel, trash, and parts of the harbor's roof into the air. Even the carriage which had been autonomously moving before flew up because of its proximity. It was torn into pieces amidst the strong winds.

Seemingly lucky, but in fact an expected outcome, the shadows where the Rose School of Thought demigod was hiding didn't have any Loen soldiers and was far from the main path.

The lady in the black evening gown and crown of thorns was obstructed by the hurricane as her body involuntarily wavered backward. She was unable to immediately rush to the golden sarcophagus that had been thrown up into the air, and she could only use her momentum to turn her body sideways, casting her gaze to a warehouse that stood far away outside the dock district.

Immediately after that, she turned her head to look at the Rose School of Thought demigod because he wasn't affected by the hurricane.

"Confinement!" The lady who was also wearing a golden mask raised her left hand and grabbed at her enemy's figure within her sights.

The Rose School of Thought demigod had formidable spiritual intuition. As he sensed the danger with the help of his spiritual intuition, he did a Mirror Blink ahead of time, leaping onto a piece of glass about eighty meters away.

At this moment, the hurricane seemed to stabilize itself and rapidly calmed down.

Pa! Pa! Pa! The items that had been swept up fell to the ground, including the golden sarcophagus that contained Tutanssess II.

Bang!

It slammed open a crater as it completely broke apart after suffering the wrath of the hurricane.

The lid at the top flew up, scattering the gold and gems that were sealed in the top two layers of the sarcophagus as burial items.

Then, the lower level of the sarcophagus tumbled a few times, dropping golden boxes and jade containers that stored the desiccated organs.

A corpse that was bound in yellowish-brown cloth tumbled out. Its surface was covered in a dark red, oily liquid.

This was none other than the mummy created after Tutanssess II passed away. It was extremely thin, and its face had a golden mask with patterns covering it just like the mask worn by the demigod from the Rose School of Thought. Embedded in its eye sockets were two abnormally pure onyx gems.

The moment the mummy appeared, the surroundings seemed to dim. The sarcophagus's main body stopped as dark red liquid flowed out of it, soaking the nearby soil.

When the Rose School of Thought demigod with the Marauder pathway's Sealed Artifact saw this scene, he was first enraged before he thought of something. The look in his eyes turned into pleasant surprise.

His figure vanished from the glass fragment, phasing into the two onyx "eyeballs" of Tutanssess II. Then, he possessed the mummy and attempted to pull it into the spirit world!

Suddenly, he sensed that the mummy in his Evil Spirit Vision had vanished.

Simultaneously, the Tutanssess II mummy with a slanted golden crown on its head suddenly bounced up, turning its onyx-embedded face towards the only lighthouse in Pritz Harbor.

This Pharaoh, which had been dead for centuries, produced an inhuman cry from its throat. Bound with yellowish-brown bandages, it freed its shriveled leg, strode and ran off!

It seemed to be running towards freedom, but it had forgotten one thing. It was just a corpse. It should be lying down in silence.

Tap! Tap! Tap! The Tutanssess II mummy finished accelerating just as it began.

Upon seeing this, the lady with the crown of thorns raised her right palm and aimed at the mutated mummy.

"All the dead will receive their eternal peace," she said a few words in ancient Hermes.

Bang!

The Tutanssess II mummy exerted strength in its legs as it leaped up, jumping into another direction, escaping the region that would make it enjoy its eternal rest, doing so in a way that didn't adhere to a zombie's agility.

Further away, the black-haired, golden-eyed man, who was pursuing Mahmosi, narrowed his eyes as his ring once again emitted a crystalline beam of light.

His figure teleported in front of the mummy as he attempted to stop the deceased from moving away.

However, Tutanssess II changed directions once again, charging out from a different angle.

It kept changing its direction, as though its goal was to approach the lighthouse by following an irregular route!

Mahmosi's heart stirred as his body suddenly vanished, flashing onto a piece of glass not far from the mummy.

He used this as a springboard and finally appeared in the two onyx in Tutanssess II's eye sockets!

Although the Loen military's demigod had restricted Possession, the Highlands Kingdom's Pharaoh was no ordinary item. It had some spirituality remaining!

Seeing his partner succeed, the demigod with the Marauder pathway Sealed Artifact didn't hesitate to extend his black-gloved left hand, aimed it at the lady in the evening gown, and gripped his hand into a fist before turning it half a circle.

The lady immediately felt her thoughts go adrift for a second. Following that, she was bound tightly by her own gown. Almost at the same time, the Loen soldier far away on the warehouse rooftops found it difficult to control their rifles as they aimed in her direction and pulled their triggers.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The steel monsters with thick cannons also unleashed their cannonballs at the lady.

The golden-eyed demigod didn't attempt to save his partner. Instead, he looked at Tutanssess II's mummy which had come to a stop because of Mahmosi's possession. He gripped his right hand into a fist and waved it abruptly.

"Execution!"

A look of joy flashed past his eyes because it didn't matter if the mummy died again, but Mahmosi couldn't afford that!

Elsewhere, just as the bullets and cannonballs were to hit the lady, they suddenly slowed down as though they had sunken into a quagmire formed of air. They were repelled by a power that stemmed from laws.

On the lady's head, the crown of thorns lit up suddenly, using up more than half of the accumulated "ocean of light."

The hooded Rose School of Thought demigod immediately discovered this as he vanished from a location far away from it, as though he was fundamentally wiped away. This also meant that he had "arrived" in front of the lady and saw her raise her right hand.

Gathered within her right hand was pure condensed light. They transformed into a blazing spear that had two pure white wings sweep out at its tip, enveloping the spearhead like an angel's embrace.

The Rose School of Thought demigod's eyes widened immediately as he heard the footsteps of death. He attempted to use Mirror Blink to leap away, but he found that his surroundings were sealed by the pure white wings.

An intense sense of fear surged within him and inundated his reason, making him abandon his resistance towards his roots to his being and strength.

At this moment, a shrieking wail sounded as the lady's eyes temporarily turned turbid.

The blazing spear in her right hand deviated to the side as she failed to maintain its stability. It collapsed into a gorgeous blast of light as it was swept up in the air like a hurricane.

And in the vicinity of the Tutanssess II mummy, Mahmosi had stopped his possession. Beside him, a dirty doll fell to the ground.

The doll's chest had a tear that nearly penetrated it.

It stood up and its eyeless face seemed to come to life, turning abnormally warped and gruesome. It continuously wailed with a shrieking tone, causing the nearby Loen golden-eyed demigod to feel an invisible hand grabbing at his neck as he kicked and struggled in midair.

It was because of this doll's existence that Mahmosi wasn't "Executed." Likewise, the other Rose School of Thought demigod wasn't struck by the blazing spear.

When the latter saw this, he immediately used Mirror Blink to approach the Tutanssess II mummy that was still focused on moving in the direction of the lighthouse. He planned on using this opportunity to join forces with Mahmosi to achieve the goal of their operation.

At this moment, the lady in the evening gown erased the distance, appearing directly above them. The crown of thorns on her head emitted the purest of light.

She pressed down with her right hand and said, "This place will have the mysterious weakened and the real strengthened!"

Just as she said that, the blood-stained doll immediately lost its expression and stopped shrieking. The golden-eyed demigod from the Loen military finally had a chance to catch a breather. He forcefully pulled away the hexed hand that was grappling his throat.

From that moment, their demigod powers rapidly declined as attacks that stemmed from reality were rapidly boosted.

This also meant that the Loen soldiers at the top of the warehouse and the steam chariot that was slowly approaching on its treads were the victors in this battle!

To the Loen army, this was a situation where their advantage was extremely amplified!

Mahmosi and the other Rose School of Thought demigod immediately reacted. One of them tried to possess the mummy, while the other attempted to pick up the eyeless doll. They planned on escaping before their strength decreased to a certain threshold.

Of course, the lady with the evening gown and the golden-eyed demigod couldn't allow the enemy to do as they wished, but just as they were about to take action, a light streaked into the sky and exploded into dreamy fireworks.

Right on the heels of that, the two demigods felt their spiritual perception trigger simultaneously as they looked into opposite directions.

A hand wearing a transparent glove reached out from the void beside Tutanssess II's golden sarcophagus, grabbing a handful of soil that was soaked with dark red liquid.

The liquid was a mixture of Tutanssess II's brain matter and bodily fluids. It was a ritualistic material used to maintain its spirituality, and the latter contained its blood!

Mahmosi and the Rose School of Thought demigod, who wielded the Sealed Artifact also looked over, and they happened to see a figure wearing a formal suit and top hat appear.

This figure was bending his back to pick up the soil soaked with dark red liquid.

During this process, he kept his right hand to his left breast, as though he was bowing towards the demigods. Then, maintaining this pose, he looked up to reveal his metal-gray masked face before rapidly fading away into nothingness.

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CHAPTER 882
CORE OF MISCHIEF

Carrying the iron cigar case in hand while passing through walls to leave the warehouse that she was hiding in, Sharron strictly followed Sherlock Moriarty's arrangements, using her state as a Wraith to fly to the tallest building in Pritz Harbor, the lighthouse.

Right on the heels of that, she silently counted down.

Three… Two… One…

Before she could gather her thoughts, Sharron's ear resonated with an intense boom. The harbor in the distance seemed to be swept by a terrifying hurricane.

She held the iron cigar case in her left hand as her nails suddenly grew sharp before stabbing into the wall of spirituality, completely destroying the invisible "isolation" with an attack filled with a Wraith's spirituality.

A sudden gust of wind gushed outwards in every direction as Sharron suddenly felt her Spirit Body become augmented. And this stemmed from the item stored inside the iron cigar case.

She wasn't affected by her curiosity, accustomed to restraining her emotions as she continued approaching the lighthouse at high speeds.

During this entire process, she kept maintaining an irregular trajectory, occasionally lunging forward to the left or drifting upwards to the right. At times, she would rely on Mirror Blink to leap onto a different trajectory before continuing her approach to the target.

This made it seem like she was dodging an invisible and terrifying enemy, but Sharron knew very well that nothing was chasing her, nor was she locked on by a distant attack.

She felt as though she was performing in a one-man show without any opponents.

However, she didn't have any doubts, nor did she waste any time to observe or wait. She pretended that within the air in her surroundings was The Silent One Mahmosi and the Loen military's demigods, doing her best to dodge and slip past them.

As her flight continued, Sharron's blue eyes which were peeled towards the air had a red stream of light reflected in them.

It flew from above, suddenly blasting apart, turning into beautiful fireworks that was a mix of red, orange, and yellow.

Sharron immediately retracted her gaze. As she used her Wraith fingernails to spew spirituality and reform the wall of isolation, she leaped towards the path Maric had laid.

There were shattered mirrors placed at fixed distances in a periodic manner. With her dainty bonnet and black dress, her figure kept flashing to them, and soon, she appeared inside Maric's brown eyes.

She then lightly took a stride out, the iron cigar case in her hand already encased with a wall of spirituality.

Maric and Sharron didn't converse, nor did they exchange looks with their eyes. As though they were being pursued by an invisible monster, they didn't dare stay put.

Frankly speaking, they had a general idea about the role that each of their actions played; after all, Sherlock Moriarty had once attracted zombies and shadows with a copper whistle. As for Sharron's Mirror Blink, the two of

them knew its traits well. However, they couldn't imagine how everything would develop. They had no idea how the detective with many secrets would be able to steal the Tutanssess II mummy under the watch of a few demigods. It wasn't a situation where the mummy could run if it wanted. The demigods were bound to stop it.

At this moment, they saw a figure materialize.

He wore a black formal suit and a half top hat. His face was covered with an iron-gray mask, and in his hand was a handful of dark red soil and a dark-brown book. It was none other than Sherlock Moriarty.

Maric immediately slowed down his pace. As he allowed the detective to smear the soil onto the book before pocketing it and grabbing his shoulder, he surveyed his surroundings. However, he didn't discover the existence of the Tutanssess II mummy.

Did it ultimately fail… Having been mentally prepared for failure, he sighed as he watched himself, Sharron, and Sherlock Moriarty fade away and vanish from the spot.

…

In the region where the demigods were fighting, the golden-eyed Loen military demigod had an ominous feeling when he saw the gray-masked man bow before teleporting away. He felt that things had taken a drastic turn for the worse, into a terrible, unpredictable outcome.

He needs to be stopped! Although I don't know what he did, he needs to be stopped! Such a though instantly surfaced in his mind as the golden-eyed demigod immediately activated his ring. He used Traveling against Traveling, Teleporting to pursue Teleporting.

However, in this short span of time, he realized that he was unable to lock onto the mysterious person's aura. In other words, he had either created an interference at the demigod level, or he had Teleported somewhere very,

very far away. Regardless of which possibility it was, it meant that any pursuit attempt would easily face failure.

And more importantly, if he were to leave, leaving the lady to fend against Mahmosi and the other Rose School of Thought demigod alone, that would be an extremely dangerous situation. After all, the mysterious power in the area had not weakened to the point where real firearms could pose a threat to their suppressed selves.

Besides, there haven't been any losses yet. The mummy is still around, with the person only taking away some soil rich in spirituality… The golden-eyed demigod swept his gaze at the Tutanssess II mummy who was standing "blankly" in its spot, before casting his gaze back on Mahmosi.

Suddenly, the mummy wrapped in yellowish-brown bandages that were soaked in dark red liquid had vanished from the four demigods' spiritual perception!

The mummy had vanished without any warning!

For a second, Mahmosi and the other demigods felt as though they had watched an interesting magic show or a play with a mischievous element in it. But sadly, as demigods, they couldn't tell how it was done.

Moments later, having lost their target, Mahmosi and the other Rose School of Thought demigod didn't hesitate to make their figures fade away in a bid to escape via the spirit world.

The golden-eyed demigod and lady tried hard to stop them.

…

After two Teleports, Klein returned to a two-bedroom apartment in Backlund which they had rented ahead of time with Sharron and Maric.

"I will pay you based on what we agreed upon," Sharron said just as she found her footing. At the same time, she returned Sherlock Moriarty the iron cigar case.

They had previously agreed that regardless of the outcome, Sharron would provide him with the information regarding Spirit World Plunderers. If they succeeded, she would pay another 3,500 Loen gold coins or 5,000 pounds.

Klein received the iron cigar case which had corrosive signs on its surface. As he held it in his hand, he sensed Azik's copper whistle lightly jumping inside.

He quickly put it away and gave Sharron and Maric a smile.

"Might I trouble you to wait outside? Give me five minutes."

His tone is very firm. It's as if he has succeeded… What can he do in five minutes? It's impossible for him to Teleport again and bring back the Tutanssess II mummy. This will be more dangerous and more difficult than before… Maric was filled with puzzlement as his footsteps moved at an obviously slow pace. As for Sharron, she had floated to the wooden door which separated the rooms and passed through it.

Maric quickly reined in his thoughts and followed closely behind by walking out the door.

Klein maintained a smile as he watched them. Then, he Teleported to another cheap motel in East Borough. He had disguised himself to rent this room in the afternoon.

Right on the heels of that, he took out the book with the dark brown cover which was stained with dark red mud stains.

It was Groselle's Travels.

As long as the blood still had remnant spirituality and hadn't coagulated, smearing it across the cover would allow the target to be pulled into the book world!

And inside the Tutanssess II mummy's golden sarcophagus contained such blood!

It also meant that, at this moment in time, the mummy was already in Klein's hands—inside Groselle's Travels!

After hearing Maric describe the procedure to making a Pharaoh mummy, Klein had roughly come up with a plan. It was to use the corpse's attraction to Azik's copper whistle as Spirit Body Threads. He then controlled the mummy and used this "marionette" to lead the demigods away from the vicinity of the sarcophagus. He did this so that he could Teleport over to retrieve the blood and create the necessary conditions.

He had never thought of directly taking the mummy away or getting it to run out of the harbor successfully. It wasn't pragmatic to think that, as it would involve directly facing the attacks from the demigods. And even if he, Maric, and Sharron were together, it was still beyond their capabilities. It might not even work even if he spent a large sum of money to summon Miss Messenger Reinette Tinekerr.

Therefore, despite Azik's copper whistle and the mummy's reanimation appearing to be the goal and plan, it was in fact simply a method to manipulate and misdirect. This allowed the other "actors" to ignore the situation of the golden sarcophagus.

This was a plot that even demigods couldn't fend off. This was because they were protecting the mummy and not the sarcophagus. They were targeting the High-Sequence Beyonders from the Rose School of Thought, and not three people who were loitering around in the distance with unknown goals.

Klein's plan wasn't a plan that was highly interdependent. It was amazingly light and lean while still allowing the plan to be carried out even if there

was a tiny accident. He had very few parameters he needed to take into account. As long as the Hurricane successfully toppled the sarcophagus, as long as Sharron followed his instructions and moved in an irregular trajectory, and as long as the military didn't have the manpower to easily finish off the Rose School of Thought demigods, all he needed was to wait for an opportunity to appear. After the demigods left the vicinity of the sarcophagus and that the mummy wasn't possessed by the evil spirit, all he needed to do was Teleport over and retrieve something that was soaked in the liquid before escaping.

This didn't need him to worry about the exact developments of the demigod battle. He didn't care who gained the upper hand or was injured. He also didn't need the Tutanssess II mummy to run a certain distance to consider it a victory. As long as it started moving and became difficult to be caught, there wasn't any problem.

Towards the end, his bow was partly to make it easy to scoop up the soil as a curtain call, and also partly to press Groselle's Travels to his chest. If any accidents happened, he could immediately pull it out and use it as a shield.

It was precisely because of this that Klein could smear the blood-soaked soil across the cover just as he Teleported.

Everything ran as expected. The directing was quite a success… As Klein reflected over the matter, he felt his potion's digestion accelerate.

He didn't delay as he quickly set up a ritual. He sacrificed Groselle's Travels above the gray fog, and then in his Spirit Body state, he brought Creeping Hunger, Azik's copper whistle, the Soul Assurer's Beyonder characteristic, and Sharron's anti-hex golden bead into the book world.

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CHAPTER 883
DEMIGOD'S APPRAISAL

In the book world, just as Klein appeared in the city outskirts, he immediately took out remnant parts of the dark red soil and picked up a withered branch. Using rod divination, he found the Tutanssess II mummy.

He was worried that this manifestation of hexes would harm the residents here. Although the book world didn't have any lack of Sequence 5 Beyonders, and the Tutanssess II mummy remained in a muddled state having lost the stimulus from Azik's copper whistle, it was still a demigod when it was alive. The hexes that its corpse produced after his death were bound to be extraordinary. Even Klein himself didn't dare approach it if not for the anti-hex golden bead that Sharron had given him.

Of course, Klein had also weighed the consequences before deciding on using Groselle's Travels to steal the mummy. His previous experiences and the encounters of others had proven one thing: Outsiders would not directly appear before the natives when they entered the book world. It required exploration before any contact was made. This was especially so for the first time!

Therefore, Klein believed that the mummy was likely left somewhere uninhabited. And with this zombie's condition, it was likely to be engaging in a random walk. It would be difficult for it to explore in different directions autonomously like humans, elves, or giants.

This also meant that, as long as he didn't drag it out, it wasn't likely for there to be any losses. Furthermore, it had only been about three minutes since Klein smeared the blood-soaked soil across the book's cover.

Following the direction led by rod divination, Klein flew towards a nearby mountain peak. Soon, he came to a valley.

At this moment, the Tutanssess II mummy wrapped in yellowish-brown bandages and was dyed red from liquids had appeared. It was still wearing the golden mask with patterns across it.

Its throat was letting out an inhuman sound as it rushed over with wide strides. The surroundings turned gloomy.

At the same time, many incomplete animal carcasses tore away the soil covering them in the valley as they staggered towards Klein.

Having his Spirit Body augmented by Azik's copper whistle, Klein immediately chuckled.

"What a warm welcome…”

He unhurriedly threw away the branch and raised a blob of black matter.

This was a Soul Assurer's Beyonder characteristic which he had released from the mutated version of Creeping Hunger. At its core was pure shimmering light that looked like a night sky embedded with stars.

Invisible waves spread out in a turbulent manner as the surroundings suddenly darkened as though night had fallen at once.

The serene and peaceful feeling was accompanied by the fall of starlight. The animal carcasses first turned sluggish before collapsing, returning to their eternal rest.

The mummy also slowed down its pace, its motions growing slower and slower. But it didn't lie back down.

Directly using a Beyonder characteristic isn't very effective after all. Furthermore, the negative effects are nothing trivial… Klein couldn't help

but cover his mouth with his left hand to yawn.

He made Creeping Hunger turn pale and become dyed in a gloomy green. It used the power of a Zombie to control the deceased in front of him.

The two stacked Beyonder effects finally calmed the mummy down.

With embedded onyx gems for eyes, it slowly walked to Klein's side and stood there silently as though it was the most professional servant.

Unfortunately, it has hexes… From inside his Spirit Body, Klein immediately took out a golden bead with the styles of the ancient Highlands Kingdom. On its surface was deeply engraved bluish-green patterns.

It came from Sharron and was specially prepared for the Tutanssess II mummy. It could effectively suppress and put an end to the hexes. Otherwise, how could the Wraith dare to cast her sights on the Pharaoh mummy?

After twiddling the golden bead, Klein made the Tutanssess II mummy open its mouth before stuffing the bead into the mask's gap where the mouth was.

In just a few seconds, the gloominess of the surroundings vanished.

After doing all of this, he took a step forward and, with his Spirit Body state, possessed the mummy. Then, without any hesitation, he ended the summoning and returned above the gray fog.

This mummy had already become his zombie, allowing him to release it just like he did with his former marionette, Senor. There was no need for him to store it in his body.

After doing a bestowment, the mummy which was rich in spirituality returned to the real world and arrived inside the cheap motel.

After Klein cleaned up the traces, he reached out his right hand, about to grab the mummy's shoulder and Teleport back to the two-bedroom apartment where Maric and Sharron were.

But after taking a look at the oil-stained yellowish-brown bandages and the dark red liquid on it, Klein silently retracted his right hand and switched to using his gloved left hand.

After holding the mummy's shoulder with his left hand, he immediately began to fade, and this effect quickly spread across his body.

In just a flash, Klein and the mummy had returned to the apartment from before.

He wasn't in a rush to open the door to present it to Sharron and Maric. He took out his golden pocket watch and opened it.

Another 36 seconds before it's five minutes… Klein made the mummy pull out a chair and sit down leisurely.

After a while, he finally heard a knock on the door.

"Come on in," Klein replied with a smile as he controlled the mummy to walk over.

When the door creaked open, the thin figure with the golden, patterned mask and yellowish-brown bandages was reflected in the duo's eyes.

This figure's onyx gems shimmered before it swiftly lay itself down on the ground.

"…”

Momentarily, Sharron and Maric were at a loss for words.

Having already used a wall of spirituality to isolate Azik's copper whistle, Klein dispelled his control over the zombie and pointed at it with a smile.

"I'm leaving the rest to you."

And that brings the curtain down for my directed play… Klein commented inwardly as he silently took in the sensation of his potion rapidly digesting.

This made him believe that it didn't need to take him up until the end of the year to consider the problem of advancing to the level of a demigod. It might be expedited by two or even three months.

Furthermore, with this digestion, the number of marionettes he could control finally rose to two. The maximum limit reached 200 meters. Faced with enemies with the same level of Spirit Body as his, gaining initial control of the target and completely converting them into a marionette was respectively reduced to ten seconds and 150 seconds. The range had also been expanded to ten meters.

"You really… succeeded…" Maric's eyes stared at the Tutanssess II mummy as he couldn't help but mutter.

He could never have imagined that they could succeed!

Sherlock Moriarty had managed to successfully steal something four demigods and two terrifying Sealed Artifacts were vying for!

Furthermore, this gentleman had previously returned empty-handed!

Could it be that the mummy had delivered itself?

Deep inside Sharron's blue eyes, her emotions were concealed and they were completely calm. She scrutinized the "target."

After confirming that it was the Pharaoh mummy and that it was Tutanssess II, she cast her gaze to Sherlock Moriarty who was seated with his legs

crossed.

She opened her mouth slightly before closing them.

"Thank you.

"I'll mail you the corresponding payment."

"I'll wish you, uh—all the best in everything," Klein replied sincerely.

He then silently had a poignant thought.

If Miss Sharron can successfully advance to Sequence 4, it means I'll have an additional demigod-level helper! The saying from the Foodaholic Empire is apt—rely on your parents at home, depend on your friends when out. The more demigod-level friends, the merrier! Our Tarot Club needs to develop more friends and reduce our enemies… However, my enemies seem to be ever-increasing…

Having thought of that, Klein exhorted them.

"Be careful of being hunted down."

The Tutanssess II mummy had too many of its items in the Loen military's possession. It was very simple for them to use Beyonder methods to lock onto it. Klein's Paper Angel interference was only effective for a limited amount of time.

Of course, he believed that Sharron and Maric were prepared; otherwise, they wouldn't have had thoughts on stealing the Pharaoh's mummy. Likewise, he also believed that they could deal with the origins of the gray-metal masks and special fireworks.

If it's Danitz, he would most likely say, It didn't cross my mind… Klein did a comparison with a particular Hunter failure.

Sharron nodded, indicating that she would take note. Then, she made the Tutanssess II mummy into her zombie and brought it into the spirit world.

"Thank you for your help." Maric, who stayed behind in the room, exhaled. He composed his surging emotions and bowed at Sherlock Moriarty.

Following that, he left the room, removed his disguise, and blended into the crowd in East Borough.

During this process, Klein remained sitting in his chair as he silently watched them leave.

At some point in time, his figure also vanished.

…

In an apartment near Pritz Harbor.

The Loen military's golden-eyed demigod entered and said to his partner, the lady in the evening gown, "Nothing for now."

"That's expected. If he wasn't certain of success, that mysterious person wouldn't have come to steal the Tutanssess II mummy," the lady said in a heavy voice. "However, we can relax our investigation scope. Those fireworks, that mask, those clothes, and that taunting bow should lead us to something."

She was certain that the Tutanssess II mummy's loss wasn't done by the two Rose School of Thought demigods. If it was part of their plan, there was no need for them to carry out that step only when they were in dire straits. They had almost failed to escape.

The golden-eyed demigod nodded and said, "I had a premonition that something would happen, but unfortunately, we didn't work with the Churches for this operation. We didn't have enough manpower."

He paused and asked, "Have you figured out what method that mysterious person used?"

The lady held up the crown of thorns and stabbed a thorn into her neck. As blood trickled down, she shook her head.

"Perhaps the removing of the soil with the Tutanssess II mummy's bodily fluid is a ritual…

"This is a very cunning fellow who's good at deceit!"

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CHAPTER 884
DESTINED ENCOUNTER

The golden-eyed demigod from the Loen military nodded in agreement.

"Indeed. It's similar in style to certain fellows from the Intis intelligence agencies.

"However, just seconds after he took away the soil, the Tutanssess II mummy vanished. It's unlikely that he could complete a ritual in time."

The lady looked down at the crown of thorns that was embedded in her neck. Slightly slow to react, she said, "Perhaps he, or they, had already set up the other steps of the ritual. Once he teleported back, he immediately threw the soil onto the altar, completing the final step.

"Of course, it's not necessarily a ritual. It might also be a Sealed Artifact that achieves a certain effect with the help of bodily fluids. There are too many possibilities for this."

Although Sealed Artifacts' main effects and negative effects mostly adhered to the Sequence traits of the 22 pathways, allowing researchers to barely come up with a hypothesis, just like how everyone had different personalities, Sealed Artifacts were different. Perhaps due to fusing with an object, the environment when formed, the possible existence of a High-Level Sequence's aura, or a curse from the original owner, these resulted in all kinds of strange traits that made them not viable for testing. No one could imagine ahead of time the different permutations and list them all out.

The golden-eyed demigod pulled out a chair and sat.

"This is very difficult to investigate, so we can temporarily not consider it. However, you missed out on a direction for the investigation.

"Do you still remember that Hurricane? It swept up Tutanssess II's sarcophagus, causing the ritualistic items, which is also the bodily fluids to leak out, and it also caused the mummy to tumble out. This enabled the condition for zombifying it. In short, this established the foundation for the subsequent development, so it can be confirmed that this was done by the mysterious man or his helper."

The turbidness in the lady's eyes grew faint as she slowly removed the crown of thorns.

"Do you mean that, with the Church of Storms in control of the Sailor pathway and the High-Sequence formulas and Beyonder characteristics, there won't be many Beyonders or mystical items that can use Hurricane? Thus, this is a clue that we can follow to find their trail?"

The golden-eyed demigod nodded.

"Also, I remember that not long ago, there was a case in East Borough. The Aurora Order's Mr. X was assassinated at a gathering he convened himself. Lightning Storm and Hurricane had been used at the scene.

"This garnered a lot of attention from the Church of Storms, and they have been constantly looking for clues.

"To have two Hurricanes happen in the same area in a short period of time and not belong to official organizations—this can't be a coincidence. I believe it can be preliminarily determined that there is a connection. The group of people who killed Mr. X and stole the mummy might be one and the same. We need to join forces with the Church of Storms to investigate."

The lady lowered the crown of thorns and thought.

"That's a good angle.

"Also, from their goals and motives, we can figure out certain things. People who want to use a mummy as a zombie wouldn't take such a high risk by attempting a theft. I suspect that, to those people, the Tutanssess II mummy is something they attach additional importance to."

"Something that's key to a ritual?" The golden-eyed demigod deliberated as he said, "From the scene, the one who was carrying something special to attract the mummy was likely a Wraith or had the corresponding mystical item. Combining the goals and motive, I have a theory…"

The lady's heart stirred as she blurted out, "Members of the Temperance faction that escaped from the Rose School of Thought?"

"Yes." The golden-eyed demigod nodded. "Although the creation of mummies is influenced by aspects like the faith in Death and Sun worship, despite the Rose School of Thought occupying a ruling position in the Highlands, Valley, and other places, it hasn't forbidden such burial practices. This implies that mummies are of use to them. Perhaps it's the ritual requirement of one of the Sequences."

Upon saying this, he chuckled in a self-deprecating tone.

"There's another possibility. To show off and act.

"That bunch of people might not really want the mummy. It just happened to satisfy certain conditions, giving them the opportunity to steal. Hence, they did a grand act. To some Sequences of particular pathways, this is key to digesting the potion."

As a demigod, he was knowledgeable, so he naturally made many connections.

The lady deliberated and said in a heavy voice, "I suspect that it's not just one possibility but a potpourri of reasons.

"We shall use this as the foundation for our investigations."

…

Backlund, Cherwood Borough. In a building near the Tussock River.

The Silent One Mahmosi sat in front of a square table that had a tablecloth spread across it with golden nails placed on it. It said in a deep voice, "Zatwen, who do you think stole the Kadiev mummy?"

Not far behind him, a figure rapidly appeared on a piano bench.

This figure wore a black clergyman's robe with a black glove on his left hand. His face was thin, and his skin color was brown. His eyes were recessed like a dried corpse. His mustache hair was black at the root and white outwards. They extended from his mouth all the way to his ear. However, it wasn't thick and was rather short. It appeared rather sparse.

Zatwen's eyes were close to his skin color. Despite having the bearing of a priest, he gave off a cold and terrifying feeling. He appeared to be someone who would transform amidst silence. Thinking, he said, "There are only a handful of people who yearn for a Kadiev mummy and would be willing to take the risk to battle demigods. And here in Backlund, there's only Sharron.

"She has likely received Reinette Tinekerr's help; otherwise, it's impossible for her to succeed."

Mahmosi picked up a golden nail covered in dense patterns. After a few seconds of silence, he said, "Who was the one who teleported?

"It doesn't resemble Gehrman Sparrow… Another helper Sharron hired?"

"Perhaps." Zatwen coughed as his pale face flushed blue. "I believe we need to think of a way to pray to Mother Tree. We should be able to receive a revelation."

Mahmosi nodded gently and stabbed the golden nail through his bottom lip.

Upon seeing this, Zatwen covered his mouth and slowly got up. He staggered down to the first floor in preparation to leave and return to his hideout.

On the first floor, he saw a dark environment with shimmering candlelight. The fragrance of food wafted from different directions, filling the air. The residential buildings in the nearby area were terraces. Facing the street on the first floor were shops. The contact point of the Rose School of Thought was in a restaurant which mainly served Southern Continent cuisine.

As he had suffered quite serious injuries in the operation, Zatwen didn't wish to maintain his state as an evil spirit. It was too great a burden on the injured him; therefore, he had changed into a black clergyman's robe as he hobbled to the entrance.

At this moment, a customer walked into the restaurant.

This customer wore a black formal suit with black pants and leather shoes. He had a pair of black eyes and a thin face.

He had a slightly broad forehead as he wore a monocle and a very tall top hat. As he casually glanced around, his gaze landed on Zatwen.

Upon seeing the black glove Zatwen was wearing on his left hand, the ends of the customer's mouth curled slightly. He shook his head with a smile, seemingly a little disappointed.

Then, he entered the restaurant, brushing past Zatwen who had stared back with a maleficent look.

Zatwen didn't pay too much attention as he walked out and reached the streets.

Under the illumination of the streetlamps, the night's cool breeze blew at him, causing the Rose School of Thought demigod to suddenly tremble.

Zatwen knew that this was a result of his spiritual perception being triggered. With his heart tightening, he immediately looked down at his hands, surprised to realize that the black glove on his left hand was gone.

Gone!

As a demigod, Zatwen didn't know when the Sealed Artifact on his hand disappeared!

He quickly turned around and looked into the restaurant as the image of the man from before suddenly surfaced in his mind.

Soon, he locked onto the target's aura and found that he was still inside the restaurant. The man had even called out to the waiter to bring him a menu.

Zatwen originally had thoughts of using Mirror Blink to possess the man. But for some unknown reason, his hands shook involuntarily. In an indescribable manner, he believed that a dangerous and terrifying enemy hid in his surroundings!

Just as this thought flashed past his mind, Zatwen subconsciously took a step to the side, walking to the end of the street as though nothing had happened.

…

In an apartment in Cherwood Borough.

Fors was reading the latest issue of Ladies Aesthetic when she suddenly heard a key turn and the sound of the door opening.

"Why are you so late today?" She looked towards the door where Xio stood.

Xio ruffled her short blonde hair and said, "When I was almost home, I saw a meetup mark from MI9. It was urgent."

"What happened this time?" With piqued interest, Fors lowered the magazine in her hand.

"A continuation of Mr. X's assassination," Xio bent down to switch to her home slippers and said in passing.

The look on Fors's face froze as her eyes darted about slightly.

"Any clues?"

"Not really. Uh, back then, a Hurricane at the demigod-level appeared. It's not common outside the Church of Storms, and just earlier tonight, there was a small-scale Hurricane attack at the dock at Pritz Harbor. A Pharaoh mummy was stolen away in the chaos," Xio explained simply. "MI9 suspect that the two cases were done by the same group of people, so they are pressing informants like us to work harder at gathering intel and finding clues."

…My Leymano's Travels still has a Hurricane… Mr. Gehrman Sparrow? Why is he stealing a Pharaoh mummy… Fors forced a smile.

"Perhaps it was done by the Church of Storms?"

Xio rolled her eyes at her and quickly walked into the kitchen in search of food.

…

Early morning, 160 Böklund Street.

Moments after Klein finished washing up, and before he could open the door to let Richardson in, his spiritual perception was triggered. He saw Miss Messenger's headless body walk out of the void with four heads in hand.

One of them was biting down on a rather thick envelope. Opening its mouth, a large pile of gold coins was spat out.

*I can finally repay my debt… *Klein glanced at Reinette Tinekerr's four neckless heads and said in relief, "I remember still owing you 3,413 gold coins. You can take the last installment away."

Meanwhile, he had the baffling feeling that the pile of gold coins looked familiar. However, he didn't think too much about it because all the gold coins looked familiar to him.

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CHAPTER 885
TWO LETTERS

Upon hearing Klein's words, one of the four heads which Reinette Tinekerr held immediately said, "Alright…”

It opened its mouth and immediately sucked back most of the gold coins, where it was stored was an unknown.

Taking a look at the dozens of shiny gold coins left, Klein reached out to receive the rather thick envelope. He quickly opened it and scanned its opening. Indeed, it was the detailed information regarding Spirit World Plunderers.

After Miss Messenger returned to the spirit world, he put away the gold coins, drew the curtains, and sat down under the morning sun, seriously reading the neat and tidy handwriting.

"Thank you once again for your help.

"The Tutanssess II mummy is part of the advancement ritual for me. It holds deep meaning for me.

"Spirit World Plunderers live in the depths of the spirit world. They're extremely rare, rich in intelligence, and very aggressive. They can capture or kill creatures and make them soul avatars. Their souls can turn into their true soul's appearance, giving them similar performance and traits. They can also disguise themselves as other spirit world creatures. When encountering them, perhaps all the spirit world creatures around belong to them. They might be soul avatars that mustn't be neglected.

"This creature can effectively influence the thought processes of their prey, causing them to enter a desensitized state… Their true soul body has potent spirituality. In clashes of such nature, they are often at a noticeable advantage…

"They're very difficult to find. At present, there is only one place with signs of their activity. The spirit world's Calderón City.

"This is a legendary city of mysterious and unknown origins. On this front, there are three theories about them. One is that it was once Death's residence, the entrance to the Underworld. Two, it's the divine kingdom left behind by a dead ancient deity from the Second Epoch. Attracted by the spirit world, it sank and slowly transformed into a real yet illusory city. Three, it's a real city that was devoured by the spirit world during the Cataclysm.

"Regardless of the theory, it elucidates one point: This city is very dangerous. It has many special and strange aspects about it…

"I do not have the mysticism coordinates of Calderón City. Most high-level spirit world creatures aren't aware either…

"I can provide two suggestions. First is to use a special secret deed ritual to pray to Red Light Aiur Moria to receive the corresponding answer. I won't describe in detail what Red Light is. If you aren't aware, you can write to ask me again. The second is to find someone from the Abraham family. They have the legacy of the Traveler's pathway, and they have done a deep exploration of the spirit world…"

Even when writing a letter, Miss Sharron exudes an extremely restrained feeling… Indeed, the Pharaoh mummy is meant for the Puppet's ritual. Back then, the evil spirit in the ruin had said that it could be one of the components of the ritual… Therefore, the ritual's exact requirement is to use a High-Sequence Beyonder's corpse after death, one that still maintains a level of spirituality, or to use an evil spirit that results from the resentment of death?

Heh heh, can I pray to Orange Light to get "Him" to help me ask Red Light? Hmm, to others, finding Calderón City is a very difficult task, but to me, it's extremely simple. I can directly give this task to Miss Magician. She has just contributed greatly to the Abraham family…

I hope the first theory about Calderón City is correct. That way, once I make contact with Mr. Azik, I can see the dangerous residents of this mysterious city line up in two rows as they welcome me… Klein shook his head, throwing such a beautiful fantasy to the back of his mind.

He scrutinized the information regarding Spirit World Plunderers and confirmed that they had partial characteristics of Marionettist and Bizarro Sorcerer. They were rather dangerous high-level spirit world creatures.

To make soul avatars have the same appearance, performance, and traits of their true souls is identical to a Bizarro Sorcerer's ability to give their powers to a marionette… At Zaratul's level, perhaps at Sequence 3 Scholar of Yore, perhaps he can temporarily give certain Beyonder powers to other creatures that are marionettes? Klein began tearing the letter while in thought as he flicked his wrist and engulfed the letter in scarlet red flames, burning them into ashes that fell into the trash bin.

After reining in his thoughts, while dressed in pajamas, he walked to his bedroom's door to get Richardson to come in to help him change his clothes.

…

Under Saint Samuel Cathedral.

As usual, Leonard Mitchell was leaning back into his chair with his legs raised on the desk.

There was nothing abnormal about his expression, but he was thinking about Amon deep down.

Ever since he knew that the angel had arrived in Backlund, Pallez Zoroast inside him had become abnormally silent. He wasn't as active as before to proactively speak or give suggestions.

If not for the answers he received when he posed questions, Leonard would have even suspected that Old Man had secretly sneaked off to find another host to parasitize.

Amidst his thoughts, his Red Gloves captain, Nighthawks deacon, Soest, walked in.

"How was the interrogation? Any results?" The Red Gloves in the room who were dealing with their own matters quickly cast their gaze to the door.

Late last night, they had just finished a mission. They had captured three Numinous Episcopate members that they had been tracking for quite some time. Now, they were awaiting the results of the interrogation.

Soest sternly surveyed the room and said, "We had contributed greatly in this, but the results aren't something good.

"Based on the testimony of the three Numinous Episcopate members, as well as the information the Church had previously gathered, we can come to a preliminary conclusion that the Numinous Episcopate has fractured between reviving Death or creating Artificial Death. The latter has already achieved some progress and benefited significantly from it.

"They are filled with animosity towards Loen and to us. They plan to put parts of the experiments of Artificial Death in Backlund! Yes, their thoughts are the same as your present concerns. Even if the experiment fails, there's a chance of severely damaging the Capital of Capitals."

Leonard instantly snapped out of his daze as he exchanged looks with Cindy and Bob, seeing the surprise and rage in each other's eyes.

At this moment, Soest rapped the side of the table to stop the members from further discussion.

He cleared his throat and said, "Our new mission is to head to the Southern Continent to find the key members of the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death faction based on clues gleaned from the testimonies we received. We need to figure out how many remnant thorns are left in Backlund before uprooting each and every one of them.

"We will receive help from Ma'am Daly on this mission. And the Church will give her the potion as an advanced payment, helping her prepare the ritual so that she can become a Gatekeeper before she heads off.

"In addition, the high-ranking deacon in charge of the Southern Continent, Her Excellency 'The Goddess's Eye' EyeIlya, and the local Nighthawks, will provide us with help, giving us the corresponding Sealed Artifacts and helping us with the preliminary investigations.

"Ladies and gentlemen, head back to rest for a day and prepare yourselves. We will set off tomorrow night."

"Yes, Captain!" Cindy, Bob, and company stood up and replied.

Leonard stood up as well, but he didn't say a word. The first thought that flashed in his mind was: *I can use this opportunity to leave Backlund to escape the threat of Amon!*

After returning to 7 Pinster Street, he asked with a suppressed tone after closing the door and drawing the curtains, "Old Man, problem solved.

"I believe a normal assignment for Red Gloves won't garner the suspicion of Amon, right?"

The slightly aged voice in his mind replied slowly, *"No."*

Leonard could tell that Old Man's voice appeared much more relaxed. As his mind stirred, he considered for a moment and said, "Should I write to Klein Moretti and tell him that we will be leaving Backlund for a very long period of time? After all, he was the one who warned us that Amon is here…”

Pallez Zoroast replied in the same tone, *"Write it if you wish."*

Leonard exhaled, pulled out a piece of paper, and picked up a fountain pen.

He deliberated for a moment and lowered his wrist to write:

"I have a mission that will require me to leave Backlund."

Looking at this short sentence, Leonard put down his pen and folded the letter.

Soon, he finished preparing the ritual to summon the messenger. He lit a candle, took a step back, and said in ancient Hermes, "I!

"I summon in my name:

"The spirit that wanders about the unfounded, the friendly creature that can be subordinated, the messenger that belongs to Gehrman Sparrow."

The howling of wind sounded in the room as it turned intense.

The candlelight burgeoned as it was tainted with paleness. A beautiful blonde, red-eyed head appeared from within.

Leonard pricked his brows, and just as he was about to speak, he saw that what followed the head wasn't a complete neck, but a hand grabbing the hair.

Reinette Tinekerr, in her dark and complicated dress, quickly walked out. The four heads in her hand turned in unison to look at Leonard Mitchell as

they spoke one after another, "You…" "Want to…" "Send…" "A letter?"

This spirit world creature looks powerful… This is a perk that Klein has for joining that secret organization? As Leonard thought, he nodded and said, "Yes."

The four heads held by Reinette Tinekerr spoke one after another:

"You need…" "To pay…" "One…" "Gold coin…"

One gold coin? Messengers from the mysterious world also collect money? Leonard was somewhat astounded but was at a loss for a reaction. All he could do was reach into his pocket and take out a gold coin.

Only then did Reinette Tinekerr raise two of her blonde, red-eyed heads to grab the letter and gold coin.

Following that, she stepped into the void and vanished.

After the candle was restored to normal, Leonard muttered with a laugh, "What a strange messenger…"

Just as he said that, the slightly aged voice of Pallez Zoroast echoed in his mind.

"It's best you do not speak negatively behind 'Her' back."

*…"Her"? Old Man actually addressed a messenger as a "Her"? A messenger can be a "Her"? *Leonard's eyes widened immediately.

Pallez coughed slightly.

"'Her' state is very strange, not better than mine.

"In short, that organization that believes in The Fool is more—hmm, when making contact or cooperating with Klein Moretti, it's best you be more

careful."

After saying that, the parasite fell silent without saying another word.

…

Leonard actually wants to use a mission to leave Backlund so as to avoid the threat from Amon? This is an idea the grandpa came up with? That's way too cowardly, no? Klein scanned the letter he received and silently muttered.

He began seriously considering the idea of using the arms deal as an excuse to quickly leave Backlund for a period of time.

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CHAPTER 886
PREPARATIONS BEFORE LEAVING

After some consideration, Klein, who already had such a plan, smoothly cleared up his thoughts and decided on his plan of action.

Pa! He flicked the piece of paper in his right hand, looking up from the soaring scarlet flames at Reinette Tinekerr. He planned on taking out a Loen gold coin to provide payment.

However, Miss Messenger had already left. There was no one in front of him.

Not collecting payment? Klein was first taken aback before he made the connection. He suspected that Reinette Tinekerr had proactively asked for payment after being used to collecting gold coins from non-contractees.

Perhaps Miss Messenger didn't say anything, she just stared at Leonard with those eight eyes on the four heads of hers while waiting for him to pay the gold coin. Yet, this fellow didn't realize it at all, trying to forcefully end the summon, only to have his neck snapped… Klein hissed in alarm as he used the gold coin he had just taken out to do the divination. He received the result that Leonard Miss Messenger was still alive and doing fine.

He breathed a sigh of relief, put away the gold coin, and called out, "Richardson."

The half-opened room's door opened without a sound as Richardson walked in and politely asked, "Sir, how may I be of service?"

"Please bring the butler here." As Klein instructed, he sighed inwardly. He had really been spoiled by the luxurious life. Even when getting someone at home, he wouldn't take even half a step. He had to do it through his valet.

Well, this is an acting requirement… he said silently to himself.

Minutes later, the white-gloved Walter came to the third floor and let his arms hang to his side. He stood in a standard posture to the side of Dwayne Dantès, awaiting his employer's instructions.

Klein had already considered his words, so he unhurriedly said, "Go to Member of Parliament Macht's place to inform him that I've prepared the first installment.

"Also, prepare a carriage. I will be heading to the bursary foundation in the morning and will return in the afternoon.

"If Member of Parliament Macht doesn't have time for me in the afternoon, head over to Dr. Aaron's place, saying that I'll pay a visit in the afternoon."

Klein had already taken out 10,000 pounds from above the gray fog and had stored it in a tiny leather briefcase. He was waiting for the opportune time to complete the preparation work of the arms deal transaction.

And to air the cash of the gray fog's smell, he had deliberately Teleported to the sea, feeding Creeping Hunger in passing. He was afraid that Amon, who also knew of the gray fog's existence, would detect the special smell while being in the same city; thus, seeking out the location of the treasure he was yearning for.

"Alright, Sir." Walter didn't ask his employer how he had gathered the first installment. If memory served him right, Dwayne Dantès hadn't been to the bank recently.

Of course, this wasn't something to be bothered with. Often, foreigners, especially tycoons from Desi or Midseashire, would prepare briefcases

filled with large sums of money ahead of time.

…

22 Phelps Street, Loen Charity Bursary Foundation headquarters.

Klein walked through the main door and went straight to the second floor where he found the reception room for directors.

As an honorary director who occasionally participated in certain work, he didn't have an office here, but he could use the reception room.

He clenched his right hand into a fist and held it to his mouth, deliberately coughing before stepping into the reception room. In there, he sat on the sofa.

After a short wait, he stood up again and said to Richardson who was waiting beside him, "I'll first head to the washroom."

After buttoning his coat, Klein stepped out of the room and happened to meet Justice Audrey walking out of her own office.

This noble lady was wearing a rather simple dress today. It was white adorned with dark green. Her sleeves and collars had frills, and at her chest were layers of intercrossed lace that formed a bow tie-like flower.

She didn't even wear any jewelry. She had a girdle which he couldn't tell, but near her left arm, her clothes clung to her skin when the wind blew, allowing a slight protrusion to appear.

"Good morning, Miss Audrey." Klein wore a look of pleasant surprise as though it was a chance encounter.

Audrey glanced at the good-looking Dwayne Dantès with gray sideburns and replied with a smile, "Good morning, Mr. Dantès."

She had wanted to cheerfully say "long time no see" to snide at him for not being to the bursary foundation ever since the opening ceremony. But considering how their relationship was that of acquaintances, she held back from saying such words.

Klein rubbed his temples and shook his head with a wry smile.

"I'm very sorry that I'm only coming today.

"I've been very busy recently. I can foresee myself being even busier in time to come. I might make a trip to the Southern Continent to handle certain matters."

The reason why he specially came was that he wanted to inform Miss Justice that he was leaving Backlund for some time. It was to express his sincerity, hoping that this noble lady could help him watch the bursary foundation and allow it to be operated smoothly. To Klein, he wished from the bottom of his heart that the bursary foundation could help more of the poor that required assistance.

"Southern Continent?" Audrey interpreted the sincerity in Dwayne Dantès's words as she asked in surprise.

Klein laughed and replied, "For business."

At that instant, the first thought that came to Audrey's mind was: *Which Sequence 5 is about to lose his life?*

Upon sensing Miss Justice making some unpleasant assumptions, Klein added, "It's a partnership with the military for the sale of some necessities."

What's the meaning behind this? Dwayne Dantès's identity is used to probe intel from the military? Audrey was somewhat enlightened as she raised her right hand and gestured four times in a clockwise fashion. She said with a bright smile, "May the Goddess bless you so that everything goes smoothly."

After habitually saying that, she sensed that there was something discordant about that. She had wished that the Goddess would bless a Blessed of Mr. Fool!

This is probably closer to a curse, right… Will Mr. Gehrman Sparrow be angry? No, he's actually a kindhearted person deep down. And I did it without any malicious intent… The one who returns from the Southern Continent is probably another Blessed who's playing Dwayne Dantès, right? Will it be a demigod? Audrey didn't notice it as her thoughts wandered.

Klein gave an exasperated smile as he equally drew the crimson moon on his chest in a familiar manner.

"May the Goddess bless us all."

And that "She" doesn't smite us with divine punishment.… he added silently.

Following that, he spoke as though it was a casual chat, "Have you been going to the schools to do some promotions lately?"

"Yes." When this was mentioned, Audrey's expression seemed to radiate. She was proud and happy that she had finally done something substantial.

Just as she nodded with some strength, her green eyes revealed a look of sadness.

"After visiting a few public primary schools, I found many of the children there very pitiful. To save money, they bring their own rye bread for lunch, matching it with a cup of water."

Upon saying that, she looked at Dwayne Dantès and said, somewhat embarrassed, "I know that they're temporarily not bringing me along to the night schools and Sunday schools to prevent me from seeing something worse.

"But I can imagine, I can imagine things just like those workers who can only live for a few years once they start working at the factories…”

This was something that The World Gehrman Sparrow had once told her. It was the first time she knew of the real situation of the lower class of Backlund, but having not seen them with her own eyes, all she could do was rely on her imagination.

Klein sighed and said, "Perhaps it's worse than you can imagine.

"There's no need to worry. Once you showcase your ability and win their trust, you will become one of them."

"Okay." Audrey nodded, as though in thought about how she could showcase herself better.

Klein didn't continue on the conversation. After all, this was only their third meeting. They had only exchanged a few words previously, so having too long a conversation easily garnered suspicion.

He pointed at the washroom and apologized before opening up his gait to walk over.

Audrey looked at Dwayne Dantès's back and fell silent as she muttered, "What will it be like if it's worse…”

…

After receiving a reply from Macht, inviting him to the East Balam Military Veterans Mess in the evening, Klein followed his plan. Hence, he visited Dr. Aaron at four in the afternoon.

"Mr. Dantès, your butler didn't inform me of the reason for your visit." As his wife was about a month from being due, Dr. Aaron had declined most of his work, and most of the time he had stayed at home.

Towards the sudden visit of Dwayne Dantès, who he wasn't too familiar with, he was rather perplexed. Furthermore, with him not being good at interpersonal relationships, he posed the question after exchanging some pleasantries.

Klein smiled.

"This is the thing. I might be heading to the Southern Continent soon. As you know, the weather there is humid and hot. There are all kinds of insects and diseases there. I wish to prepare some medicine ahead of time to prevent any accidents from happening. I wonder if you have any suggestions. I'm really sorry, but you are the only excellent doctor I know of."

Dr. Aaron accepted his explanation and began seriously thinking before giving him the names of some medicine.

Towards the end, Klein, who had written a note filled with words, used the excuse of a stomachache to use the washroom on the first floor.

The washroom's mirror suddenly darkened as though it was covered by a thick shadow. And in the middle of the shadow, a black pram slowly steered near. In it was a blurry child wrapped in silver silk.

"What is it this time?" Will Auceptin questioned using his bright voice.

Klein coughed dryly and forced a smile.

"You should have heard that I'll be heading to the Southern Continent.

"I don't wish to miss your birth, so I would like to know when you plan to have your birthday."

Will Auceptin sucked at his thumb and said, "I don't know."

"Even an angel can't control when 'He' will be born?" Klein asked in surprise.

Will Auceptin replied hesitantly, "You don't understand… I've already identified three dates. They have unique meaning when it comes to fate, but I haven't decided. I still find it blurry. Perhaps only when the time comes will I suddenly understand what I should do."

Is this decidophobia? It also gives the strong vibes of a charlatan… Klein crossed his hands and indiscernibly rubbed them.

"Then how would I be able to receive notice in time so that I can return in time to complete the transaction with you? Oh, that paper crane can no longer be used."

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CHAPTER 887
FAMILIAR FIGURE

Upon hearing Klein's question, the infant wrapped in silver silk raised his fleshy arms and threw them up.

"I can't do anything about it either. I'm still in my mother's womb!

"Although you can no longer write on that paper crane, it can still help me locate you. If there's anything, I will inform you!"

Klein had already expected such an answer from Will Auceptin. He maintained his smile and explained, "That paper crane is already damaged. I think it will have problems locating my position."

Following that, he gave his suggestion:

"Perhaps we can do this, you can summon my messenger when you're born to write to me."

He wasn't too worried that Will Auceptin's birth would result in anything abnormal, causing the Snake of Fate to have to change locations while in a baby's body. That would prevent him from contacting him again.

Inside the black pram, Will Auceptin gaped his mouth before closing it again, momentarily not giving an answer.

After a few seconds, the infant's mouth curled and said, "Do you think that's realistic?

"Not only are you getting a newborn to write a letter to you, he still needs to hold a ritual and summon a messenger?"

Klein chuckled and said, "But you're a Snake of Fate."

"The laws of nature still need to be respected!" Will Auceptin threw down "His" arms and smacked the cushion beside him.

This infant thought for a moment and said, "Let's do this. Get someone to watch this area. Once they realize an infant is born, they can immediately inform you."

Klein's eyes darted about for a while before saying, "That works."

On this matter, he had many people he could get help from. He could hire a gangster through Sharron and inform him via his messenger, or he could get the usually free Emlyn White to do it. He could also hire bounty hunter, Miss Xio, letting Miss Magician be responsible for informing The World Gehrman Sparrow of the developments. He could also get Arrodes to take note of the surroundings and report to him through a one-way communication method.

However, that fellow, Emlyn's nose is very sharp. I wonder if he will smell the placenta blood and be able to identify what it truly is… If that's the case, it might result in him suffering the impact of seeing a Mythical Creature. His intelligence will drop and he will turn mentally unsound to the point of his body mutating… Klein hurriedly asked before Will Auceptin's pram retreated into the shadows, "I have a, hmm—teacher who I haven't been in contact for a while. Can you help me read his current fate?

"His name is Azik Eggers."

As Mr. Azik hadn't replied yet, Klein couldn't help but feel worried. Back when he used the copper whistle to do a divination above the gray fog, all he saw was a silent and deep darkness. He heard a dragged out and distant breathing, making it impossible for him to interpret what the dream meant.

Will Auceptin sucked at his thumb and said, "He's in a state of metamorphosis. It might be good, but it might also be bad. That's all that can be seen because that teacher of yours has something special on him."

Something special? Something directly derived from Death's godhood? Metamorphosis? This is referring to Mr. Azik's recovery of more memories, so he's in a slumber to recover his corresponding strength? Klein thought as he bowed.

"Thank you for your answer."

Will Auceptin turned his head and looked to the side.

Klein thought and gave a warning.

"Based on what I know, Blasphemer Amon is here in Backlund. Of course, it's most likely an avatar."

Will Auceptin was taken aback for a moment before chuckling.

"It's a bane for you, but a boon for me. Amon and Ouroboros are absolute enemies—No, a more accurate description is that 'He' hates the True Creator. Amon is often thinking of means to pull 'Him' down from 'His' throne as a god, while Ouroboros is loyal to that evil god."

After saying that, the black pram retreated into the shadows as everything was restored to normal.

Amon hates the True Creator? I'm increasingly convinced that the True Creator was one of the participants in the sharing of the ancient sun god. 'He' is the black infant in the middle of the Storm Angel, White Angel, and Wisdom Angel… Klein breathed a sigh of relief. He took two steps forward, turned on the tap, and washed his hands.

…

In the evening at the East Balam Military Veterans Mess.

Klein didn't immediately meet the long-faced Colonel Calvin. After he placed the briefcase with ten thousand pounds into a heavy safe-deposit box, he followed Macht to have a buffet meal at this high-end club.

The dishes here mainly served Southern Continent cuisine. There was cream bread made from tapioca flour; ice-cream dripped in the berry juice of a lilac tree; assorted seafood broth with coconut milk and palm butter; cow innards that was cooked with pepper, tomatoes, and onions; Haagenti seared roasted meat; broth made from Paz Valley's delights; as well as steak and roasted squid.

Compared to other places, the ingredients used here were rather high-end. The flavors were also in authentic Southern Continent styles, leaving Klein rather satisfied. If not for his need to maintain his image, he felt that eating a mouthful of seared roasted meat and having a mouthful of ice-cream would be an excellent feeling.

Indeed, I prefer food that has stronger flavors… The thing that satisfied me the most today was that aperitif. If Member of Parliament Macht hadn't mentioned it in passing, I would've thought that it was a lightly-flavored fruit juice… The pale gold liquid with two lemons soaked in it and a few pieces of ice makes it sweet but a little sour. There's no alcoholic taste to it, and it's refreshing. It instantly just draws away the heat from the body… Klein placed his napkin on the plate as he recounted the feelings he just had.

At this moment, Macht returned from the washroom. He smiled as he bent down and whispered into Dwayne Dantès's ear, "Same room as before."

"Alright." Klein got up, went to the room with the safe-deposit box, and took out the small leather briefcase with 10,000 pounds before heading over to the activity room where he had previously met Colonel Calvin twice.

Calvin, with his long face, was already waiting inside. When he caught sight of the briefcase in Dwayne Dantès's hand, he got up with a smile.

"You really are a gentleman of action.

"I like such attitudes when handling matters."

As he spoke, he extended his right hand and shook Dwayne Dantès's hand.

Klein then handed the briefcase to him and said with a humble smile, "As a merchant, if one isn't decisive and fast when facing an opportunity to make money, that means that they aren't suitable for this occupation."

Calvin sat back down and opened the briefcase in front of Dwayne Dantès and Macht. He roughly counted the neat stacks of cash.

He quickly completed the confirmation check, closed the briefcase, and looked up at Dwayne Dantès.

"What other thoughts do you have towards the exact details of the transaction?"

Klein deliberately wore a look as though he was organizing his words. After a few seconds, he said, "I'm planning on heading to the Southern Continent soon, to West Balam."

Seeing Calvin and Macht show signs of surprise, he added, "I have some matters that aren't convenient to do while bringing plenty of firearms. And to make the transaction go smoothly, some advanced preparations are required.

"Heh heh, I have to put enough importance on this matter. It's a business worth tens of thousands of pounds.

"I'm thinking of first heading to West Balam to contact clients who have such needs, and to clear out any obvious obstacles. At an agreed-upon time,

I'll contact you via telegraph and head to East Balam's border to retrieve the goods."

Calvin pondered for a moment and said, "You can send me a telegram after 20th June. I'll give you the details later. In short, after I receive the telegram, I'll inform the officer there and get them to pass the countersign and password to the designated personnel for them to head to the warehouse.

"Hmm… Will you need any auxiliary personnel for protection during this time? When do you plan on leaving?"

I only wish to find a place to hide in West Balam where there's no Rose School of Thought. The rest can be left to Danitz… When do I leave? I obviously wish to leave today and arrive there today, but that will incur suspicion… Klein considered for two seconds and said, "There's no need for any security for the time being. In certain places in the Southern Continent, having such auxiliary personnel is the main cause for causing conflict. Don't worry, I have plenty of friends in West Balam. Without bringing anything of value, my safety can be guaranteed.

"As for when I'm leaving, my answer is as soon as possible."

Calvin thought for nearly a minute before slowly nodding.

"I'll send someone to receive you after dinner tomorrow. The military will have an airship that needs to send goods and personnel to Desi bay. And it's just a short distance to the Southern Continent via ship from there. If everything goes smoothly, it will just take two to three days. Even if there's a storm on the way, requiring a detour of the sea route, it will still take a maximum of a week."

"Thank you." Klein sincerely stood up and bowed.

From his point of view, leaving Backlund with the military was safe enough. He wouldn't be made a target of suspicion.

After discussing some details, Klein got up and bade farewell and returned to the foyer in preparation to leave.

In the foyer, beside the dining table, there were nearly ten military-clad or casually-dressed men holding a cup of wine gathered. They were chatting and laughing about the recent rumors.

When Klein swept his gaze over, he suddenly found a figure somewhat familiar.

The man was more than 1.85 meters tall but less than 1.9 meters. He had rather long arms, and his feet were faced outwards to a certain degree. His shoulders were abnormally broad, causing his black suit to appear rather tight.

This… Klein's mind raced as his nerves tensed up. He had already recalled the source of the familiarity.

It was the demigod that met Crazy Captain Connors that night!

He was the demigod suspected to be working for a particular faction of the royal family, one who was supervising the human trafficking!

Although this High-Sequence Beyonder was previously wearing a black hood that interfered with divination, preventing his appearance from being exposed, Klein remembered the traits of his body.

That was what a Faceless was good at!

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CHAPTER 888
A SHOCKING GLANCE

For a second, Klein's act of casually sweeping his gaze paused on that familiar person's figure.

He immediately sensed the abnormality in his reaction since a demigod's spiritual perception wouldn't fail to notice it.

His back muscles tensed up as his mind raced, producing figurative sparks.

He didn't immediately move his gaze away as he continued looking at the demigod suspected to be from the Black Emperor pathway. He smiled at Macht and said, "This place really isn't just for veteran officers."

This sounded like a result of careful observation, but it was nothing but meaningless chatter.

Macht chuckled.

"Any club will exceed its original restrictions when it further develops itself."

His answer didn't seem to offer anything, but on careful consideration, it did seem to imply something or perhaps something that was the complete opposite.

At this moment, the broad-shouldered and long-armed gentleman in a black suit had also naturally turned his head. He looked at the two men, and he noticed that the tycoon who had donated 15,000 pounds was looking at him

and his companions while engaging Member of Parliament Macht with a whisper.

This made him feel that his look of surprise was more of a natural reaction towards learning of his occupation.

Then, he retracted his gaze and continued his topic of conversation.

And at this moment, Klein's back was covered in a layer of cold sweat, and his legs were going limp.

Although he had, in a way, faced the demigod before and had even fought with him, to have such a close encounter in such a small place, with danger happening in a split second, this was a first. And more importantly, he was far from prepared to face a demigod. Not only did he lack a marionette, all he had on him was Death Knell, Azik's copper whistle, and the adventurer's harmonica.

The Sea God Scepter was impossible to bring on his person. Furthermore, the usage of it had strict environmental limitations; otherwise, it would result in massive damage. If he kept Groselle's Travels on him for too long, he might be pulled into the book world. When that happens, it would become troublesome trying to exit it. Creeping Hunger was still lacking a seal, so it needed to feed every day. Unless necessary, it was impossible to take it out ahead of time. The Fate Siphon charm was made from a Worm of Time, so it was an unknown if it would attract Amon. Unless he could use it very quickly, Klein obviously lacked the courage to bring it on him.

If the demigod who was suspected to be from the Black Emperor pathway had discovered something wrong with him, there was only one optimal solution he could think of.

It was to blow the harmonica and summon Miss Messenger to get her to help him escape Backlund via the spirit world!

He had never thought of letting Reinette Tinekerr engage in a direct battle while he held Death Knell from the side to find an opportunity to fire. This was Backlund, the home ground of the official Beyonders. With Miss Messenger's unique appearance, that man could easily pin a crime on her, and what awaited Klein would be a joint attack on him. There was bound to be increasing numbers of demigods and powerful Sealed Artifacts.

How harrowing… Klein moved his gaze away in a manner that adhered to logic. Using the Clown's ability to control his legs, he walked to the door in a completely normal manner.

He didn't ask Macht who those people were, to appear uninterested as a way to prove that it was all just a casual glance.

However, that person turning to look at him had exposed his appearance to Klein.

He had thick but unmessy black brows with a short and hard crew-cut of the same color. He had dark blue eyes and a high nose-bridge with a bushy mustache spreading out from his mouth. He had a long face with accentuated outlines as well as callous curves.

He had strong masculine vibes and was probably in his thirties or forties. It was difficult to determine.

Just on his appearance alone, Klein felt that he looked more like an Arbiter pathway's demigod rather than one of the Black Emperor pathway.

Of course, this demigod's bearing was closer to that of a Warrior's, but he was too short.

Having had a clear look at him, Klein didn't need to inquire further. He could directly get Arrodes to answer him. Even if he was still wary of the magic mirror, he could always commission Miss Xio, Miss Sharron, and company to do a simple background check.

He believed that no matter how well-hidden this demigod was, it was unlikely for him to have a low-ranking position. It would be easy to figure out who he was.

One step. Two steps. Three steps. Klein left the East Balam Military Veterans Mess in a normal manner.

When he boarded the carriage, he leaned on the wall, closed his eyes, and kept silent for a few seconds. Inwardly, he let out a long sigh.

The disconnected trail of clues leading to the truth of the Great Smog of Backlund has finally been connected again…

He didn't open his eyes or say a word, as though he was recounting the business problems he had previously discussed. But in fact, it was to quell his emotions that had been left in an upheaval.

During this process, Klein realized that Richardson had tried to speak a few times, only to shut his mouth again, doing so as though he was stumped.

Ultimately, he didn't say a word, focused on preparing marquis black tea for his employer.

Due to his previous encounter, Klein momentarily didn't have the capacity to be bothered about him and had pretended to not notice it.

Amidst the silent atmosphere and grinding wheels, they returned to 160 Böklund Street.

When he reached the third floor, Klein was just about to head for the bathtub that had been prepared by the lady's maid when Richardson, who was holding his hat and cane, took two steps forward and respectfully said, "Sir, are you heading to the Southern Continent soon?"

"Yes," Klein replied frankly. He had even prepared 500 pounds in cash to hand to Housekeeper Taneja for daily expenses needed for the Dwayne

Dantès residence during his time in the Southern Continent.

Meanwhile, he had a deeper understanding of the importance of having a butler and valet in high society.

There were many things that a master couldn't keep from them; therefore, any conflict in faith and political inclinations necessitated a change.

Richardson hesitated and said, "Sir, I was born in the Southern Continent and am fluent in Dutanese. I'm also very familiar with the various local traditions. I should be of help to you."

Dutanese was a common language of the ancient Balam Empire. In present-day East and West Balam, the citizens still used this language. Only people of the middle- and upper-class knew foreign languages like ancient Feysac, Loenese, and Intis.

Klein felt lucky with regards to this because ancient Balam was once a unified empire with a true god existing in it. Therefore, although the different states had different accents, they all used Dutanese. The written language was likewise the same. This saved him plenty of trouble.

If I were to encounter dozens or more than a hundred dialects and languages, that would be a headache… However, Dutanese and ancient Feysac doesn't belong to the same system. I'm unable to easily grasp the various branches by learning the latter. Finding an interpreter is necessary. Oh, Anderson seems to be fluent in Dutanese. He never seemed to mention having any problems with communication in West Balam… Klein finished listening to Richardson when he suddenly realized what was stumping him.

As a valet, he needed to follow whenever his employer headed out. There was no need for a butler to do so.

This also meant that a valet was like a secretary for the master's daily life. In certain cases, they would also play a role as a business secretary.

Clearly, Richardson enjoyed his life in Backlund and everything it had to offer. He didn't wish to return to the Southern Continent to see scenery or matters that would make him recall his past; therefore, when he got into the carriage, he had tried to mention his traits but was unable to voice it out. He wished that Dwayne Dantès could find a better candidate.

Klein thought for a moment before saying, "I can tell that you don't like the Southern Continent. Why are you telling me this?"

Richardson slowly bowed his head and looked at his toes.

"You gave me a chance to gain experience to mature. I-I believe I can help you."

Very simple feelings of gratitude… If you hadn't said so, no one would know that you knew Dutanese. After all, you were born and raised in an East Balam colony manor… Klein carefully sized up Richardson, chuckled inwardly, and made some silent poignant comments.

However, he didn't plan on letting this valet of his follow him to the Southern Continent. Firstly, it would make it inconvenient for him to carry out certain operations. Secondly, if he was recognized by some Nation Reestablishment Society member of the Numinous Episcopate, it might end up affecting the rest of his life.

Klein laughed and replied, "I have plenty of friends there. They're all fluent in Dutanese and are aware of the traditions there.

"Hmm, you have more important things to do. Stay in Backlund. Help me deliver some gifts to my friends at fixed periods of time. I'll be giving you a name list when the time comes. Also, read more papers and take note of investment opportunities and also perform on-the-ground checks. Finally, give me a corresponding report. I will get Ma'am Taneja to specially prepare some funds for this."

Richardson was somewhat surprised before saying in pleasant surprise, "Yes, sir. I-I will work hard!"

At that instant, he felt that he was being put in an important position as his eyes blurred up.

From the moment he was born, this was the first time he felt hope for his future. It was something to look forward to.

After dismissing Richardson, Klein took a comfortable bath to soothe his tense nerves. Then, he wore his pajamas and returned to the bedroom. Taking a pen and paper, he drew a symbol that was a mixture of concealment and mystery prying.

The full-body mirror's surface ripples with aqueous light as silver light formed Loenese text:

"Exalted Great Master, your puny, loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, is here to answer your summoning!

"Are you about to leave Backlund again?"

Klein nodded and said, "Yes."

Without waiting for Arrodes to mention that he could question it, he asked, "Can I still contact you in the Southern Continent?"

"Of course! As long as you take out that magical radio transceiver." On the surface of the mirror, silver words quickly formed. "However, you cannot leave it out in the real world for too long or use it too frequently. There are plenty of beneficiaries of the Mother Tree of Desire. 'She' can use it to detect you."

Klein nodded gently and asked, "What do you know about the Mother Tree of Desire?"

Arrodes suddenly fell into silence. It was only after a very long time that its silver luster formed a complete sentence:

"I don't dare to mention it, nor do I dare to show it."

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CHAPTER 889
WARNING TO EVERYONE

Don't dare to mention it or show it… At least for Arrodes, the Mother Tree of Desire is definitely stronger than Sequence 1 Zaratul. No, it's even stronger than the Monster pathway's Uniqueness, Die of Probability… There should be a way to circumvent the restriction to get Arrodes to display the corresponding information, such as bringing it above the gray fog… Heh heh, how is that possible? That won't happen unless I'm already an angel and in complete control of that mysterious space… Klein's eyes moved slightly without pressing the question. He asked, "It's your turn to ask."

The full-body mirror's silver light turned brisk, forming a new sentence:

"Great Master, what other instructions do you have for me?"

Nice question! Klein thought for a moment and said, "After I leave Backlund, take note of Dr. Aaron Ceres's family. Once his wife gives birth, remember to mention it to me when I summon you."

After careful consideration, Klein believed that leaving this matter to Arrodes was for the best. After all, no one could monitor Dr. Aaron's residence twenty-four hours a day. And what Klein needed to do was to switch residences at the end of the month to turn on the radio transceiver once.

"Alright, Master~" The words on the mirror reflected Arrodes's mood. "I have a question."

"Speak." Klein nodded, giving permission.

This time, the sentence Arrodes presented were filled with pauses as though it was very hesitant.

"Great Master, what relationship does that child have with you?"

It seemed to be puzzled why a supreme ruler above the spirit world would pay so much attention to a yet-to-be-born infant.

*Hmm, I've already said that it's the yet-to-be-born child of Dr. Aaron Ceres; yet Arrodes fails to notice anything special about Will Auceptin… When it comes to hiding his fate and special traits, a Snake of Fate is far better than the angels of the other Sequences. However, the magic mirror is able to accurately give me the time when Tail Devourer Ouroboros would leave Backlund… Hmm, it's likely that Will Auceptin's reboot makes it difficult for high-leveled existences to notice anything. This might also be why "He" can avoid the Angel of Fate… *Klein answered in enlightenment, "Friends."

About being Will Auceptin's godfather, it was just a casual thought. He didn't have much confidence about that or dare to force it, afraid that he would annoy the Snake of Fate.

"Only friends…" Arrodes revealed an inexplicable sense of disappointment in its words. "Great Master, you can ask a question."

Klein thought for a moment before saying, "Do you know who the person I met at the East Balam Military Veterans Mess is?

"If you aren't sure who I'm referring to, I can draw him for you."

In the dark and deep mirror, aqueous light surfaced, producing a cold and bearded man with dark blue eyes. It was none other than the demigod Klein suspected to be of the Black Emperor pathway.

Meanwhile, the corresponding text appeared beneath the "picture."

"He's Brigadier General Qonas Kilgor. He's from MI9 and is a deputy director. He's known to be a Sequence 5 from the Lawyer pathway, but he wields a powerful Sealed Artifact."

MI9… Brigadier General… Deputy director… From the looks of it, he's the representative of the spy network for the faction of the royal family… Klein memorized the information given to him by the magic mirror. But for a moment, he was at a loss as to the direction for the investigation. After all, Qonas was a demigod, and be it spying or sounding him out, it would easily put him in an alert state regardless of whether he did it himself or commissioned someone else. It was bound to provoke revenge.

The only reliable idea he had was to rely on Miss Justice to do some gathering of information. Not only was her standing high, she also had the social connections to obtain the relevant information. Furthermore, she was a Sequence 6 of the Spectator pathway. She could steer topics of conversation without garnering any suspicion, allowing her to complete her observation stealthily.

I have to say that, although Spectators have lacking combat abilities, they are a force to be reckoned with in other aspects. Besides, with the powers of Psychiatrist and Hypnotist, Spectators can control and guide the direction of a battle to a certain extent… Klein reflected over it as he wondered what else he could ask Arrodes about.

At this moment, the light from the mirror's surface faded and formed a new sentence:

"Great Master, do you wish to know the mastermind behind Cuarón's suicide?"

You are even providing me intelligence on your own accord? Although I've already extricated myself from this matter, I haven't been too actively involved in it and am just awaiting the Nighthawks' investigations. I didn't even find it necessary to ask about it… Klein chuckled inwardly and nodded.

"Yes."

The full-body mirror produced a silver line of text:

"Royal family's consultant, Hvin Rambis, one of the councillors of the Psychology Alchemists."

*Psychology Alchemists? Royal family's consultant? *Klein immediately frowned.

He found it difficult to determine what the Psychology Alchemists were plotting, or if a particular faction of the royal family was dissatisfied with the current political climate and was attempting to "nudge" it.

The Psychology Alchemists isn't like I imagined, being focused on academics and the exploration of ancient ruins… Do all secret organizations attempt to grasp power at a certain point to influence the world? An anchor's requirement? I wonder if Hvin Rambis's ploy is a personal act or decided by the organization. If it's the former, that's still alright, but if it's the latter, it will be easier for Miss Justice to encounter difficult choices as her standing in the Psychology Alchemists rises… Klein's thoughts whirred as he returned to the question-and-answer game. He deliberated and asked, "What else do you wish to say?"

If anyone else had asked such a question, Klein believed that Arrodes would smite them with lightning or use another malicious method to tease them. However, he believed that, as a supreme ruler above the spirit world, he had the right to ask such a question. It was also an opportunity to test Arrodes's bottom line.

The silver light on the full-body mirror's surface transformed into another new line without any hesitation:

"Great Master, Amon is already in Backlund as you expected.

"As it's 'His' avatar that came, I can see it."

What do you mean as I expected? When did I expect it? Klein pricked up his brows and said,

"I'm aware.

"Alright. That's it for today. I'll summon you again using the radio transceiver if I come across any more questions."

"Yes, Master, your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, is constantly awaiting your orders! Goodbye~" The mirror's surface depicted an emoticon of waving a handkerchief.

Klein watched in silence until everything was restored to normal.

On the second day, which was a Monday. He had already made preparations to head to the Southern Continent. Apart from the luggage that contained two sets of clothes, 500 pounds, and some miscellaneous clothing that was meant for show, he threw the remaining 12,125 pounds and 87 gold coins above the gray fog.

The reason why he was so careful was because Klein had a deep impression on his last death and resurrection. If he hadn't had an anonymous account with a few hundred pounds from Miss Justice, he had no idea how long he had to wander the streets. Perhaps he had to really get a job at the circus to be a clown, or he'd have to head to a certain gangster leader's place to "borrow" some money.

Seeing that it was almost three, Klein headed up above the gray fog, prepared to have this week's Tarot Gathering.

He had previously done a divination here, and he received the conclusion that, unless they were in the same building, Blasphemer Amon was unable to detect a Tarot Club member being pulled up into the mysterious space above the gray fog.

Before long, dark red beams shot up in the grand palace, materializing into blurry figures.

Having confirmed that she was restarting her psychology lessons this week and having reestablished contact with the Psychology Alchemists, Audrey looked towards the end of the long bronze table in a relatively good mood. She stood up, raised the corners of her skirt, and bowed.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~"

Opposite her, The Hanged Man also got up and bowed, but he had another question on his mind.

He had originally promised The World Gehrman Sparrow that he would give him the mystical item made from the Ocean Songster Beyonder characteristic last week. But to his dismay, something happened to the Artisan, preventing him from handing it over in time.

With regards to this, Alger planned on explaining the reason to The World at the Tarot Gathering before personally taking action to resolve the problems of the Artisan.

After the bow and exchanging greetings, Cattleya was just about to say something when she saw Mr. Fool rap the edges of the mottled table.

This dull knock made all the Tarot Club members tense up. They had no idea what Mr. Fool was about to say.

*It must be something serious! Something that's emphasized by Mr. Fool at the beginning must be something serious! *Audrey determined inwardly.

The Fool Klein surveyed the area and said with a smile, "Amon recently came to Backlund. An avatar."

Amon? Blasphemer Amon? Derrick instantly felt his unpleasant memories become invoked.

Be it parasitizing the former team captain, asking "are you looking for me?" or coiling around his Spirit Body like a snake, Amon with his pointed hat was a nightmare he couldn't shirk away from.

One had to know that, as a resident of the City of Silver, Derrick had seen plenty of terrifying monsters. Only a few could make him feel uneasy and fearful just from a mere recollection.

Amon has headed to Backlund where Miss Justice and Miss Magician are living? What does "He" want? What should they do? Derrick suddenly felt nervous for his companions.

Amon… This ancient King of Angels has returned to the real world? Indeed, when a revolution is about to happen or is descending, the waves of the times will come flooding in… Alger's eyes narrowed as he recalled what Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos had once said to him.

Cattleya's thoughts were similar to his. As the King of Angels had reappeared in the Northern Continent, she could catch a "whiff" of the unease. A phrase surfaced in her mind: *the changing of an epoch!*

*Amon! Angel of Time Amon… An ancient King of Angels… *Audrey trembled in concern. She glanced at The Magician Fors and Mr. Moon who wore blank and horrified looks and couldn't help but look towards the end of the long bronze table.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, can I think of a way to inform the Church of this matter?"

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CHAPTER 890
IGNORE "HIM"

Regarding Miss Justice's question, Klein had already considered it some time ago. After all, leaving troublesome problems to the official organizations who could resolve them was his modus operandi. However, Leonard's and Pallez Zoroast's reaction made him realize something different.

Leonard was a Red Glove of the Nighthawks. He could easily create an informant to pass the news of Amon being in Backlund to the Church of Evernight, and then let the archbishop and high-ranking deacons decide on a strategy before carrying out an operation. It wouldn't expose his problem, and it could also quash any latent troubles. Yet, he had chosen to leave using the excuse of a mission. It was obvious to Klein that Amon's appearance was tied to the reason for Leonard's choice of action.

He had the suspicion that informing the Church of Evernight might result in unpredictable negative outcomes. Therefore, the angel of the Marauder pathway in Leonard's body had denied this choice of action. And "He" was one of the existences who knew the various Beyonder powers that Amon possessed.

When I have no idea what to do, the choice is undoubtedly to emulate those with experience… Although there's the gray fog separating us, and any problem will cease at Miss Justice's side, there's no need to take such risks. There aren't many members of the Tarot Club to begin with. Every one of them needs to be cherished… Thoughts flashed through The Fool Klein's mind as he shook his head and said with a calm, humored tone, "Ignore 'Him.'"

Ignore "Him"…Mr. Fool's attitude is as if Amon is a stray dog… In "His" eyes, only Sequence 0 true deities are worthy of attention? That's right. The last time The Sun was possessed by Amon's avatar, Mr. Fool had easily cleansed it away. As long as Amon doesn't appear in person, it's not too big a problem for "Him"…Hmm, the reason Mr. Fool emphasized this matter at the beginning is to warn us to be careful… Alger thought in fearful respect and enlightenment.

Audrey similarly interpreted the meaning that it was a trivial matter. She suddenly made the connection.

Is Mr. World Gehrman Sparrow's temporary departure of Backlund to avoid Angel of Time Amon? To Mr. Fool, although "He" is still slowly recovering "His" standing, level, and powers, it's not difficult for "Him" to deal with Amon's avatar. The Sun's encounter is evidence…"He" got "His" Blessed to avoid Amon to not attract the Angel of Time's real body, as this can spoil "His" plans of awakening?

Yes, "He" emphasized it to us as a warning, worried that we wouldn't react properly when chancing upon Amon. Mr. Fool really shows "His" concern for us!

At this moment, Emlyn had just digested the matter of King of Angels Blasphemer Amon's appearance in Backlund.

Although he was arrogant, repeated Tarot Gatherings had allowed him to understand what a King of Angels was. It was an existence second to Sanguine Ancestor Lilith, second to the true deities that sat at the pinnacle Sequence. "They" were the strongest ones who walked the real world!

What's going to happen this time in Backlund? When the time comes, there will be dead people, the wounded, or the sick everywhere outside. I'll become busy again because of Father… Emlyn recalled his life after the Great Smog of Backlund as he showed signs of fear, fear that such matters would happen again.

Fors also felt that the problem was significant. This was because if Angel of Time Amon really wanted to do something, it was very likely that "He" would inflict damage on a large scale. It was something that she could avoid by hiding at home and not heading out.

She silently drew a breath and looked to the end of the long bronze table, worriedly asking, "Honorable Mr. Fool, why is Amon sending 'His' avatar to Backlund?"

Klein deliberated over his choice of words and looked around the table with a smile.

"To look for all of you."

To look for us? The sentence seemed to be like bolts of lightning that struck Fors and company awake. It left their spines numb.

Right on the heels of that, Audrey made the connection of the reply to "ignore 'Him'" from before. She found Mr. Fool like the boundless ocean, and a mere avatar of Blasphemer Amon was just a rock. It could only cause a tiny stir and nothing more.

Although Amon's avatar came to find us Tarot Club members, Mr. Fool has said to ignore "Him," so there's no need to bother about "Him"…Praise Mr. Fool! Audrey's nerves that had just tensed up instantly relaxed.

Emlyn, Fors, and Derrick also figured out something similar. They either leaned back into their seats, exhaled openly, or praised Mr. Fool from the bottom of their hearts.

Cattleya hadn't joined when Amon possessed The Sun Derrick, and she had only learned of it during a few of the subsequent discussions. Therefore, she knew little and didn't have deep thoughts about it. She just felt worried over the situation where Amon, a King of Angels, was seeking out the Tarot Club members.

Why would a King of Angels like Amon target the Tarot Club?

"He" likely discovered our organization from The Sun…

What goal does "He" have, and why is "He" so confident?

"He" is targeting Mr. Fool? "He" can sense the abnormalities of the gray fog?

But Mr. Fool said to ignore "Him"…This means that, under normal circumstances, Amon is unable to tell who is a Tarot Club member?

With Kings of Angels appearing, is the Fifth Epoch coming to an end?

After Alger relaxed from his tensed state, he began thinking about something else.

Back when he informed the Church of Storms about Bansy Harbor's problem, his excuse was that he had heard "someone at a bar mentioning it." And he had described this person using Blasphemer Amon's image!

Thankfully, even if the Church were to encounter Amon, with the way they handle things, they wouldn't verify and question this matter. And regardless of Amon's performance or because of his identity, they will definitely find him extremely suspicious and place weight on this suspicion… Alger wasn't worried that he would expose himself for this trivial problem; he only believed that it was best that he should be careful and not randomly use high-ranking Beyonders, especially angels and above, as scapegoats.

Hence, he warned himself.

Although not every high-ranking Beyonder is at the level of "any mention of it will be known," or have similar powers, mentioning it excessively might result in me encountering that existence due to the machinations of fate. After all, the higher one goes, the deeper the connections of fate will be!

Seeing that the Tarot Club members, especially the three who were in Backlund, had already shown signs of wariness about Amon's avatar and had written off the thoughts of being rash and not plan on targeting the Blasphemer, he calmed down and leaned back, leisurely looking at everyone as an indication that the floor was theirs.

Cattleya reined in her worries over the Northern and Southern Continent and the Five Seas before looking to the seat of honor at the long bronze table.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, I have three new diary pages again this time."

She remembered vividly that, at the end of last Monday's Tarot Gathering, she had informed the meaning of the two "Rosellean characters" to Queen Mystic. However, she only received a reply on Sunday. In it were three new diary pages and a question of medium length.

"The place his mind and spirit calls home, is it on that island, or the depths of the cosmos?"

When Cattleya ruminated over this question, she seemed to sense the emotional upheavals that were happening when Queen Mystic wrote it, unlike her usual calm self.

With regards to this, she sighed silently based on her understanding of Queen Mystic Bernadette.

In Her Majesty's heart, Emperor Roselle is an unresolved knot. This is the reason why she ultimately doesn't dare to advance to Sequence 2?

Klein had no idea what Ma'am Hermit was thinking; all he did was nod and indicated that she could conjure the new Roselle diary pages.

Soon, the three yellowish-brown goatskin pages appeared in his palm.

"10th March. I participated in that ancient and most secret organization's gathering.

"After many observations, I'm increasingly puzzled over a problem: What does it mean to be the trend of the times? Who defines the trend of the times?

"If it's really as they claim, when everything ends and the original Creator is resurrected from the dead, awakening from his slumber, he would gather everything back into his body to create a new world and new history. Then, there's no need for them to let the times develop according to what they expect of the times. They can quickly come up with all kinds of schemes, such as triggering a world war, a war between angels, or even a war between deities. Wouldn't that accelerate their goals?

"Or could it be the case that 'the times' is part of the original Creator? Only when 'the times' develop according to a certain expectation can 'He' draw energy from it and revive? This isn't scientific… Of course, whatever I see and participate in now isn't scientific at all…

"Actually, if I had any say, why revive the Creator who rides above all? Everyone can just go through the motions and enjoy themselves without any restrictions. Isn't that better?

"Based on my observations, hehe, there are many members who share similar viewpoints as mine. However, there are a number of members who are stubborn and inflexible, strictly abiding to their beliefs. I wonder if they should be called idealists or crazy cultists.

"What I can't see through the most is that mysterious leader. Old Mister Hermes told me that this organization began with him, no—'Him'. It was organized with people who shared 'His' beliefs and goals. However, 'He' seldom expresses 'His' thoughts, never stopping many of the members who use the organization for their own purposes. At times, I will even forget 'His' existence. 'He' seems to enjoy sitting there, silently watching everyone converse.

"But on one matter, I witnessed 'His' might. A High-Sequence Beyonder who had gone against their so-called trend of the times was put forth by 'Him.' In thirty seconds, the person became a target of elimination. And I believe that the poor fellow wouldn't survive past summer.

"Who is 'He'? Some ancient god that survived the Second Epoch??"

Roselle had used two question marks at the end of the sentence to express his strong doubts. This was something he seldom did; hence, Klein suspected that this was the reason why Bernadette had chosen this diary entry.

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CHAPTER 891
STRANGE CHAPEL

The mysterious leader of the Twilight Hermit Order enjoys sitting there, silently watching everyone converse. Once "He" wishes for something to be done, the matter can very quickly reach a consensus… This really matches the characteristics of the Spectator pathway… I'm increasingly convinced that "He" is Amon's brother, the other son of the Creator, Adam… In his later years, the emperor learned plenty of secrets from Mr. Door and was probably able to come up with similar conclusions… As Klein compared the descriptions in the diary with what he already knew to come up with theories and verify them, he cast his gaze down to read the rest of the content of the page.

"11th March. The more I recall what happened yesterday, the more afraid I am. A demigod existence had his fate decided with just a few words. He didn't even have the chance to express his disapproval. And the makeup of the ancient secret organization convinces me that, apart from dealing with the seven orthodox Churches, there is nothing that they can't do. Even the toppling of a nation isn't impossible.

"How lucky I am to be pulled into this organization; otherwise, who knows if I might one day suffer an unexpected assassination I cannot resist. I'll die with my eyes wide open!!

"This kind of organization that hides behind the scenes, secretly passing judgment on others, while determining the life and death of the target is really unacceptable. Even if I'm one of their members, I'm still appalled and feel fear deep down.

"This world is so much more dangerous than Earth. Perhaps just being born with relatively high spirituality, randomly flipping through an ancient tome, sitting normally on a ship doing business, taking in the beauty of some lady, entering some castle because of one's love of traveling, being woken up by fighting next door in the middle of the night, or creating something that's of meaning, these would be enough to cause one to die a baffling, tragic death!

"And this is one of the reasons that drive me to improve myself, to advance myself to gain the ability to determine my own fate. I can definitely succeed. I'm the protagonist of this era, ha!"

"12th March. I feel there's a need to seek out some material regarding the Fourth Epoch, Third Epoch, and even the Second Epoch. The experience that came from joining that ancient secret organization tells me that there might be countless secrets hidden here, the kind that will influence the direction of an epoch.

"Unfortunately, such information is astonishingly rare. They're either kept by the Church, or they have been destroyed. I believe that I'm unlikely to gain much simply by relying on my subordinates. The best method is still to raise my Sequence. It will allow me to gain a higher status and greater power in the Church."

From this diary page, it's obvious that the emperor's act of establishing contact with Mr. Door had happened very long after he joined the Twilight Hermit Order. Perhaps he was already a High-Sequence Beyonder; otherwise, there was no way he could withstand Mr. Door's ravings… Compared to the emperor, it's so much easier for me to investigate history. I have his diary for the Fourth Epoch. There's the City of Silver for the Second Epoch. From time to time, I can even encounter the evil spirit that was formed by a King of Angels… Hmm, in the middle of his life, the emperor seems to tone down on his allusions of grandeur… Klein flipped to the second diary page with a relaxed attitude.

"18th May. I've been having nightmares recently. I dream of myself wearing ancient silver-gray armor and sitting beside a cliff. In front of me is silence,

and there's a bottomless black fog beneath me. It was filled with corruption and evil. Merely looking at it was enough to influence me. Towards the end, my face grew complicated, jet-black patterns as I monitored the abyss. My skin turned hard and I had the feeling that sticky liquid was flowing across the surface of my body. My eyes completely lost their reason.

"It was a reflection of the Abyss. It was the reflection of the Abyss which I saw and attempted to enter last month!

"As this nightmare becomes more frequent, I realize that extreme thoughts are becoming a common occurrence for me. Occasionally, the anger from being beaten up might lead me to hoping to rip apart the limbs of my target. Also, dark red lumps are growing on my back. My body temperature is also gradually decreasing.

"Is this a form of corruption from the Abyss?

"I have to think of a way to confirm and resolve it!

"For the time being, I cannot get the Church's help; otherwise, I'll have to divulge the existence of the primitive island and the Abyss.

"Yes, I can find the priests and bishops of the Eternal Blazing Sun. They're more skilled at purification!"

"19th May. Through some connections, I received some secret treatment. My entire being felt a lot more relaxed. All the anomalies that happened to me have turned for the better.

"Amidst my joy, I also thought of a problem. I had only explored the periphery of the Abyss, without making contact with any high-level Devils. I even had an object on the Black King that could resist corruption; yet, I was affected without realizing it and even had signs of being corrupted. Those Criminal pathway Beyonders would make sacrifices to high-level Devils from time to time; the corruption they suffer must be even worse.

Over time, it's probably untreatable, and they can only be cleansed—both body and aura.

"Likewise, High-Sequence Beyonders, especially angels, should be able to exert influence on Low- and Mid-Sequence Beyonders of the same pathway. And due to the difference in level, there are corresponding limitations on distance. When one becomes a true god, there's a high probability that they can "communicate" across the whole world and spirit world without any obstructions…

"This begs the question. Am I being influenced to a certain extent by the God of Craftsmanship, no—Should I say the God of Steam and Machinery? This is quite scary. It appears that only by becoming a demigod that I will be able to escape this influence?

"Thankfully, since the Fifth Epoch, there hasn't been any examples of true gods leaving the astral world to descend upon the land. Likewise, pathways without true gods do not have such severe problems."

"20th May. After a period of being dispirited, I've returned to the social scene!

"F*ck, those bastards have been secretly mocking me, saying that the reason for me not coming out recently has to do with me having too much fun and turning weak! Just because my dark eye circles are more obvious because of my nightmare-induced poor sleep quality?

"Hehe, I want to let them know what it means by the difference in one's talent!!"

I wonder what an angel's influence is like on a Low- or Mid-Sequence Beyonder… The transmission of ravings over great distances? Automatic characteristic attraction? Regardless of where it is, as long as one's honorific name is chanted, one will have the godhood to reply? When meeting each other, is it the direct acquisition and erosion of one's Beyonder characteristic? If all of this is possible, it's equivalent to a mini-

deity… It's no wonder that angels in the Second Epoch are called subsidiary gods.… Klein's thoughts raced as he flipped the page in his hand to read the last diary page.

"12th October. Edwards ran to me, telling me that one of his knights discovered a strange chapel. It might have to do with the faith before the Fourth Epoch.

"This piqued my interest as I immediately rushed to the tiny city by the name of Bayman."

"13th October. Bayman is a tiny town built on a mountain. The buildings all have protruded domes, just like a white straw hat. It's very special.

"Following the street, and covering several flights of stairs, I finally found the strange chapel. On the surface, it looked like an ordinary residence with nothing special about it. Only by entering would one discover the difference.

"There was only one priest here. He was a genial middle-aged man who wore a simple white robe. He had a pale gold beard that covered half his face. His light-colored eyes were clear like a child's.

"He claimed the place to be a temple of the Creator. Any creature from any species, any believer of any deity could enter.

"When I heard him mention this, it reminded me of a question I had. Apart from the seven orthodox deities, the other faiths are deemed as heretics. They are unable to openly build a cathedral other than that of the original Creator. However, there has never been any such Church coming into existence. Even cathedrals are extremely rare!

"In front of the chapel was a simple baldachin. In it was a man carrying a cross. This was likely the divine image of the so-called Creator.

"I sat in the front pew and idly chatted with the priest. He told me of many different stories.

"He said that when humans were first born, the ones that ruled the skies, land, and sea were all sorts of crazy, bloodthirsty monsters. They were said to be the origins of the later species: dragons, giants, and elves.

"These monsters freely indulged in their desires, occupying all kinds of places. It appeared that it wouldn't take long before they destroyed the entire world. At this moment, it was the Creator who had awoken. 'He' retrieved the special traits and powers that they had been blessed with, and he had bestowed it to the humans.

"After that, 'He" returned to his slumber, leaving behind a prophecy:

"When madness, cruelty, greed, indulgence, coldness, and bloodthirstiness drowns the land once again, 'He' would awaken and retrieve everything.

"As we spoke, the priest held the hanging cross by his chest and silently prayed.

"Such a myth is completely different from the Churches' canon. There are many interesting parts that are worth thinking about."

"15th October. I've been back in Trier for a day. Only then did I forget to ask the priest for his name!

"Forget it. There will still be a chance in the future. My sixth sense as a man tells me that I'll definitely head to that chapel again."

*Isn't this the condensed version of the City of Silver's myth? Hmm, the period around the end of the Second Epoch and the beginning of the Third Epoch… That priest seems to know a lot. Perhaps, an organization that passes down such a myth over the generations know a lot… *Klein's mind stirred as the diary pages in his hand vanished.

Then, he looked up at Ma'am Hermit.

"Go ahead."

Cattleya immediately bowed her head.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, what I wish to know is if the place that Emperor Roselle's mind and spirit calls home on that island or the depths of the cosmos?"

That island? That primitive island that caused Grimm to die and had left the emperor shocked? From the looks of it, the emperor treated the island with great importance towards the end of his life. Even Queen Mystic Bernadette noticed it…

What does deep in the cosmos mean? The astral world? Or some other planet? There are many things about the emperor that transcends his era, so he's suspected by his daughter to be an alien?

Although it's a little ridiculous, it adheres to logic. After all, research has proven that this is a planet. The Sun is a star, and apart from that is the endless universe, a galaxy with countless stars… How should I answer? I can't just tell her about transmigration. But it's not like I can't say anything… Klein pondered for a while before shaking his head with a smile.

"Neither of them."

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CHAPTER 892 INDIVIDUAL "COMPREHENSION"

Neither of them… Cattleya ruminated over Mr. Fool's reply, suddenly feeling at a loss as to the true meaning of the question.

She originally imagined that the place that Emperor Roselle's mind and spirit called home had to involve something philosophical or mystical. For example, the island might refer to the divine kingdom of the deity of his faith; the depths of the cosmos referred to the astral world, indicating Emperor Roselle's belief in surpassing himself in his quest for a deity's throne. In the end, Mr. Fool answered that it was neither. This denied nearly every possibility, making it difficult for her to think of any other answer.

Perhaps what Her Majesty wishes to ask is not something I understand. What Mr. Fool is saying is pointing at another explanation… It doesn't matter if I understand it. I'm only a communication tool between them… Cattleya sighed inwardly as she sincerely bowed.

"Thank you for your answer."

The other Tarot Club members were lost in regards to the question and answer. Although they could understand the reason for the question and could understand what the actual meaning of the mental and spiritual home was, they couldn't make any connection to the island or the depths of the cosmos. Hence, all of them had their own interpretations and guesses, but all of them felt that their theories were distant from the truth.

Subconsciously, Fors believed that the island referred to the woman Roselle loved the most. The depths of the cosmos referred to the emperor's late years when he cast his gaze to what he deemed "the Sea of Stars."

Audrey believed that the island referred to one's island of self-consciousness in psychology. The sea was the conscious, and below the sea's surface was the subconscious. And the cosmos referred to the spirituality sky that represented the astral world. Hence, the corresponding question became "did Emperor Roselle believe in himself, deities, or purely nature."

From this angle, Mr. Fool's answer appeared rather strange. It was as though "He" was saying that Emperor Roselle didn't believe in anything, including himself.

I might be misinterpreting it… But if that's really the case, Emperor Roselle might seem conflicted based on what Mr. Fool says, but in fact, it might conceal a deeper secret… Or it could be that, in his later years, he had seen through life. He began thinking about the universe, the world, deities, and the basic qualities of humanity. He became a pessimist and a nihilist? Audrey seemed to be training her abilities as she thought with piqued interest.

Alger had similar thoughts as Cattleya. As for Emlyn, he considered it for a moment before decisively giving up upon realizing that he had no clue. Derrick had no interest in Emperor Roselle, but he didn't break the silence. He kept considering the conversations he was to have later.

Finally, The Fool, who was cloaked by the gray fog, chuckled and said, "You may begin."

Alger immediately looked at The World and deliberated over his words.

"Sorry, your mystical item will require a little more time."

Without waiting for him to speak, he quickly gave an explanation:

"That Artisan had strangely gotten infected by a sickness, and there are suspicious 'snoopers' appearing in the vicinity. This resulted in a delay. I will personally make a trip to see if I can resolve his problems so that he can quickly recover. We'll try to make the mystical item you need within two weeks."

He spoke extremely sincerely as a way to express his apologies and importance on the matter. But in his actual description, he had secretly pushed all the blame to the Artisan. It was as though he was saying to The World that if he were displeased, I will teach him a lesson for you. If that's not enough, I will even give you his exact location for you to personally pay him a visit.

That Artisan sure is troublesome… Mr. Hanged Man treats this quite seriously. Hmm, non-official, or should I say Artisans who are willing to accept orders from unknown origins, are extremely rare. If they can be secured, it's best that they are secured… Klein pondered for a moment and got The World to hoarsely reply, "I will allow this delay, but there shouldn't be a next time."

He spoke very calmly, but it alarmed Alger. He could almost feel the hidden murderous intent in The World Gehrman Sparrow.

"Thank you for your understanding," he said with a staid expression.

Upon hearing their conversation, Cattleya looked at The Hanged Man, curled her lips, and nudged her glasses. She said, "If you are unable to resolve the problems, I can provide some help."

From her point of view, as long as the problem wasn't serious, she could even do it for free. After all, this meant that she could skip The Hanged Man and directly establish connections with the Artisan.

Alger obviously sensed the true intent of this pirate admiral. He felt that she was beginning to severely encroach into his territory, giving him a certain

level of pressure. He paused for a moment and replied in an unperturbed manner, "Then, I will thank you on his behalf for your kindness."

On the one hand, he expressed his close ties with the Artisan, and on the other hand, didn't directly object to her help; thus, giving him sufficient leeway. Compared to having Gehrman Sparrow find fault with him, sacrificing some benefits wasn't something unacceptable.

Cattleya didn't harp on the matter as she turned to look at The World.

"Are you pleased with the information on West Balam?"

She had already gathered all the information on West Balam that Gehrman Sparrow needed last Thursday. She had handed it to him via the strange messenger.

She was filled with fear when it came to Mr. Fool, so given any other methods, she was unwilling to disturb that existence.

It cost me a total of 300 pounds. If it wasn't good enough, I would've asked for a refund there and then! Klein mumbled and made The World answer tersely as an affirmation.

Then, the fake person cast its gaze on Miss Magician.

Fors immediately felt uncomfortable, akin to the feeling of a rat being targeted by a cat. She couldn't help but consider if she had done something wrong.

Could it be that during my conversation with Xio, my description, no—defamation of Dwayne Dantès, was heard by him? Or is he displeased that I didn't refund him the money? Fors stopped thinking about the bodyguard mission that had happened days ago as she asked, quaking with consternation, "Mr. World, i-is there something?"

The World nodded and said, "A commission.

"Get information on Calderón City from the Abraham family. Most important of all is its location."

Calderón City… Why is The World suddenly searching for this mysterious spirit world city? An instruction from Mr. Fool? It's a new part of his reawakening plans? Cattleya had some idea about Calderón City, so she was quite perplexed.

The other Tarot Club members, including Fors, didn't know what city The World was looking for. All they could do was maintain their silence. Among them, Emlyn felt that he had heard of it before, but he couldn't recall the exact details.

About four seconds later, Fors forced a smile.

"No problem. I can help you ask."

"How much would it cost?" The World asked in an unperturbed tone.

1,000 pounds! No, 500 pounds, no— I still need to deduct the bodyguard fee… Fors's mind raced and finally gave her price:

"350 pounds."

That's cheap. Other than the spirit world's Seven Lights, perhaps only the Abraham family has detailed information on Calderón City… Yes, to Miss Magician, it's just about asking her teacher. It's indeed simple and convenient. It's no wonder it's not expensive… Klein was first surprised before coming to a realization. He made The World nod and say, "Deal."

After watching this transaction close, Audrey noticed something amusing.

Miss Magician seems to be very afraid of Mr. World. It was to the point of being a reflex!

She had previously met Dwayne Dantès, but didn't know that he was Gehrman Sparrow. During this period, she discovered something terrifying? Hmm, I'll arrange to meet her and Xio at Glaint's place. Let's see if I can figure out something… Audrey thought as she indiscernibly nodded.

At this moment, seeing that The World had nothing else, Emlyn hurriedly looked at The Sun.

"Do you have the Sequence 5 Beyonder characteristic of the artificial vampire?"

"I haven't accrued enough merit points." Derrick didn't feel ashamed this time. On the contrary, he felt that Mr. Moon was being overly anxious. How could the points needed for a Sequence 5 Beyonder characteristic be so easily amassed?

Emlyn turned his head disgruntledly when he suddenly recalled something. He hurriedly said to Miss Magician, "I have clues to the cursed item and remnant spirituality from an ancient wraith. I'm waiting for more detailed information.

"This might not be an item to give to you directly, but one to provide you with some information about where you can find an ancient wraith in the vicinity of Backlund."

Upon saying that, Emlyn thought and said, "300 pounds."

This means that I have to hunt the ancient wraith myself? Based on various mysticism rumors, this is quite a powerful monster… After hearing what Mr. Moon had to say, Fors's first reaction was that it was a dilemma. Her second reaction was to commission the hunting mission to Mr. World. She was certain that he could quickly and successfully complete it!

But upon the thought that hiring Mr. World might cost far more than what the ancient wraith was worth, she felt that it was better to attempt it herself.

I'll wait until Xio becomes an Interrogator. Together, we should have a higher chance… Besides, I still have Leymano's Travels with me. On it is a demigod-level High-Sequence Beyonder power and Angel's Embrace. There are plenty of unique Beyonder powers in it, and below that of High-Sequence Beyonders, it's practically a divine artifact… Uh, I have little actual combat experience since I'm fleeing most of the time. This is an opportunity… Fors quickly made a decision and said to The Moon Emlyn, "Deal."

After confirming some other matters, the transaction segment came to an end. Klein got The World Gehrman Sparrow to beat Mr. Hanged Man to the punch by looking around and saying, "My preliminary investigations regarding Backlund's Cuarón's suicide has borne fruit."

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CHAPTER 893
HAIR-RESEMBLING PLANTS

The one that was most interested Cuarón's suicide was none other than Justice Audrey. However, she had long noticed that Fors had some slight interest in the case. Hence, she didn't ask and had maintained her posture, patiently waiting for a particular best-selling author to pose the question.

In just a second or two, Fors looked at the borders of the table in front of The World and asked after some deliberation, "What's the truth?"

Klein had already rehearsed how he was to describe it, so without any hesitation, he got The World to say, "The mastermind behind it is the royal family's consultant, Hvin Rambis. He probably has another identity—a councillor of the Psychology Alchemists."

When she heard the first sentence, Audrey's mind had already naturally produced the image of a genial elder. This man came from an aristocratic background. He had graduated from Berth University and possessed profound knowledge and outstanding insight. He had been a consultant to the royal family for more than a decade and was publicly recognized as a scholar, a good man, a gentleman.

Audrey had previously suspected that Cuarón's suicide might have been instigated by the royal family, but she never expected the mastermind to be the genial, amiable, kind, and humorous Hvin Rambis!

When The World announced the other identity of the man, she found herself unable to hide her alarm and puzzlement.

Hvin Rambis is a Beyonder? He's a councillor of the Psychology Alchemists?

This also means that he might be a demigod… I've seen him so many times, but I've never connected him to the mysterious world. I always found him to be solely a scholar, a knowledgeable scholar…

If Mr. World wasn't misled in his investigations, I'd really find it unbelievable. That Hvin Rambis, who's known to be helpful to others, would treat a life with such coldness. He coldly made a child lose his father, a wife to lose her husband, parents to lose their son… He usually presents himself to be cultured and loving… Hmm, politics is dirtier than I imagined. Same for the royal family…

Speaking of which, I have yet to meet a councilor of the Psychology Alchemists. I've never made contact with their upper echelons. I never expected that this secret organization is almost no different from the cults like the Aurora Order and Numinous Episcopate… Our Tarot Club is better. Mr. Fool is always stopping or disrupting the plans of the evil gods and devils…

While Audrey's mind was in chaos, Alger acutely sensed the brewing problems in Backlund's political climate. He felt that various factions were interlinked and that there were many secrets. They formed a massive bucket of explosives that could explode at any time.

The nobles, royal family, Church of Storms, Church of Evernight, Church of Steam, the burgeoning rich, the commoners who live on a precipice, and the lowest class who live abject lives… The revolution of the times is so obvious. To think I didn't recognize this at all. I just simply believed Qilangos's words and the "evidence" he showed. An epoch where the old gods fade and new gods arise is about to descend. The tides of history are roaring in an unstoppable manner… Alger silently sighed, seemingly seeing the tall gothic bell tower and the Bell of Order that hung in it.

And surrounding this famous landmark, swirls of air was materializing and the light was darkening. It appeared that eddies were gearing up to form hurricanes.

Suddenly, Alger had a theory.

What arises might not be a new god, but an ancient god from an even more remote age…

He instinctively glanced at the seat of honor at the end of the long bronze table before quickly retracting his gaze. He could hardly quell the upheavals in his heart.

At that moment, he had a baffling feeling that his ambition and goals were too puny. He had only wanted to become an archbishop of the Church of Storms, a saint. In this position, he would have authority in the world and he could direct many things in secret.

Since the old gods are fading away and new gods are rising, Mr. Fool will be returning to "His" throne in the astral world. Then why shouldn't I consider being an angel?

Only at this level can I complete a qualitative change in my existence. I'll be able to live a long lifespan. Only then can I lord over people and lead a large-scale organization. I'll wield authority over the world!

As thoughts flashed through his mind, Alger trembled in an almost indiscernible manner. His heart was spewing with agitated emotions.

When Cattleya connected Queen Mystic's whereabouts for the past two months, she felt that the latter had been spending a large portion of her time in Backlund.

Is something about to happen in Backlund? I can try asking when I write this time. I wonder what response Her Majesty will give… Cattleya nudged

her heavy glasses on her nose and swept her gaze across Miss Justice and the other members from Backlund.

Fors knew some of the details of Cuarón's suicide case. She knew that the victim had acted on his own the entire time and that he wasn't controlled. She also knew that the witnesses believed without a doubt that everything was a result of Dwayne Dantès. Comparing this with the actual situation had induced a deep sense of fear towards the councillor of the Psychology Alchemists. She didn't wish that she would one day find out that her thoughts and hobbies were all a result of someone else's doing.

How is this different from being a puppet? A High-Sequence Beyonder of the Spectator pathway is terrifying… However, this is really good writing material. Currently, the science of psychology already has hypnosis… In my next book, I want to write about a sick girl liking a gentleman. She uses hypnosis to make him fall in love with her. The ending climax is when she discovers that the gentleman is actually a master hypnotist… Fors gaped her mouth before closing it again. She didn't ask further about Hvin Rambis since she didn't know him at all.

Klein's sharing of Hvin Rambis was mainly to warn Miss Justice. He wanted her to be careful and wary of this Psychology Alchemists councilor. Now, seeing that his goal had been achieved, he said, "There's another matter. Help me take note of Brigadier General Qonas Kilgor. He's the deputy director of MI9. On the surface, he's only a Sequence 5, but in actual fact, he's a Black Emperor pathway demigod. He possesses rather potent spiritual perception and can sharply detect that others are observing him."

Qonas Kilgor… Audrey repeated this name inwardly and realized that she had no impression of this gentleman.

Either we have little overlap in our social circles, to the point of just nodding at each other when bumping into one another without asking who the other is, or he keeps an extremely low profile. He doesn't attend such gatherings often… If I have a chance, I should ask Kance. He's from MI9. He definitely knows this superior of his… Audrey was no longer surprised

that Qonas was a demigod despite being a Sequence 5 in name. From her point of view, it was common for members of an intelligence agency to be in such situations.

Alger and Cattleya had more or less heard of the high-ranking member of MI9, Qonas Kilgor. However, they lacked a deeper understanding of the matter, so all they could do was refresh whatever they knew and remind themselves to be especially careful when encountering anything to do with the person in question.

Seeing that Mr. World had nothing else to share, Derrick didn't wait for Mr. Hanged Man to ask. He said, "I've made a new friend again."

He paused for a moment before getting to the crux of the matter.

"The area he patrols includes the former Chief's mausoleum. He told me that the six-member council has yet to open the door that leads underground. However, through the cracks on the outer rocks of the mausoleum, there are luxuriant and strange plants growing out from them. They look like human hair."

The six-member council has three demigods. Even if there are some out on expeditions and aren't in the City of Silver, the other three likely control a certain powerful Sealed Artifact or have Grazed an evil spirit, giving them nearly demigod strength. Despite joining forces for so many days, they haven't managed to open the entrance to the former Chief's mausoleum… This means that it's quite a serious problem… Also, what's the reason for plants that resemble human hair to suddenly grow? One question after another arose in Klein's mind as he waited for The Hanged Man to ask Little Sun.

He knew that the former would definitely have questions.

Alger, who finished listening quietly, frowned slightly before relaxing his brows. After some deliberation, he said, "Apart from that, are there any anomalies?

"Is the one in charge of opening the mausoleum that Shepherd Elder Lovia?"

"It's not her. The Chief is present too. Likewise for two other Elders," Derrick answered seriously. "There aren't any other anomalies for the time being."

Alger nodded and said, "Very good. Maintain your present state. Establish communications with more people. Keep a note of any changes with that mausoleum."

After being praised, Derrick hurriedly nodded as he answered eagerly.

After a few more exchanges of words, the gathering naturally began the learning segment. Fors had planned on asking what the Pharaoh mummy was for, but after seeing The World, she shut her mouth.

When the gathering ended, Klein, who had returned to the real world, turned on the tap and washed his face and hands before patiently waiting for night to come.

When the time came, he would be riding on a military airship to Desi Bay.

…

Southern Continent, Behrens Harbor.

As the Golden Dream was cruising south in the Fog Sea, Danitz only took a few days to arrive at the harbor northmost of West Balam.

He draped himself with a dark-colored cloak and carried a suitcase. Wearing the Sun Brooch inside his clothes, he carried an iron-black boxing glove close to his chest. He was walking down the harbor's roads and was out while sweating profusely. He felt that he was already armed to the teeth, far stronger than he was before.

Once out the harbor, Danitz glanced to his sides and extended his hand to stop a carriage.

When the carriage driver saw him, he said out a string of words:

"%#@&&&()(())…”

What is he saying… Danitz looked blankly at him. It took him a few seconds to recall one thing.

He didn't know the local language, Dutanese, at all!

And back when he came to West Balam, he had his captain, a polyglot, leading the crew. He didn't need to worry that he didn't understand anything.

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CHAPTER 894
MEETING

Danitz turned agape as he subconsciously said in Intis, "Hotel."

The air seemed to instantly freeze as Danitz looked at the carriage driver's dark-brown skin, coarse and messy black hair, rather soft facial contours, and blank expression. He exhaled silently and blamed it on his bad luck before silently carrying his luggage to walk down the street.

"Dogsh*t! I actually encountered a carriage driver who doesn't know Intis! Shouldn't someone who picks up passengers near the harbor know a few Northern Continent languages? There are so many people from Intis, Loen, and Feysac around here!" As Danitz grumbled, he looked ahead to look for pedestrians who looked to be from the Northern Continent or had similar heritages in a bid to smoothen his process of checking into a hotel and filling his stomach.

According to what he knew, Behrens Harbor had quite a number of people from Intis, Loen, Feynapotter, and Feysac who had migrated here. As long as he met one, communication wouldn't be a problem.

However, Danitz felt that all of this was built on a premise: he had to ensure that he didn't collapse from heatstroke.

"This dogsh*t weather!" He looked up at the azure-blue sky, white clouds, and the sun which wasn't too glaring. Cursing with a warped expression, he raised his hand to wipe the sweat from his forehead.

Despite his cursing, Danitz actually knew that the temperature in the Southern Continent was considered mild to the point that even calling it

slightly cool wasn't an exaggeration. The reason why he was feeling so hot was because he was wearing the Sun Brooch. However, having just arrived and having not figured out the situation in his surroundings, he didn't dare remove the brooch to stuff it into his luggage bag. If he were to lose the item, he could imagine the cold and crazy look Gehrman Sparrow would give him.

Come on, give me a few people from the Northern Continent. Any country would do. I'm a famous pirate who knows several languages after all… Danitz kept muttering under his breath as all he could think of was iced beer and icebergs that floated in the ocean.

As he muttered, he suddenly rubbed his eyes.

He had finally seen someone who was clearly of Northern Continent descent!

Furthermore, it seemed to be someone familiar!

Diagonally ahead of Danitz, at a street illuminated by bright sunlight, a young man with blond short hair that was split seventy-thirty was leaning against a wall, blowing into a silver harmonica.

He had emerald-green eyes, and he wore a white shirt that didn't have the top two buttons buttoned up. He wore a completely unbuttoned black vest, dark-colored trousers, and a single black glove. He was none other than the Strongest Hunter of the Fog Sea, Anderson Hood!

What a coincidence? This fellow actually came to West Balam… Danitz felt delighted deep down, feeling that he had finally grabbed a floating plank in the sea of people. Ignoring Anderson's actions on the Golden Dream, he approached him and greeted in standard hunter speech.

"What happened? Treasure hunting hasn't been working out for you, so you've begun busking on the streets?"

He noticed that Anderson had an overturned hat in front of him. In it were about twenty to thirty brass coins. A few of them were Intis Coppets, with the majority being local Delexi.

In Intis, Delexi meant copper coins.

Anderson stopped playing the harmonica as he shot Danitz a glance.

"That's not my hat.

"I happened to walk past and saw a hat on the ground. Seeing how no one discovered it, I felt a little wistful and took out my harmonica to play it. To my surprise, quite a number of people gathered around to listen and threw money in it.

"A boorish pirate like you probably doesn't understand the beauty of music and how it has no borders. I'm telling you, your captain especially likes…”

"Stop!" Danitz's forehead throbbed as he stopped Anderson from diverting the topic of conversation. He asked, "Why are you here?"

Anderson held the harmonica and thought about it seriously.

"That's a good question.

"I have no idea why I'm here in West Balam either. I don't remember a thing that has happened over the past two months."

Danitz originally wanted him to cut it out, but Anderson's serious expression convinced him. He deliberated and asked, "You don't remember a thing?"

Anderson put away the silver harmonica, bent down, picked up the hat with quite a number of coins, and dusted it.

"My last memory was of me in Bayam with Gehrman Sparrow. After going our separate ways, I had apparently gone somewhere to meet someone. When I woke up, I was already here in West Bayam…

"Haha, don't be concerned over such matters. As long as I'm still alive. Ah, it's almost noon. Let's go have a meal. I heard that Behrens is famous for its pork knuckles."

While saying that, Anderson placed the hat along with the coins beside a tramp to his side.

Already hot, hungry, and exhausted, Danitz was invigorated upon hearing that.

"You know Dutanese?"

Anderson chuckled.

"Haven't you heard of my numerous adventures as a treasure hunter in West Balam?"

That's right. I had thought of seeking you out to get information on West Balam… The situation here is chaotic, and it's rather dangerous. I'll definitely be safer with Anderson around. Also, I'll have an interpreter! I can't say I'm hiring him, as I can't afford him… Danitz slowly revealed a smile.

"That puts me at ease. Let's go."

Holding his luggage, he and Anderson circled to a nearby main street and found a restaurant.

Upon hearing the waiter speak in his native tongue, and seeing the menu filled with indecipherable text, Danitz felt a headache as he hurriedly said to Anderson, "I'll leave it to you."

As he spoke, he handed the menu to the Strongest Hunter of the Fog Sea.

Anderson didn't reach out his hand as he replied with a composed expression, "I can't read it either."

“…Didn't you say you know Dutanese?" Danitz blurted out in surprise.

Anderson threw up his hands.

"I didn't say that.

"What has my repeated visits to West Balam in search of treasure have to do with knowing Dutanese?"

"Without knowing Dutanese, how are you able to understand those texts in the ancient temples and castle ruins? How do you seek out treasure?" Danitz's expression contorted bit by bit as his tone sped up without him realizing it.

Anderson picked up the cup served by the waiter and gulped it down.

"Problems that can be solved with a dictionary aren't problems.

"Besides, does not knowing Dutanese mean that you can't communicate with the people from the Southern Continent?"

WIth that said, he turned to look at the waiter. Speaking in the Intis language, he said, "Two specialty pork knuckles."

The waiter obviously gave him a blank look as he kept pointing at the menu.

Anderson didn't fluster at all as he unhurriedly pressed his right hand to his nose and mimicked the grunting of a pig.

The waiter was first taken aback before revealing a look of enlightenment. Then, Anderson pointed at his knuckles and pointed at the Behrens label on the menu before using his fingers to show two.

"%$#" As the waiter spoke in an accented Dutanese, he repeatedly nodded to show his comprehension. By the side, Danitz was dumbfounded by what he saw.

After a series of gestures, mixed with a few basic Dutanese words, he finally finished ordering the meal. Turning his head to Danitz, he smiled.

"Get it? In this world, there's a common language—body language!"

Danitz watched with a frozen expression as he curled the corners of his lips as a response.

…

A carriage drove out of West Borough, and it headed south at an intersection. Soon, it arrived at a military base.

With Colonel Calvin's letter and a junior officer escorting him, Klein successfully entered the base and arrived at a square paved with rammed earth. Berthed on it was a dark-blue and white behemoth.

This airship was dozens of meters long, and its truss had solid and light composite metal frames extended from it. They were intercrossed with one another as they held up an impermeable cloth used as cushions. Beneath it were openings mounted with machine guns, projectile launchers, and cannons.

At this moment, the ignition steam engine had yet to hum, and the corresponding propellers were still static. Everything appeared extremely silent.

Klein handed his documents and proof of identity to the officer on guard by the gangway. After receiving permission, he walked up onto the airship with his suitcase in hand.

It was like a ship with three sections. The uppermost section had complicated machinery and a cargo haul. The middle section had a hall for buffets and balls. Surrounding the hall were hallways that led to the upper and lower sections. These hallways included lounges. As for the lowest section, they were the rooms for the machine guns, projectile launchers, and cannons, as well as the soldiers' cabins.

Walking by the guards equipped with rifles, Klein followed the instructions he received from the officer and found the lounge reserved for him. He placed his luggage beside a sofa-like chair.

Then, he picked up a cup of water on the table, walked to the window, and took in the scenery outside.

To be frank, although he knew a little of everything, it was really only a little. Therefore, he didn't understand the design principles used for this new airship model. He didn't know how high it could go or how stable it was in midair.

This left him a little uneasy. Before setting off, he had even done a divination above the gray fog. He received a revelation that he would arrive at his destination rather smoothly.

There seems to be a safety belt. This world's airship industry has plenty of years of history. They have quite a bit of experience accumulated in all aspects… Klein was just about to retract his gaze and admire the decorations inside the room and the candlelight when he noticed a group of people approaching Airship 1345.

They were men and women, all of them wearing thin, black trench coats and red gloves. They were carrying leather suitcases of varying sizes. Only

one of them wore a mysterious medium's robe. She had blue eyeshadow and blush, and she was none other than Daly Simone.

And behind the lady was the black-haired, green-eyed Leonard Mitchell.

While no one noticed it, Leonard's footsteps suddenly slowed down. Then, he looked up at the midsection of the airship.

His eyes reflected the gray-sideburned and blue-eyed Dwayne Dantès who was wearing a suit and bow tie.

This gentleman was standing behind a window, revealing a genial smile as he raised the cup in his hand.

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CHAPTER 895
FINALLY AT EASE

Leonard's expression froze for a moment before he composed himself.

He had already remembered that Dwayne Dantès was working with the military and was preparing to sell a batch of firearms and cannons to West Balam.

Therefore, even though it was surprising to see this gentleman appear on a military airship, it wasn't jarring in any way.

The only issue is why he's heading to West Balam so quickly? Amon's arrival has also exerted some pressure on him? Leonard's mind raced as he leveled his gaze and walked up the gangway with his teammates to the midsection and entered a huge lounge reserved for them.

Not long after the Red Gloves took their seats, a deep hum sounded. The rotating of the propeller and all kinds of frictional sounds were heard. It caused the floorboards and walls to gently shake.

As the tremors increased in intensity, it turned into a wobbling motion as the airship rose up and slowly regained its stability.

Klein had already sat down and buckled his seatbelt. He was looking at his surroundings out of curiosity as he experienced a different form of flight.

"The takeoff isn't too stable. The altitude is also rather low, but without encountering any hurricanes, the tremors are still alright. I wonder how it was done…" Klein looked diagonally at the windows ahead without any intention of unbuckling his seatbelt or walking around.

This wasn't acrophobia even if he had a mild fear of heights. This was because he was briefly wearing Creeping Hunger and had the ability of Short-distance Flight and Teleport. He was only seriously acting like a Desi tycoon who was riding on an airship for the first time.

At this moment, Klein's spiritual perception was triggered. He hurriedly clicked his teeth and activated Spirit Vision.

He saw the colors around him saturate as they clearly stacked upon one another. He saw bones spew out from the floor, gushing out like a fountain in midair, forming a giant skeleton that was nearly four meters tall.

This skeleton's eye sockets were burning with dark flames. Its arms were hanging down, holding a folded letter.

Mr. Azik's messenger… He has finally recovered from his state of metamorphosis? Klein was pleasantly surprised as he tried to stand up to receive the letter.

But when he felt a force pulling him back at his abdomen, he recalled that had his seatbelt buckled.

When he reached out to unbuckle it, the skeleton messenger crouched down and stuffed the letter into his hands.

Klein was taken aback as he looked up into the eye sockets which were burning with pitch-black flames. He nodded gently as form of gratitude.

He could understand why the messenger didn't appear from the section below, allowing half his body to tear through the floorboard, as this was a military airship. Apart from the Red Gloves, there were probably other Beyonders. They also had spiritual perceptions and different levels of Spirit Vision. They could also barely sense the messenger's existence.

But I don't think that delivering a letter in such a crouched manner is being polite… I'd rather it did what it used to… Klein mumbled and saw the

skeleton messenger crumble into illusory bones, gushing down like a waterfall.

In the huge lounge, Daly Simone, who still enjoyed being called a Spirit Medium, suddenly turned her head and looked at the room across the hall.

Her brows furrowed slightly as her eyes narrowed.

Daly immediately retracted her gaze and said to the low-ranking officer in the corner of the lounge who was acting as a waiter, "Make me a cocktail. Black Rand and champagne. Half each."

"That's a very strange mixture, Ma'am." As the officer unbuckled his seatbelt, he walked to the bar that was welded to the ground as he attempted to offer a suggestion.

Daly with her blue eyeshadow and blush said with a smile, "I enjoy unique tastes."

Upon saying that, she casually asked, "Is there anyone else on this airship besides the military officers and us?"

The officer answered while opening the bar's cabinet, "Yes."

"A merchant. Apparently, his name is Dwayne Dantès. He is working with the Ministry of Defense."

Dwayne Dantès… Daly was taken aback as she turned her eyes slightly away and asked, "What kind of work?"

To her right, Leonard Mitchell had subconsciously changed his seating posture. He switched from crossing his right leg over his left to his left over his right.

"I'm not sure," the officer answered with a shake of the head. "Apparently it has something to do with using the gentleman's experience in the Southern

Continent."

"Southern Continent…" Daly repeated the word in thought and stopped asking.

…

In the small lounge opposite, Klein had already unfolded the letter to read it seriously.

It was indeed from Azik Eggers. He indicated that his previous experiences had allowed him to retrieve more of his memories. He had no choice but to sleep to digest and recover; thus, the late reply.

Klein truly relaxed as he cast his gaze towards the end in a good mood.

In regards to the Spirit World Plunderers, Azik's description was:

"…It's a rather scheming and rare creature. They are very good at disguises, making it very difficult to find them… One thing to make use of is their strong aggressiveness. However, they're also very dangerous. Even with a strength that is close to Sequence 4, one needs to be sufficiently careful; otherwise, one can accidentally end up as its soul avatar…

"Its exact characteristic is… I'm not sure nor am I able to recall where Spirit World Plunderers are most active. I suggest you pray to Aiur Moria. 'He' is very friendly to humans and will be willing to answer similar questions while wielding authority in such matters… The ritual's key is the correct honorific name and symbol…

"Once you have the clues to a Spirit World Plunderer, you can wait a while. I might be able to provide you some help…"

How can I bother you… Klein raised his right hand and pinched the two ends of his mouth.

He then flipped the page and read the final page.

“…Likewise, I will help you seal that glove once again… It's not that I do not wish to teach you the way to seal it, but it's unlikely that you can do it. This requires the power of the Underworld, requiring, at the very least, an Undying to do it…

"Alright. I should quickly have some free time. I recall you mentioning about Death's ring…”

Mr. Azik's changes don't seem too significant. At least I can't tell from the letter… Klein slowly exhaled as he flicked his wrist and ignited the paper in his hand, turning it to ashes before it floated into the trash can that was welded to the floor.

Although he didn't receive the whereabouts of Spirit World Plunderers from Azik, he could also determine that this descendant of Death similarly didn't remember Calderón City. He also guessed that this mysterious spirit world city likely had nothing to do with the Underworld; otherwise, Mr. Azik, who had already restored connections with the Underworld, should've recalled something about it. Even so, Klein still planned on replying to ask more about Calderón City.

Regardless, one should always have hope… Also, I should inform Mr. Azik that I'm in the Southern Continent… Klein seriously considered the contents of his reply.

However, he didn't immediately write it, afraid that the act of summoning the messenger would be noticed via the spiritual perception of the other Beyonders on board the airship.

As he turned his gaze, Klein looked out the window once again. It was dark and silent.

…

Looking at the dark sky with the concealed crimson moon, Admiral of Stars Cattleya retracted her gaze, picked up her pen, and deliberated over her words.

"The answer is neither."

She was originally somewhat perplexed as to why Queen Mystic hadn't directly asked what "home" was. Instead, she had attached two guesses. This made it easy for the question to receive an ineffective answer. But on second thought, she believed that Queen Mystic had thought it through in a way far better than she could've.

This was because this question was posed to a secret existence that was suspected to be an ancient god. As the number of diary pages she could provide had numbered about twenty, with each attempt giving her an answer; therefore, just three pages, even if they were of high value, made it difficult to be equivalent in value to a key question of where Emperor Roselle's mental and spiritual home was. The secrets concealed within might even be more important than a single Card of Blasphemy.

And Her Majesty's question seems stubborn. She doesn't seem willing to switch to something else; therefore, she specially added two choices, hoping that she could obtain an answer via elimination or directly obtain confirmation. In contrast, this lowers the value of the question. It then abides by the principle of equivalent exchange… As Cattleya thought, she recalled something.

Back then, she was still young and was being educated on all kinds of information. Queen Mystic would test her and tell her that in regards to answering a question, there were three opportunities for reducing the difficulty. First, was to eliminate a wrong option. Second, was to request the help of some specific person on the ship. Three, was to pray to one of the Seven Lights to receive the answer. Of course, the prerequisite to doing that was to complete the ritual herself.

Clearly, Queen Mystic had chosen to use the first method to reduce the difficulty.

Did Her Majesty have such an experience when she was little? After eliminating the two wrong options, I wonder how close she is to the real answer… Cattleya's expression unnaturally softened as she wrote:

"According to the intelligence I've gathered, there's a storm brewing in Backlund. I wish you well."

She didn't directly mention the deputy director of MI9 or the royal family's consultant. After all, they were news shared between the Tarot Club. It wasn't something she had asked herself and tacitly acquiesced by Mr. Fool to inform Queen Mystic directly.

Folding the letter, Cattleya summoned Queen Mystic Bernadette's messenger.

…

Behrens Harbor. It was twilight.

Danitz and Anderson found a hotel opened by an Intis immigrant, finally experiencing the convenience of not having any language barriers.

After putting down their luggage, Danitz immediately headed towards the staircase wearing a cloak and his boxing glove.

Anderson leaned against the opposite door and asked in amusement, "Is there anything else?"

Danitz immediately gave a sarcastic chortle.

"I'm heading out to buy a dictionary!

"This is way more reliable than your body language. In a few days, I might even be fluent in a few common words!"

Anderson stroked his chin with his left black-gloved hand.

"Your boxing glove was created from that giant's remains, right? What are its negative effects?"

Danitz blurted out, "Being rash, often acting before thinking…”

As he spoke, he fell silent.

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CHAPTER 896
DALY'S PROBE

To buy a dictionary late at night, in a city that's somewhat chaotic. Furthermore, I obviously look like someone from Intis. That really is rather dangerous… No, I can't keep wearing this glove… Danitz was stunned for a few seconds before he raised his hand and attempted to take off his boxing glove.

When he was halfway done, he suddenly paused and sized up Anderson. When he saw him wearing a black glove on his left hand, he did a hollow chuckle and wore his glove again.

"I believe that in the Southern Continent, a place like this requires strength," Danitz added with a faint smile.

Anderson's expression remained the same as he continued stroking his chin.

"Then, what do you plan on doing?"

Danitz pointed at the staircase and said, "I plan on finding the hotel's boss and borrow his dictionary. I believe he will be teaching his children Dutanese."

"That's an idea worth pursuing. But even with a dictionary, you won't be able to master it anytime soon. Even if you grasp a few terms, it will still be rather difficult. After all, the language here is a completely different system from the Northern Continent," Anderson said with a tsk. "Why don't I suggest a solution for you. Your captain has likely taught you some ritualistic magic in the God of Knowledge and Wisdom domain, right?"

"Yes," Danitz replied with a nod without a second thought.

Anderson clapped his hands and said,

Danitz shook his head without hesitation.

"I believe in the Lord of Storms, and not the God of Knowledge and Wisdom. The reason why some of the ritualistic magic cast in the past had received a reply was because of Captain."

Upon saying that, he shot Anderson a glance.

"Weren't you born in Segar, growing up in Lenburg, being classmates with Captain?

"Then you should also be a believer of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom. Wouldn't it be more effective if you held the ritual?"

Anderson shook his head and laughed.

"Despite being believers all the same, those who can actually receive a reply are in the extreme minority."

Seemingly in thought, he said, "The best method is to find a priest or bishop from the Church of Knowledge. Get them to make some charms, uh—I recall that there are a few pilgrims from Lenburg here in Behrens Harbor. Why don't we visit them tomorrow…”

Danitz was just about to say "yes" when he suddenly revealed a look of suspicion.

"I have this nagging feeling that you are up to something…”

Anderson's expression immediately froze.

…

On the airship, Klein had his seatbelt buckled and had a blanket over him as he leaned against his seat, already in deep sleep.

At this moment, it was dark outside. There was little light from the lands, and the scenery swept across slowly despite moving at a high speed. Everything appeared peaceful and silent.

After an unknown period of time, Klein suddenly jolted awake as he stretched his neck.

As he kept Death Knell on him, he had drank plenty of water. His bladder had woken him up.

Pulling away his blanket and unbuckling his seatbelt, Klein covered his mouth and yawned. He walked out of the lounge and headed for the washroom at the corner of the hall.

After relieving himself, he washed his hand and left the washroom. When he entered the hall, he suddenly saw a figure.

The figure was standing amidst the shadows. It was wearing a black robe, and by its eyes were eyeshadow and blush. At a glance, it looked like a shadow or ghost that had floated out of a corpse.

Ma'am Daly… Klein obviously recognized her as he immediately reacted as though he jumped in fright.

Daly walked a few steps forward and looked up at Dwayne Dantès's face. She paused her gaze in between his eyes as she curled her mouth into a smile.

"Your eyes and bearing resembles a friend of mine, especially the eyes."

Klein immediately feigned enlightenment as he said with a smile, "Ma'am, if our genders were swapped, that would be a standard way of hitting on someone."

Daly's eyes didn't move away as she chortled.

"There's no need for any swapping. A difference in genders doesn't change the definition of such actions.

"If this were any other time, I really would be trying to trick you into a bed if I had said something like that, even tricking you all the way down the aisle.

"However, I have no such thoughts at the moment. I came over because yours eyes really remind me of him."

*It's really quite overwhelming speaking with Ma'am Daly… I can't let her lead the conversation; otherwise, she might realize that Dwayne Dantès isn't the casanova that has a wide preference or a romance expert. Instead, he's nothing but an inexperienced man in front of charming women… I have to take the lead in this conversation… *Klein's mind stirred as he directly asked in a half-joking manner, "Ma'am, do you like that friend of yours?"

Daly was taken aback for a second before she pricked her brows, lowered her head, and smiled.

"That's not something that needs hiding.

"If only he could be like you, being willing to take the initiative when facing a woman, proficient at creating a suggestive atmosphere, perhaps if that were the case, we might already have children.

"Unfortunately, he's a conservative man. When he chats with me, all he spoke off was matters regarding work or his experiences. Any hints given to him or any joke that went overboard just made him appear uncomfortable. He often found excuses to leave. He looked old, and he didn't look after his hair. He also had a bad memory. He even forgot my birthday. Whenever I thought of him, I got mad, having the urge to push him down into bed, tying his arms to the bed's railing…”

Klein looked at Daly's head with a gloomy gaze as he sighed to interrupt her.

"Ma'am, you've said too much."

Daly looked up, speaking with a smile in no way different than before.

"I thought you would enjoy talking about matters about this at a deeper level."

Klein let out a soft chuckle.

"Then why didn't you turn those thoughts into action? I can tell that you aren't just a woman who can only talk."

Daly scoffed.

"Guess."

Following that, she nodded.

"Thank you for not saying that I've been harassing you."

As she spoke, she turned around and headed for the extensive lounge where the Red Gloves were. The corners of Klein's mouth curled up slightly as he returned to his room, shaking his head.

When she came to the entrance of the extensive lounge, Daly, whose eyes landed on the floorboards, suddenly saw an untied shoelace.

She shifted her gaze up as her eyes reflected the black-haired, green-eyed Leonard Mitchell.

Leonard glanced at Dwayne Dantès as he entered his lounge and said with a suppressed voice, "He has plenty of secrets. He's not a simple person."

Daly chuckled and nodded.

"I know."

Having said that, she briskly walked past Leonard Mitchell and walked into the extensive lounge.

When she covered a few meters, she slowed down her pace and once again lowered her head.

Leonard remained standing at the door, watching the long dragged out shadows that were cast from the lights outside. Slowly and silently, he exhaled.

Inside the small lounge, Klein stood by the door, raising his right hand and rubbing his temples. He stood there like a statue.

…

In the Berg household in the City of Silver.

Derrick sat on a stool, munching on bread that was made from Black-Faced Grass powder as he seriously listed down the matters that he had yet to complete in recent times.

I haven't obtained the information of the Bizarro Bane that Mr. World needs… I still lack the points required for the Sequence 5 Vampire Beyonder characteristic… I only have three friends. That's not enough… All the clues I have regarding the former Chief's mausoleum aren't much…

As the thoughts flashed through his mind, Derrick filled his stomach and took off his shirt. Holding an open container that had been ground from stone, he used the sticky black liquid inside to smear on the obvious bruises on his body.

Although the City of Silver only had edible Black-Faced Grass in its vicinity, it didn't only have one type of plant. They were many kinds of plants, all of them being strange. By using different powers, they could grow and proliferate in the dark, sun-lacking environment that only had lightning. One of the traditions of the City of Silver was to select different plants and mix them with organs of monsters to create various kinds of ointments. They were especially effective when treating most injuries and illnesses. It prevented the residents from dying just because of a trivial problem.

They were simplified versions of the magical medicine, holy ointment, and essential oil formulas that generations of Demon Hunters obtained from their potions. These low-level products thus became a tradition!

Just after Derrick applied the ointment and took a whiff of the pungent smell before putting on his clothes, he suddenly heard knocking at the door.

His mind tensed up instinctively as he held up Thunder God's Roar, the dark blue hammer that had electric sparks swirling around it. He carefully approached the door, prepared to kill any monsters that suddenly emerged from the darkness.

"Who is it?" Derrick asked in a deep voice.

A gruff voice sounded from the outside:

"Valer."

At the same time, bright light beamed its way through the door cracks and windows. That was the power of a Dawn Paladin.

Derrick relaxed as he opened the door and greeted, "Valer, aren't you leading a patrol team today?"

Valer stood 2.2 meters tall and was recently befriended by Derrick. Derrick was also most impressed with him because Valer was able to rein in his

powers to a great extent and was a person who took very good care of his companions.

In addition, his patrol team's recent patrol area included the former Chief's mausoleum.

Valer had brownish-yellow hair that resembled Derrick's and a thick beard. His favorite pastime was fighting with others. Upon hearing that, he said with a smile, "The six-member council has just ordered our team to skip the area of the former Chief's mausoleum. And this area is the last spot for our patrol mission.

"Let's go to the training field. Let's get some exercise!"

The six-member council has specially ordered the patrolling teams to skip that area? They plan to open the former Chief's entrance today? I wonder what will happen… I hope there's no sinister plot on Elder Lovia's side… Derrick was alarmed as he hurriedly built connections, but he was at a loss.

Just as he hesitantly wore his clothes in preparation to join Valer at the training field, a shadow grew out from the dark ends of the street and said, "Derrick Berg, the Chief has requested you visit him at the spire."

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CHAPTER 897
THE CHIEF'S HINT

At the top of the spire, in the room that belonged to the Chief.

Colin Iliad had the tall body that was standard of the City of Silver. His hair was grizzled, unkempt, and rather disheveled. He had deep wrinkles around his cheeks, but there were no wrinkles elsewhere. Some old scars, that were either deep or twisted, remained on his cheeks.

He wore a linen shirt on the inside with a brown coat draped over his body. By his waist was a belt filled with tiny compartments. His light blue eyes were deep, filled with the experiences and stories they had seen.

After Derrick bowed, the Demon Hunter nodded gently and pointed diagonally to the items placed on the table.

"Do you still remember them?"

Derrick took a glance as his gaze suddenly froze. His eyes reflected two translucent worms that had the thickness of a child's finger.

Worm of Time!

They were translucent Worms of Time with rings!

They were Worms of Time that came from Blasphemer Amon's avatar!

"Yes." Derrick fell silent for a second before instinctively answering, "They were left behind by Amon."

Colin Iliad nodded indiscernibly and said, "One of them was even coughed out by you."

Without waiting for Derrick to say a word, he continued in a thorough manner, "You once said that while being possessed by Amon, you were in a daze most of the time, as though you were in a dream. You were occasionally lucid."

Faced with the Chief's gaze, Derrick nodded, indicating that he had given such a description before.

Colin Iliad moved his gaze away and cast it out the window, looking down at the nearby buildings.

"I believe I haven't told you the things you did during those times.

"You did a total of two rituals. One of them had elements of a secret deed, and the other one was like a sacrifice. You obtained a certain reply. Do you have any recollection of such things?"

*Indeed, I was being monitored when I sought Mr. Fool's help and used the secret deed ritual to cleanse Amon's avatar… *Derrick wasn't surprised by what the Chief was mentioning. He had long been advised by The Hanged Man that, based on the rich experience the City of Silver elders, it was impossible that they would dismiss someone acting abnormally. Thus, the conclusion that he had been constantly been monitored after he left the dungeon was obtained. This was corroborated by the fact that someone had emerged from the shadows when doing the sacrificial ritual.

“…I don't have any recollections." Derrick pretended to be in thought before he shook his head.

Colin, who was observing him through the corner of his eye, turned his head over and said with a sigh, "Try recalling it carefully.

"These two worms left behind by Amon are materials of great value. I've been trying to find ways of using them. If I can secretly make them into items, this might be a trump card that no one else knows. It can play a crucial role at critical moments.

"During the two rituals you experienced, you might have symbols, ancient incantations, or mysterious elements that can be used for reference.

"Think about it carefully."

If this were in the past, Derrick would have only understood the Chief superficially, but at this moment, he was able to interpret the hidden and indirect meaning behind the sentence, albeit being a few seconds slow.

"I know there's still a certain connection between you and Amon.

"We will be opening the mausoleum to the former City of Silver Chief. I need to prepare additional trump cards against any unexpected accidents or cause that Lovia and company to use to inflict any harm to the City of Silver. Try attempting communication."

*Mr. Hanged Man was right. The higher one's level is, the more experienced they are at handling danger, and the more accustomed they will be at expressing themselves by speaking in riddles. It's a way to leave options open for both parties… *Derrick suddenly felt he had grasped a particular technique.

Upon realizing that the Chief's goal was to limit Elder Lovia and how she represented the Fallen Creator, he felt that he needed to do something. However, he had zero clue on how to use a Worm of Time. All he could do was consider praying to Mr. Fool and see if "He" could provide any help.

"I'll try my best to recall. I… need… a silent room." As Derrick spoke, he paused, deliberating over his words.

Colin Iliad was apparently prepared as he pointed towards the corridor.

"Many of the rooms across the corridor do not have people in them. Choose one yourself."

"Yes, Your Excellency." Derrick bowed and exited the room before entering an unused room. He locked the wooden door, sat down, and in the dark corner, prayed softly as his eyes emitted a soft glow.

…

Desi Bay, Eskelson Harbor.

Klein left the airship from the gangway with his suitcase in hand, prepared to head into the city on a carriage prepared by the military base.

As for Daly Simone, Leonard Mitchell, and the other Red Gloves, they were the first batch to leave the airship. Klein had been arranged to be one of the last; hence, they didn't meet each other.

After entering the city and finding a hotel to stay in, he prepared to have some rest to remedy the poor sleep he had last night. Suddenly, he heard a series of illusory, stacked pleas.

Sounds like Little Sun… Klein yawned while covering his mouth and entered a cramped washroom. With great difficulty, he took four steps counterclockwise and arrived above the gray fog.

As he expected, the crimson star that was blinking and burgeoning was none other than the one that represented The Sun.

He emanated his spirituality to make contact with it, and he quickly learned what The Sun's prayer was pertaining to.

The City of Silver Chief is asking Little Sun, no—asking what he thinks to be Amon on how to use a Worm of Time charm… Thankfully, I had such a question previously and have already gotten an answer… However, using the Worm of Time to create a potent charm that can temporarily exchange

fates will require him to pray to The Fool. Wouldn't this directly expose the fact that the one backing Little Sun is not Amon, but some unknown hidden existence? Klein tapped the edge of the mottled table as he seriously considered how he was to answer.

In less than a minute, he quickly reframed his line of thought and discovered that his worries were meaningless.

Firstly, apart from Shepherd Elder Lovia, who can receive certain revelations from the True Creator, no one in the City of Silver knows Amon. All they might guess is that "He" is likely the Angel of Time, one of the eight Kings of Angels that were by the Creator's side. Therefore, even if they learn of an existence called The Fool, they will probably believe that it's Amon's true body, or a deity that Amon now believes in.

Secondly, the honorific name of The Fool is no longer a secret to the True Creator, Blasphemer Amon, and Shepherd Elder Lovia. It doesn't matter if more people from the City of Silver learns of it.

Thirdly, the Chief named Colin Iliad is only a Demon Hunter. Even if he knows the honorific name of The Fool and has a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, there's nothing he can do. After all, Blasphemer Amon and the True Creator haven't been knocking at my door in the middle of the night.

Finally, the six-member council's Chief is long aware of a problem with Little Sun. He just hasn't made it obvious.

As his thoughts raced, he felt that he needed to be bolder. *Perhaps I can use this opportunity to develop another one or two downlines, no—I mean believers. Little Sun won't have to fight alone anymore in the future.*

Besides, I've already improved since the time when I wiped away Amon's avatar. I've also accumulated even deeper knowledge in mysticism. I wield the Sea God Scepter and can stir even more of the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog. I don't have to worry about missing anything when facing a Sequence 4 demigod during the ritual… as long as I don't

rashly pull him above the gray fog… Klein quickly made up his mind and cast the method to creating a Fate Siphon charm into the crimson star representing The Sun.

…

*Knock! Knock! Knock! *The sound of knocking resonated within the Chief's room at the top of the spire.

And before the knocking even sounded, Colin Iliad had already known that Derrick Berg had opened the door and was walking over to his room.

"Come on in." He turned his body and faced the door.

Derrick pushed open the door and entered. Bowing, he said, "Your Excellency, I've recalled some vague details."

Colin Iliad nodded with a calm expression.

"What are they?"

"Use pure silver and mercury as materials…" Derrick succinctly described the beginning of the ritual and paused. "I think I muttered an honorific name back then: The Fool that doesn't belong to this era."

Colin narrowed his eyes and immediately cut him off.

"The corresponding symbols are the ones left on the candle?"

"Yes," Derrick frankly replied. "The second line is: The mysterious ruler above the gray fog."

At this moment, Colin cut him off once again.

"Is there no need for other ritual materials?"

"No," Derrick nodded, feeling slightly puzzled.

Only then did he realize that the Chief was apparently deliberately stopping him from reciting Mr. Fool's honorific name.

*Yes, our common language is Jotun. It's a language that can stir the powers of nature. If I were to directly say out the honorific name, it would result in all kinds of unknown effects. I know that Mr. Fool is a true deity and trustworthy, so I was reciting it all out habitually. However, the Chief doesn't know that… *Derrick continued, feeling somewhat enlightened.

"Third line: The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck."

Colin silently listened in silence before nodding.

"Very good.

"Although I cannot be sure that the content you recall is of any use, it's still a sizable contribution. I'll get someone to add to your contribution.

"Return, or go to the library to read some books for a while."

"Yes, Your Excellency." Derrick wore a deadpan look as he silently heaved a sigh of relief and rapidly retreated to the room at the top of the spire.

Colin Iliad watched him leave before heading behind his desk and sitting down. He cast his gaze on the two translucent ringed worms in front of him.

Beside the worms was a notebook. Drawn on it was a secret symbol comprised of half a Pupil-less Eye and half Contorted Lines.

Colin's gaze remained fixed for a while, as though he had been petrified.

After a while, he slowly stood up and took out three candles.

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CHAPTER 898
RESPONSE

After setting up the candles, Colin Iliad found a piece of pure silver and picked up a carving knife beside it. With steady strokes, he carved out a palm-sized charm vessel.

Then, he followed Derrick Berg's description, drawing the secret symbol of The Fool on both sides of the silver piece.

The entire process was completed quickly. If an observer was watching, they wouldn't have been able to discern his actions. Yet, the final product didn't show any flaws. It looked like a piece of art that had been slowly carved out.

Right on the heels of that, Colin Iliad found another bottle of mercury. Directly using his powerful spirituality, he guided the liquid inside to trickle into the charm and fill all the patterns. He prevented the mercury on the side facing down from dripping due to gravity.

Repeating the process, he made a second charm. Colin Iliad placed them in front of the candles and placed a translucent ringed worm on each of them.

Compared to him standing up silently, the present Colin's every move was stable, calm, and firm. He didn't show any signs of hesitation, just like how he faced powerful monsters that came out of the darkness.

After finishing the ritual, he took two steps back and removed the crossed swords that were hanging from the wall. He stabbed them into the crevices of the floor tiles at the door.

He then closed his eyes and muttered. Pure and thick beams of light emerged out of the void as they enveloped the two swords with a holy and glorious feeling.

The light beams increased in quantity, slowly transforming into liquid water that flowed across the cracks in the floor tiles and the walls, forming a "cage" that isolated him from the outside.

As a senior Demon Hunter, Colin Iliad didn't wish to take such precautionary measures when holding a ritual. This was because there was a tiny chance of angering the target, bringing about dangerous developments. However, he had no choice but to do so because he needed to be certain that even if the ritual failed, even if The Fool was an existence filled with malice, and even if he were to die at the altar, he would not bring too much harm to the City of Silver.

In regards to the defensive power of the "cage," Colin was rather confident because this directly stemmed from a god-like Sealed Artifact—a crown which the Giant King Aurmir wore: "Proof of Glory!"

This was one of the main reasons why the City of Silver could survive wave after wave of monster assaults in the Dark Ages.

With all his preparations completed, solely using his spirituality, Colin Iliad used his desk as an altar and created a sacred and clean environment that no one could disturb. He then lit the three candles.

The pale yellow light flickered as they reflected in his eyes. He bowed his head and scattered the plant powder, monster hide, and fur into the candle flame or lit them and threw them into a cauldron so as to please the secret existence he was about to pray to.

Such acts weren't rare in the City of Silver. Known to all, there were rituals held that targeted the Creator, but from time to time, certain residents would be enticed by unknown existences during their patrols or exploration, tempted to hold all kinds of rituals.

Most of the latter was a passive act, but there were a few that were done proactively. On the one hand, the cumulative despair of not receiving any response from the Creator had made them eager to grab onto any other existence to rely on, and on the other hand, many generations of the six-member council had come to a common consensus that the Creator who had abandoned the land might very well not return again. Seeking out other alternatives was something that had to be expedited, but unfortunately, such attempts only led to nothing or death, nothing else.

And it was because of this reason that regardless of the difficulties faced or how many times they discovered cities that were destroyed because of "evil gods," the City of Silver continued their exploration of regions that were further away.

As for Colin Iliad himself, the discovery of the outsider, Jack, brought him an indescribable sense of surprise and hope. The encounters when they explored Afternoon Town and the prophecies of the Kings of Angel's ploy and the ecclesiastic had made him feel a more pressing sense of urgency. He no longer held hope for the Creator's return.

With the two reasons combined, along with Lovia's and Derrick's abnormality, as well as the prophecy of the apocalypse, as Chief of the six-member council, senior demigod and powerful Demon Hunter, Colin Iliad had no choice but to attempt to dance on the edge of a knife. He had no choice but to consider making a transaction with a hidden existence.

Silently exhaling, Colin took a step back and chanted with a weather-worn tone, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era.

"The mysterious ruler above the gray fog.

"The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck.

"I pray to you, praying for the strength that stems from mystery, and praying for the bestowment that stems from good luck. I implore you to make these items on this altar turn into charms…”

Just as Colin spoke with a cadence of mystery, he saw the altar in front of him immediately turn dark. It was as though an indescribable godhood was emanating from the candle in the middle.

The candle's flame instantly burgeoned, but it failed to light the surroundings. Instead, it made everything turn illusory, making countless shapes produce seemingly nonexistence transparent shadows as they covered every inch.

High above this illusory world and countless figures, there were seven lustrous brilliances of different colors spiraling. They seemed to possess immense knowledge.

And above these seven lustrous brilliances, there was an endless grayish-white fog, and sitting above was an ancient palace that looked down upon everything.

Demon Hunter Colin temporarily forgot everything else as he stared intently at the scene above the altar. It was as though something that only existed in books or ancient tomes had taken a step through the illusory and entered reality, appearing before him.

If he recalled correctly, this was likely the projection of the spirit world.

Before the disaster, before the time the Creator abandoned this land, it was easy to observe and enter the spirit world!

The spirit world now only existed in the City of Silver's textbooks and various records, but no one could touch it!

At this moment, a creaking, illusory sound sounded. The ancient palace that overlooked the gray fog and spirit world seemed to open its doors.

Right on the heels of that, Colin saw the unformed charms in front of the candle produce a grayish luster. Their patterns were then "lit up," as they

intercrossed with each other, suddenly bursting into a blinding radiance, enveloping the pure silver foils and the ringed worms.

The dark world above the entire altar also instantly warped.

Everything was quickly restored to normal as two strange black crystalline charms appeared on the altar. They were like a pair of eyes of some existence that silently observed the world.

Demon Hunter Colin was taken aback as he retracted his gaze and bowed his head. With a deep voice, he said, "Thank you for your blessings;

"Praise you."

He didn't delay as he immediately ended the ritual and removed the seal.

After doing all of this, this City of Silver Chief of the six-member council returned to the desk and picked up the two charms made from the two Amon avatar remnants.

At this moment, his mind was still fixated on the scene he had previously seen.

Based on his knowledge in mysticism, those that were situated high in the spirit world were mentioned to be the Seven Lights in ancient tomes. They were believed to be close to that of deities, but none of the records indicated what was above the Seven Lights or what the gray fog represented. They didn't indicate what the ancient palace which was enveloped by the gray fog while overlooking the entire spirit world represented.

And during the entire ritual, Colin Iliad only felt that The Fool he was praying to was staid, mysterious, and almighty, nothing like the evil beings who often liked to express their powers as though eager to showcase something.

Such a performance had a close parallel in the records of the City of Silver —the Creator!

As he looked at the charms in hand and his condition, the grizzled Demon Hunter Colin suddenly closed his eyes as figures flashed past his mind for some reason.

They were his father, mother, elder brother, younger sister, oldest son, youngest son, daughter, and oldest grandson whose lives he had personally ended.

This already old Chief remained silent for a very long time before he suddenly sighed softly.

"It's been 2,583 years…”

After 2,583 years, the City of Silver had finally received a normal response.

…

In the library in the steeple.

Derrick was in the ancient myth section he often browsed when he saw a notebook he had never seen before.

This notebook's cover was made from a particular monster's hide. There were clear patterns on it, and the pages inside were old and yellowed. The records included the experiences of the original author when he encountered different monsters.

These monsters were mostly accessible among the City of Silver's textbooks. Even their special traits were the same. However, the thoughts and experiences from the numerous battles left Derrick reading in relish as he read seriously.

As he flipped through it, he suddenly noticed a monster named "Shapeshifter."

Such monsters didn't come equipped with the intelligence to communicate, but they were adept at setting up traps to deal with targets. Furthermore, they could disguise as others, using what seemed like fascinating methods to complete a hunt…

The notebook's owner had commented on them as being bizarre and dangerous.

This is very similar to Mr. World's guess of the Bizarro Bane's traits… Could Shapeshifter be the Bizarro Bane? Derrick felt delighted as he quickly read the rest of the entry. He discovered that this type of monster lived towards the north, in a faraway city's ruins. And the monsters in that area's darkness were powerful and terrifying. Even the six-member council wasn't able to deal with some of them; therefore, after two attempts, the City of Silver paused any exploration of the area. To date, exploration of the area hadn't been resumed. Due to such reasons, the City of Silver's textbooks didn't make mention of the unique monsters there.

After reading the record, Derrick subconsciously flipped the notebook to the last page, wishing to know who had experienced the two harrowing explorations.

As he flipped through it, he saw a name: "Colin Iliad."

…

Desi County, Eskelson Harbor.

Klein returned to the real world, rubbed his temples, and collapsed into bed.

To give the City of Silver's Chief a better impression of The Fool and generate more trust, he had proactively added some special effects when responding, expressing the might of the mysterious space above the gray

fog during the secret deed ritual and sacrificial and bestowment ritual. This expended quite a sizable amount of his spirituality, exhausting him.

*I'll find food for Creeping Hunger when I wake up. I'll let it have a good nap above the gray fog… *Klein thought in his stupor and soon fell asleep. He was woken up by his rumbling tummy after sleeping from morning to the afternoon.

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CHAPTER 899
BERSERK SEA'S SPIRIT WORLD

The ingredients used for Desi's pies are much more generous than in Backlund. However, they prefer adding some local spices. It felt a little odd when taking the first few bites, but after getting used to it, it's quite a different style… Klein sat inside his hotel and swapped between taking a mouthful of the oily pie and drinking a mouthful of cool, refreshing sweet ice tea. He was living quite an idyllic life.

After he had his fill, he didn't immediately pack up. He picked up the top hat on the chair beside him and wore it.

Meanwhile, his left palm suddenly turned transparent as his entire body faded away.

Klein had entered the spirit world and was planning on Traveling to the Poto Harbor in the Berserk Sea. He was there to seek out food for Creeping Hunger.

Eskelson, where he was, did belong to Desi Bay, but it was nowhere along the coast since it was an island. This was the southernmost island of Desi Bay, and going past it meant one's entry into the Berserk Sea.

Therefore, the second Klein headed for the predetermined coordinates, an abnormal sight appeared before his eyes.

The spirit world's air flows seemed to be materialized as they spun into a wind. They howled as they enveloped a huge region that seemed boundless.

It was dim inside, with layers of dark clouds. Bolts of lightning tainted with the deep gloom kept flashing, illuminating the surrounding area like it was the apocalypse.

At that moment, Klein felt as though he had arrived in a sea that was eternally ravaged by storms. However, he knew with certainty that this was the spirit world.

Indeed, it's just like what many books on mysticism mention. The power involved with the perishing of Death has not only changed the atmospheric weather of the sea between the Northern Continent and Southern Continent, but it also filled it with disaster and danger. It's how its name was derived. Furthermore, it also broke the barrier between reality and the illusory, tainting and damaging the corresponding spirit world and causing them to affect one another… In the Berserk Sea, if one holds a ritual that involves the spirit world, using powers related to the spirit world, there will be a high probability of an accident occurring, causing unimaginable developments… Klein reflected poignantly as he used his eyes to verify what the books wrote.

From his point of view, if it weren't because of this, the various countries in the Northern Continent wouldn't have waited for Emperor Roselle to find the safe sea route before they had a chance of invading the Southern Continent. After all, to most High-Sequence Beyonders, they could easily traverse normal kinds of natural barriers.

Roselle's safe sea route wasn't simply geological in nature, but also mysticism in nature!

This also meant that since the Berserk Sea and spirit world were influencing each other and overlapped, Klein could directly use the local sea maps to traverse the spirit world's calamities.

Recalling the content he had read before, Klein found the correct location and entered the dark spirit world.

The howling of the gales sounded from every direction. Even the secondary gusts of wind left a chill running deep down from Klein's soul or spine. This made him believe that if he had traveled in a Spirit Body state without the use of the Black Emperor card, Tyrant card, and Azik's copper whistle to augment himself, there was quite a good chance of him suffering a serious injury.

And if this wasn't the "safe sea route," he believed that there was a chance his physical body couldn't withstand the black storms that were filled with death.

Compared to the gales, the dark lightning bolts were far more dangerous. Klein suspected that he couldn't even withstand being smote by one of them. As for the hidden maelstrom and the wandering creatures, they were another form of danger.

*This is a place without any material seawater. I wonder what's at the end of the maelstrom… *Klein followed the safe sea route and traversed the land at an adequate speed. From time to time, he would survey his surroundings to broaden his horizons.

Suddenly, he saw a strange creature.

It was dragging a huge sickle and was situated inside a black hurricane. As it was formed by individual skulls, it was swollen and massive.

The skulls were either grayish-white or grayish-black of varying sizes. They were also from different species, and all of them were stacked into one, forming its torso, limbs, and head.

Almost at the same moment that Klein saw this strange creature, it also discovered Klein. All the skulls turned their heads in unison, producing a grinding sound that couldn't be concealed.

The dark eye sockets were countless in number as they followed and overlapped one another.

Klein's forehead throbbed as he used Traveling to pass through the area, entering the next safe sea route.

And on the nearby illusory sea, bloody arms and illusory greenish-black tentacles extended out from the sea surface.

…

Outside the City of Silver, a black mausoleum stood inverted over the ground like an inverted pyramid.

At that moment, there were all kinds of dense black plants that grew out from the cracks in the mausoleum's bricks. Even the heavy door by the entrance was covered with them.

Colin Iliad had two swords slung across his back as he stood with two other Elders of the six-member council. They were observing the passage that diagonally led them deep underground.

Lovia with her silver, curly hair watched silently for a moment before saying, "It should be possible already."

Unlike how she usually switched randomly between two mental states, this Shepherd Elder was now staid and calm. She didn't show any signs of abnormalities as her pale-gray eyes were deep and placid.

Colin gently nodded and took out a bottle of medicine from two different compartments on his belt. Unscrewing the lids, he downed them.

His light-blue eyes rapidly brightened. His unwrinkled skin had blood vessels protrude as they got tinted with silver.

Right on the heels of that, the Chief drew a sword and smeared a silver-gray ointment across its surface.

As he took steps to prepare, another six-member council Elder, Waite Chirmont, did something similar.

This bald man who had a tattooed symbol on his head stood nearly 2.5 meters tall. He didn't look a day over 45. But in fact, he was nearly 80. He was also a Sequence 4 Demon Hunter, a demigod that was one of the main pillars of support for the City of Silver.

In the City of Silver, due to the lack of main ingredients, and with the citizens being aware of the acting method and having sufficient combat experience, they advanced from Low- to Mid-Sequences rather easily. Sequence 6 Beyonders were the majority, but from Sequence 5 onwards, due to the rituals required and other reasons, the number of Beyonders drastically fell. At Sequence 4 where there was a qualitative change, an entire generation might not even produce one.

Waite Chirmont didn't dual wield like an orthodox Demon Hunter. This allowed him to use different ointments to produce different effects so as to handle more complicated situations. He wielded an iron-gray hammer, and on his back was a huge bow that was equally as massive as his body. He was like a miniaturized giant that walked out of an oil painting.

The bow was a mystical item, one that didn't have overly severe side effects. In the historical records of the City of Silver, it received its name from killing a dragon at the demigod level. Its name was: "Dragon Slaying Bow"!

After finishing their preparations, Waite slammed his hammer in front of him loudly, drew his bow, and slowly pulled it back.

Sizzling bolts of lightning suddenly emerged as they condensed into one, and as it grew longer from the pull, it formed a blinding and radiant arrow between the bowstring and the back of the bow.

Just as Waite's fingers released the bowstring, the lightning arrow shot straight to the mausoleum's door which was overrun with human hair-like

weeds.

Silently, the heavy door appeared to have long rotten. It exploded into pieces along with the electric bolt's explosion, revealing a deep passageway.

This passageway shimmered with pale white lights. It extended far beyond what one's eyes could see, giving off a creepy and cold feeling.

Colin's eyes suddenly flashed with two complex, dark green symbols, and he reflected the mausoleum's entrance in them.

A few seconds later, he held his sword diagonally and walked into the mausoleum. Waite slung his Dragon Slaying Bow, picked up his hammer, and followed closely behind.

The purple-robed Lovia's expression remained the same as she followed through the shattered door at a decent pace with her hands empty.

As they descended via sections of passageways and staircases, the three members of the six-member council didn't show any unrest or anxiety in the completely silent environment. They allowed their footsteps to echo in their surroundings.

After descending one level, they suddenly saw a river before them. It was an illusory and jet-black river.

Under the river's surface were blood-colored arms that had been skinned. Green baby-faced veins and slippery tentacles with eyes were densely entwined together. They kept flailing upwards in a bid to grab whatever passed them.

The river was close to the side of the entrance. There were figures of different heights wearing old clothes with their backs facing the three Elders. They kept walking back and forth as though they were vexed over the crossing of the river.

Suddenly, one of them sensed the trio approaching them. He slowly turned his body to look at Colin, Waite, and Lovia.

It was an elder with his hair being completely white. His forehead and the corners of his mouth were deeply wrinkled. His eyes were light blue and hollow. His expression was numb and blank.

Colin Iliad's pupils shrank, as he recognized the man.

It was his brother, the brother that had been possessed by Amon. He had personally ended his life!

At this moment, the other figures turned around, revealing faces that Colin, Waite, and Lovia found extremely familiar. But they were all abnormally numbed faces.

Lovia's expression remained unperturbed, but behind her, an illusory knight more than five meters tall had appeared at some point in time.

This knight wore ancient silver full-body armor. Its eyes were red like blood as they burned akin to flames.

…

After traversing the "safe sea route," for about ten seconds, Klein arrived at the Berserk Sea's Poto Harbor. This place deviated from the main sea route and didn't belong to any country. It was a free city for pirates.

When his feet hit solid rock, he randomly produced a face, but he wasn't in a rush to enter the port city which had buildings randomly laid out. He reached into his pocket and pulled out an iron cigar case.

While passing through the Berserk Sea's spirit world, he had sensed Azik's copper whistle trembling slightly.

Removing the wall of spirituality, Klein opened the cigar case and took out the ancient and exquisite copper whistle.

This copper whistle had lost its usual coldness and mildness, and it was now burning hot. However, this anomaly was rapidly dissipating.

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CHAPTER 900
"SELF-RECOMMENDATION"

The abnormality associated with the Berserk Sea is suspected to be a result of the perishing of Death… Legend has it that this deity's corpse and items are hidden somewhere in these waters, awaiting someone with a special key to open it… This copper whistle came from Mr. Azik, and Mr. Azik is indeed a direct descendant of Death, as well as being from the first or second generation… Therefore, this copper whistle had sensed something or had been influenced? Thoughts flashed across Klein's mind as they coalesced today to form a theory.

He planned on finding an inn in Poto Harbor, head above the gray fog, and use dream divination to attempt to obtain a revelation. Then, he would consider the time and method for returning to Eskelson Harbor. It was to prevent himself from encountering any avoidable accidents.

And before that, he needed to seek out food for Creeping Hunger.

After walking down the seaside cliff, Klein entered Poto Harbor.

The buildings here were pretty much built anywhere one desired. There was almost zero planning, causing the roads to be very wide or narrow to the point that it only allowed a single person passage. In certain areas, one couldn't see the sky when looking up, only to see a swath of clothes that were hung up to dry.

Wearing a new face, Klein strolled through such an environment with many pedestrians dressed in pirate's attire. He then habitually headed for the bar to seek out prey.

At this moment, he saw several people gathered at a noticeboard on a square up ahead.

What's happening? With his curiosity piqued, Klein approached the area. Using his balance and agility as a Clown, he passed through the gaps of the crowd before he barely arrived at a spot where he could see the noticeboard.

On the noticeboard, there was a piece of paper that was overbearing, covering all the other pieces of paper. It was obvious at a glance.

Its title was: "The Black Emperor's Crew Recruitment."

The Black Emperor? Isn't that the ship of King of the Five Seas, Nast? The one that can traverse the spirit world? Considering how he can be considered the King of Pirates, he's actually openly recruiting crew members? Klein was rather surprised as he deliberately spoke out with a suppressed voice:

"How is that possible?"

"Why not?" A stout man beside him with his arm exposed from his rolled-up sleeves laughed out loud. "It might be impossible in the past, but it's possible now!"

"Why?" Klein was hoping that someone would respond. Immediately, he turned his head and asked.

The stout man had tattoos all over his arms and cheeks, making him look fierce. Upon hearing that, he pointed at the main sea route's direction and said, "A week ago, the Black Emperor and Loen's highly promoted steam ironclad warship, the Pritz, met and clashed in a sea battle. The Black Emperor had many casualties and are in dire need of more manpower!

*Ah? *Klein's first reaction was that it didn't make mystical sense.

Based on the published content in the papers and the rumors he had heard out at sea, he knew that the Pritz was a warship in the normal sense. It lacked any Beyonder elements. Perhaps in terms of physical damage, it was stronger than the Black Emperor, but the latter could use the spirit world to "leap," just like a large-sized version of a Traveler. There was no ordinary armament that could damage it.

Furthermore, King of the Five Seas Nast was likely a Sequence 3 demigod of the Black Emperor paths of the divine. He was the most infamous powerhouse at sea. He could directly distort the trajectories of cannonballs, making him nearly invincible when facing a fleet that wasn't in any sense mystical.

From Klein's point of view, they were enemies at two completely different levels. Yet, the final outcome was not something he could imagine.

He didn't hide his astonishment as he blurted, "What about the Pritz?"

The fierce-looking man shook his head and replied, "I'm not too sure, but I heard that it wasn't damaged. Only two corvettes were sunk."

This… Klein was first taken aback before he came to a slight understanding of what happened.

He recalled the situation of him robbing the Tutanssess II mummy. The military's demigod had used the law that had the power of mysteriousness weakened and the real strengthened. Once this came into effect, the Black Emperor was just a sailboat that was a little special with some extraordinariness. It definitely couldn't beat an ironclad warship. Neither could it flee.

This also meant that the Pritz had a demigod existence on the military's side, or else such a law wouldn't have come into effect.

To be able to get the Black Emperor to flee under such a situation, King of the Five Seas Nast must be very, very strong. Below angels, he's definitely

one of the strongest… From the looks of it, due to the existence of the Arbiter pathway, the trajectory of this world's military development remains close to that of Earth's. It wouldn't reach a point of not being able to defeat a slightly higher level mysticism opponent… Klein nodded in enlightenment as he didn't inquire further.

As for Beyonders below Sequence 4, in a large-scale battle, apart from the few jobs that could take on the role of outputting offensive firepower or carry out effective defenses, the rest could only avoid a direct clash. They would then be the "cleanup crew" or simply provide support. For example, a Marionettist with all his marionettes feared no one in a Mid-Sequence Beyonder battle if fighting one-on-one. But once he was on a battlefield with shells hurtling everywhere and machine gunfire sweeping the area, the problem of being physically weak became a problem. Even with Paper Figurine Substitutes, one was unable to escape the range of gunfire; thus, suffering a second round of damage. Under such situations, it might be too late to use Paper Figurine Substitutes again.

In such intense battles, the most effective Mid-Sequence Beyonders are Wraiths. They aren't afraid of cannonballs or bullets, nor are they afraid of being discovered by enemies. Furthermore, they have Shriek which can affect a huge area… Klein allowed his thoughts to wander when the man from before continued speaking, "You're also thinking of joining the Black Emperor?"

“…I'm still not sure," Klein casually replied.

The stout man who was covered in tattoos said in excitement, "I have plans on giving it a try anyway.

"There aren't more than ten people here who are better at fighting than me here. I have rich experience as a pirate. They'll definitely pick me!

"However, I won't stay on the Black Emperor for too long. There are too many meaningless rules, such as not being able to plunder or kill defenseless people. Or something as silly as not being able to drag a woman you like

unless it's mutual. Did you hear that? Is that anything like a pirate? Although the King of the Five Seas is one of the Four Kings and is publicly acknowledged as the pirate king, those rules are j-just like dogsh*t!

"I'm already used to leading a real pirate's life. I like it that way and will not change! I'm only tempted to join because I heard that it's possible for the Black Emperor crew to obtain supernatural powers. When the time comes, I'll leave and form my own pirate crew…”

As this man spoke excessively, he suddenly realized the stranger's expression turn a little odd.

He hesitated for a moment and asked, "Why are you looking at me like that?"

…

The silver-gray glistening sword slashed down suddenly, pinning down a blank-faced figure to the ground.

The figure warped and squirmed and gradually dissipated into illusory blobs of light amidst swirling silver light.

Colin Iliad retracted his sword and stood straight up. Observing his surroundings, he saw that Waite and Lovia had separately finished their corresponding targets. A region had been cleanly cleared out by the riverside.

At this point, above the illusory, eerie-black river, a dark boat cruised over. It silently docked by the bank.

Upon seeing this scene, Colin slowly exhaled as he muttered with a solemn expression, "Ferryman…”

He had spent quite a long amount of time with the former Chief, and they knew each other rather well. They both knew that the other was troubled by

the City of Silver's absence of the Sequence 3 of the Giant pathway, Silver Knight potion formula. This prevented people from advancing once they reached the level of a demigod. They had thoughts of switching to a neighboring Sequence, and this plan had seen the light of hope during a particular expedition. This was because they found the Sequence 3 potion formula of the Phoenix pathway: Ferryman!

From that moment forth, the former Chief began building the mausoleum and eventually took up residence inside before sealing the entrance.

Observing silently with dark green symbols in his eyes, Colin Iliad said heavily, "Let's cross the river on the boat."

Waite and Lovia didn't express any objections, fully trusting the Chief's judgment. They followed closely behind him and boarded the dark and strange boat.

During this process, the three didn't show any hesitation or observe their surroundings, nor did they pause. It was as though this wasn't an exploration but a visit with a destination in mind.

The boat slowly began moving across the ink-black water surface, leaving a long trail in its wake.

The bloody arms and the slimy tentacles wildly reached upwards and slammed into the boat, but they failed to leave any marks. They failed to leave any influence.

In just over ten seconds, the three Elders of the six-member council arrived on the other bank of the illusory river.

There was an altar there with a heavy, iron-black coffin placed on it.

Colin Iliad immediately jumped off the boat and reached out for his other sword. Like before, he appeared cautious, not underestimating anything.

Following that, Waite held his iron-gray hammer and landed heavily on the bank. He left the surrounding soil quaking in an obvious manner.

He looked at the monster skull that embraced the gigantic coffin, took two steps, and placed the hammer in front of him. He then removed the Dragon Slaying Bow behind him.

At this point, Waite suddenly felt the back of his palm itching. He subconsciously looked down and saw that his hair follicles had fine white hair stained with yellowish oil growing from within as they grew in size.

…

Poto Harbor. After Klein fed Creeping Hunger and found a rowdy inn, he got a room that could barely be considered clean.

Then he took four steps counterclockwise and went above the gray fog.

Sitting in The Fool's chair, Klein first picked up the projection of Azik's copper whistle and conjured a pen and paper before writing a corresponding divination statement: "The reason for this copper whistle's abnormality today."

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